

# THE MUNSEY



MARCH, 1907  
PRICE 10 CENTS

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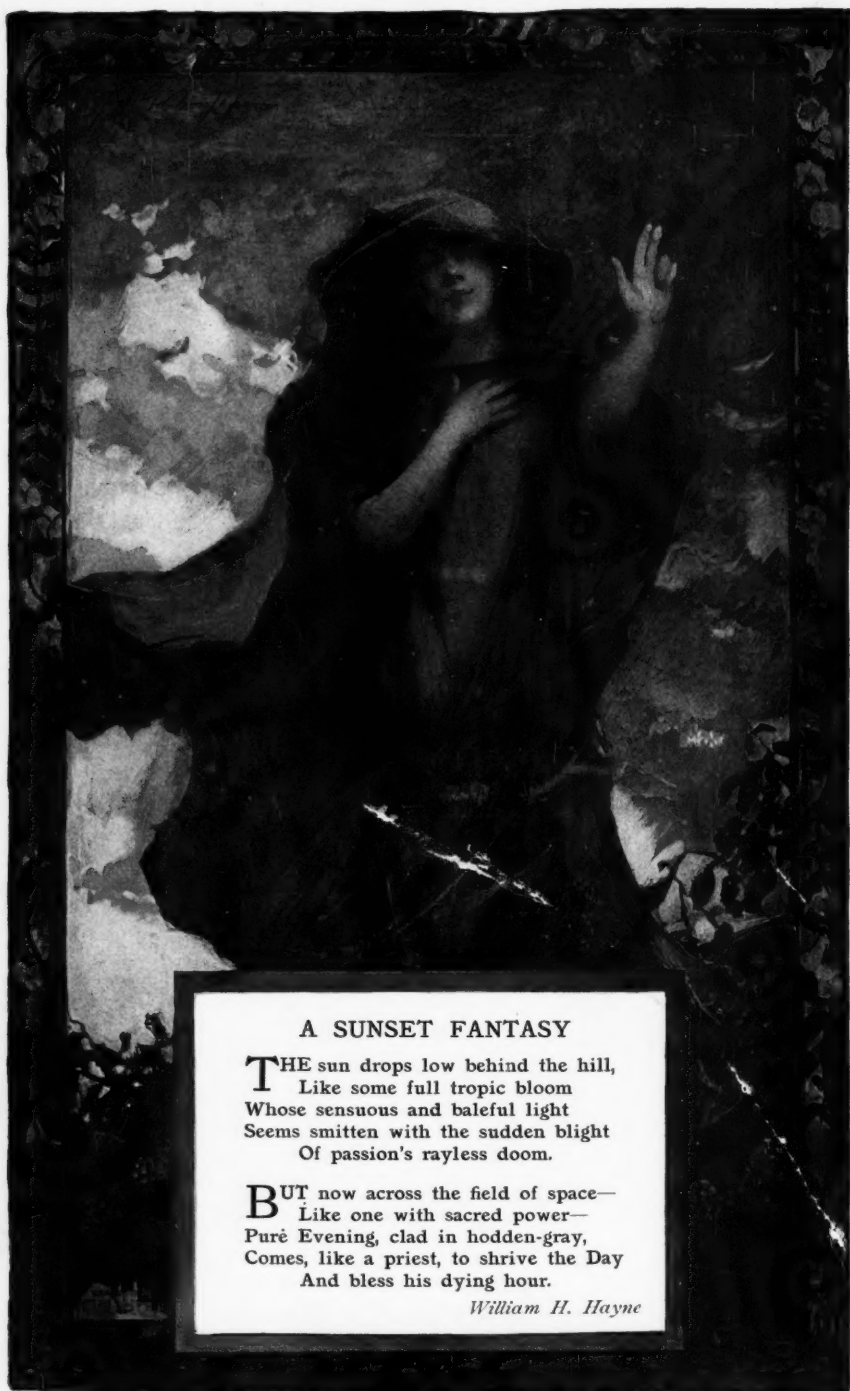
*No afraid of Chaps!*

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEAR'S OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

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#### A SUNSET FANTASY

**T**HE sun drops low behind the hill,  
Like some full tropic bloom  
Whose sensuous and baleful light  
Seems smitten with the sudden blight  
Of passion's rayless doom.

**B**UT now across the field of space—  
Like one with sacred power—  
Pure Evening, clad in hoddens-gray,  
Comes, like a priest, to shrive the Day  
And bless his dying hour.

*William H. Hayne*

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxvi.

March, 1907

Number VI

## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON

THE FAMOUS MASTER WHO WAS THE LAST OF THE GREAT  
SCHOOL OF ENGLISH PORTRAIT-PAINTERS FOUNDED BY REYN-  
OLDS—HIS BRILLIANT CAREER AND HIS INTERESTING PERSONALITY

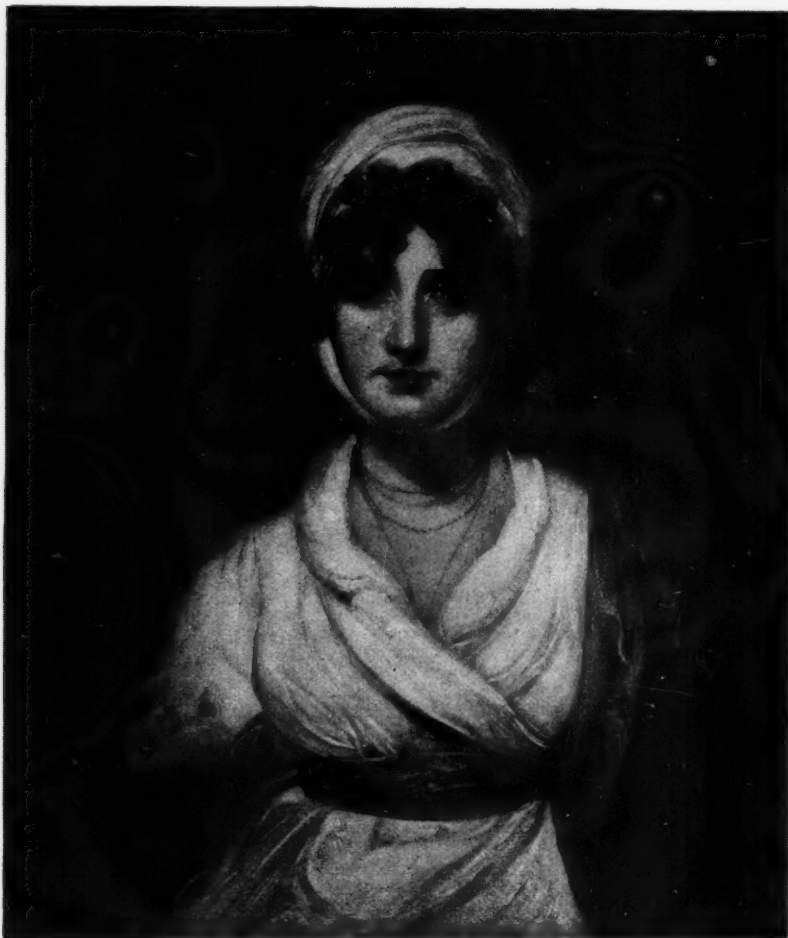
NO painter, in the whole history of art, left behind him a more remarkable portrait-gallery of the famous men and women of his day than is to be found in the nine hundred canvases of Sir Thomas Lawrence. It was Lawrence's good fortune to be the reigning favorite of a period full



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY  
*From the painting by Lawrence, owned by the Royal Academy, London.*

of great events and memorable characters. A catalogue of his pictures reads like an epitome of the Napoleonic era. Besides three English kings, he painted the allied monarchs of Russia, Austria,

bons had been restored, he painted Charles X of France, whose futile obstinacy cost him his crown, and his daughter-in-law, the Duchesse de Berry, who vainly sought to save the throne



SARAH SIDDONS—THE FAMOUS ENGLISH ACTRESS WAS A LIFELONG FRIEND OF LAWRENCE, AND HE PAINTED MANY PORTRAITS OF HER

*From the painting by Lawrence in the National Gallery, London*

and Prussia—Alexander, Francis, and Frederick William. He painted the famous soldiers who led their armies—Platoff, *hetman* of the Cossacks; Schwarzenberg, the Austrian generalissimo; and Blücher, the rough Prussian veteran. He painted Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, and Wellington, the victor of Waterloo. After the Bour-

for her son. While at work upon the French royalties he occupied a salon in the Tuileries, and he was lodged in the Quirinal—then the Pope's palace, now the Italian king's—when he went to Rome to paint His Holiness Pius VII. In Vienna he painted Napoleon's son, the little King of Rome. He painted Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, and





WILLIAM WILBERFORCE—THIS PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT ANTISLAVERY ORATOR IS ONE OF THE MANY PAINTINGS THAT LAWRENCE LEFT UNFINISHED

*From the painting by Lawrence in the National Portrait Gallery, London*

Giovanni Capo d'Istria, the clever Greek who stepped from the foreign ministry at St. Petersburg to the presidency of the revolutionary republic in his native land.

This is only a beginning of Lawrence's long list of famous sitters. With the exception of Fox and Burke, it includes almost all the salient figures of his time in British public life—Pitt, Canning, Brougham, Castlereagh, Lord Eldon, Sir Robert Peel, the first Earl of Durham, and many others. Curran, the Irish orator, sat to him twice. He painted Warren Hastings, the first governor-general of India, in his old age and retirement. He painted Hardenberg, the Prussian premier, and Richelieu, the French; Nesselrode, the great Russian minister, and Metternich, the still greater Austrian. He met and knew the leaders of widely different worlds. Among them were the great London business men and financiers—the Barings, for instance, and

Angerstein, the Russian merchant whose collection of paintings formed the nucleus of the National Gallery. John Philip Kemble, the tragedian, and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, were two of Lawrence's closest friends, and he painted each of them many times. He made his first great success with a portrait of another actress—Elizabeth Farren, who later became the Countess of Derby. He painted Antonio Canova, the famous Italian sculptor, and Benjamin West, the American whom George III made president of the Royal Academy. Byron never formally sat to him, but Lawrence made a pen and ink sketch of the poet's head—that "head which statuary loved to copy." He painted most of the other literary lights of the day—Sir Walter Scott, Tom Moore, Southey, Cowper, and Campbell. He painted Nelson's Lady Hamilton, and Paoli, the Corsican chieftain who was one of Napoleon's bitterest foes.



QUEEN CAROLINE AND PRINCESS CHARLOTTE—THIS PORTRAIT OF THE ILL-FATED WIFE  
OF GEORGE IV AND HER DAUGHTER IS ONE OF THE MOST  
ARTIFICIAL OF LAWRENCE'S WORKS

*From the painting by Lawrence in Windsor Castle*

One great name, the greatest name of all, is missing from Lawrence's list. It is a pity that he never had an opportunity of putting on canvas the features

the news of Trafalgar, he thus contrasted Nelson and Napoleon:

The immortal Man who will live to all ages the admiration of the Universe when



THE KING OF ROME—AN UNFINISHED SKETCH OF THE SON OF THE GREAT NAPOLEON, MADE DURING LAWRENCE'S VISIT TO VIENNA IN 1819

*From the painting by Lawrence, owned by the Duc de Bassano*

of the master-spirit of his time, the protagonist of that most dramatic chapter of European history. He would have approached the task with intense interest. His first attitude toward Napoleon was that of a truly British hatred and contempt for the vindictive enemy of Britain. In a letter written on receipt of

the Reptile of France is remembered in its execrations.

Eight years later, when the emperor was making his last brilliant but hopeless struggle against the allied armies that were closing in upon his capital, Lawrence wrote more sympathetically. He had at least promoted Napoleon

from the reptilia to a higher zoological order:

The Tiger is indeed gone, but with him that exciting power that has so rous'd one's faculties and seem'd indeed to have shot new activity into the human Mind. Great part of his Career had in it something grand, noble, and comprehensive. Art and Science (from whatever craft of Policy) never were so distinguish'd as under him.

At that time Lawrence had never been out of England. His first visit to Paris, during Napoleon's exile in Elba, caused him to write in a still warmer tone:

No man can see France or Paris without bowing to the greatness and extent of this man's conceptions. I use a phrase that is forced upon me, I speak of him as present, and everywhere he is; and it is as impossible that he can ever be separated from the past greatness of his country, as for human efforts to blot out the sun.

Naturally a courtier, an admirer of the great and powerful, the painter was deeply impressed by his association with such temporal and spiritual sovereigns as the Czar and the Pope. There is no doubt that a meeting with Napoleon would have affected and inspired him still more profoundly.

#### LAWRENCE'S BRILLIANT CAREER

Lawrence's career was a continued round of professional and personal triumphs. In his boyhood—he was the son of a country inn-keeper, with a precocious talent for drawing and for declamation—he was admired by Mme. d'Arblay and praised by Mrs. Siddons. Garrick, having heard him recite from Shakespeare, patted him on the back and said: "Bravely done, Tommy! Whether will ye be, a painter or a player, eh?" At twelve, he was in Bath, then in its heyday as a resort of fashion, drawing pencil and crayon portraits of the beaux and belles who gathered there to take the waters. A local magnate, Sir Henry Harpur, offered to send him to Rome for study, but his father—a thriftless fellow who lived on the boy's earnings—replied that his son's gifts "required no cultivation."

It is extraordinary that Lawrence's career was not wrecked by such fatuous stupidity, especially as his own self-satis-

faction was extremely well developed. He was only seventeen when he declared: "Excepting Sir Joshua, for the painting of a head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London." As Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Romney were still plying their brushes, it will be seen that the young man was not suffering from false modesty.

A year later he put his fortune and his talent to the test by going to the metropolis, where he established himself in Leicester Fields, now Leicester Square. In Bath, his price for a portrait had at first been a guinea and a half, and later three guineas; in London he ventured to ask ten guineas, and found plenty of sitters. Indeed, he may be said to have taken both the fashionable and the artistic world by storm. In the following spring the Royal Academy, at which he was a student, accepted some of his work for exhibition; and a year later, before he was twenty-one, he received an order to paint the queen—Queen Charlotte, George III's excellent German *hausfrau*—and one of her daughters.

Lawrence never produced better pictures than some of his early ones—notably the famous portrait of Elizabeth Farren, painted during his third year in London; but the growth of his reputation may be gaged by the rapid increase in his scale of prices. When the beautiful Farren sat to him, he told her that his charge for a full-length canvas was sixty guineas. It seems that she expected Lord Derby to pay the bill, but for some reason her titled admirer did not supply the money. He appears to have been a man averse to hasty decisions, for he did not marry Miss Farren until seven years later. It took him two years to make up his mind to buy Lawrence's likeness of his future countess, and by that time the painter's rate had risen to one hundred guineas. There was an indignant protest, but the price was paid.

Even at the higher figure, the picture was a bargain. Lawrence's vogue was greatly enhanced by his appointment as "painter in ordinary" to the king, and by his election to the Royal Academy. In 1810 we find him charging four hundred guineas for a full-length, with a minimum of one hundred for a small head. In 1817 the four hundred guineas

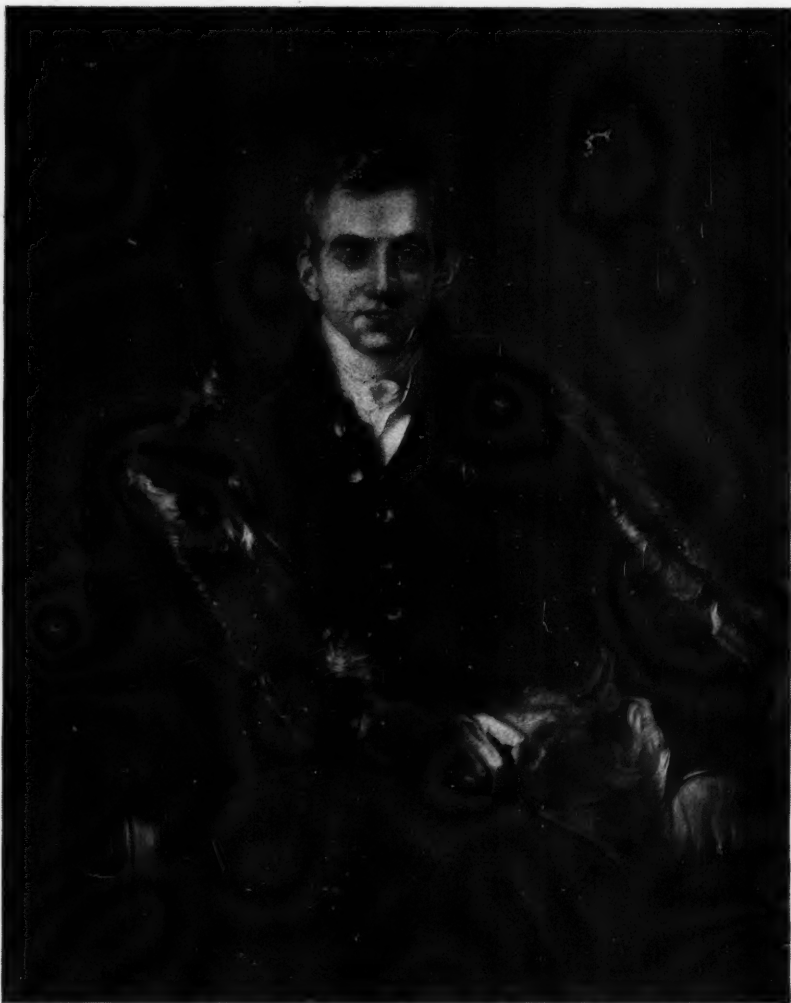




THE BARING FAMILY—SIR FRANCIS BARING, HIS SON, JOHN BARING, M.P., AND HIS SON-IN-LAW, CHARLES WALL.  
*From the painting by Lawrence, owned by Lord Northbrook, the present head of the Baring family*

had risen to five hundred; nor was this the limit. The acme of his career came with his continental tour in 1818 and the two following years, when the Prince Regent—who had become king when the

later he made a second visit to Paris. Everywhere on the Continent his travels were a triumphal progress. Kings rained gifts upon him—decorations, jewels, snuff-boxes, and services of fine



COUNT GIOVANNI CAPO D'ISTRIA, RUSSIAN FOREIGN SECRETARY UNDER THE CZAR ALEXANDER I, AND AFTERWARD PRESIDENT OF THE GREEK REPUBLIC

*From the painting by Lawrence in Windsor Castle*

painter came back to England—sent him to Aix-la-Chapelle to paint the sovereigns and statesmen assembled in conference at the old Rhenish city.

From Aix-la-Chapelle he journeyed on to Vienna and to Italy; and a few years

porcelain. At Aix-la-Chapelle the Czar pegged his easel, and in Rome the Pope volunteered to carry a message for him. He was elected a member of seven European academies; and when the artists of New York made their first attempt at



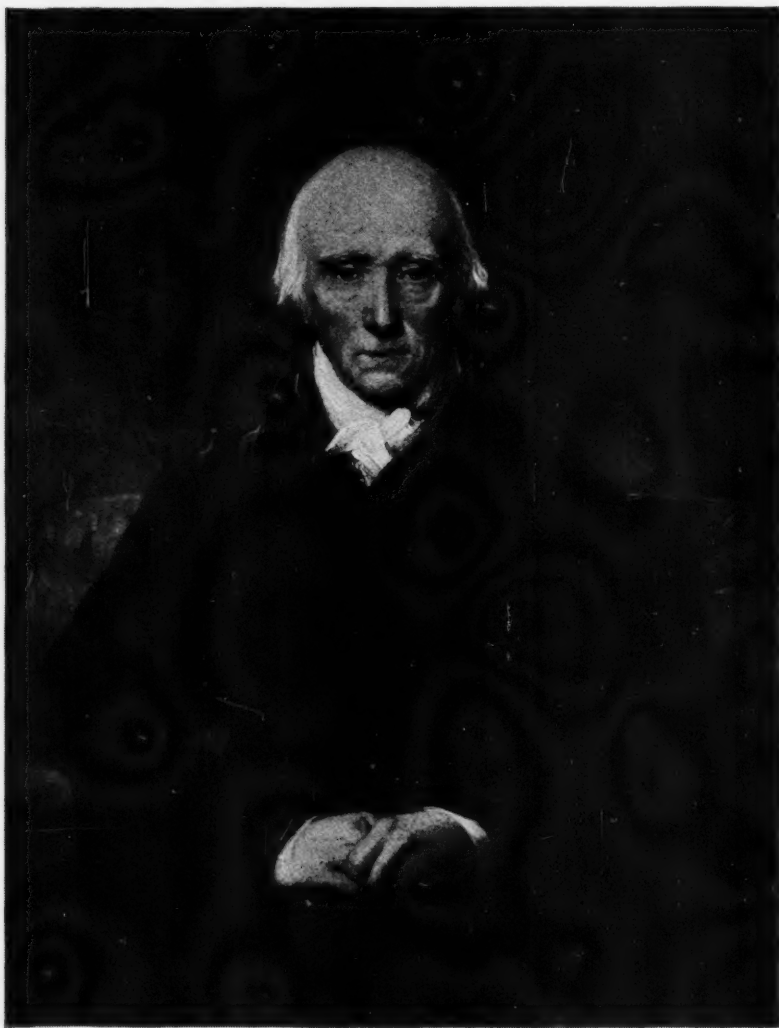
KING GEORGE IV—THIS FLATTERING AND THEATRICAL PORTRAIT OF THE "FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE" WAS PAINTED FOR PRESENTATION TO THE POPE

*From the painting by Lawrence in the Lateran Museum, Rome*

an organization—the short-lived American Academy of Fine Arts—he accepted honorary membership, and gracefully acknowledged the compliment by presenting the society with a portrait of Benjamin West.

West, an old friend of Lawrence, who once helped to frustrate an attempt to depose the Pennsylvanian from the presidency of the Royal Academy—died a few days before the younger artist's re-

turn from Italy in 1820. Lawrence was at once chosen to fill the vacant post, and assumed the titular headship of the British art world amid general acclamations. With the consequent increase of his official and social duties, it is not surprising that he found it possible and advisable once more to raise his prices for portraits. A memorandum dated 1829—the year before his death—shows that his charges then ranged from seven hundred guineas



WARREN HASTINGS—THIS PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST BRITISH GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA WAS PAINTED IN HIS OLD AGE AND RETIREMENT, AFTER HIS TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL BY THE HOUSE OF LORDS

*From the painting by Lawrence in the National Portrait Gallery, London*





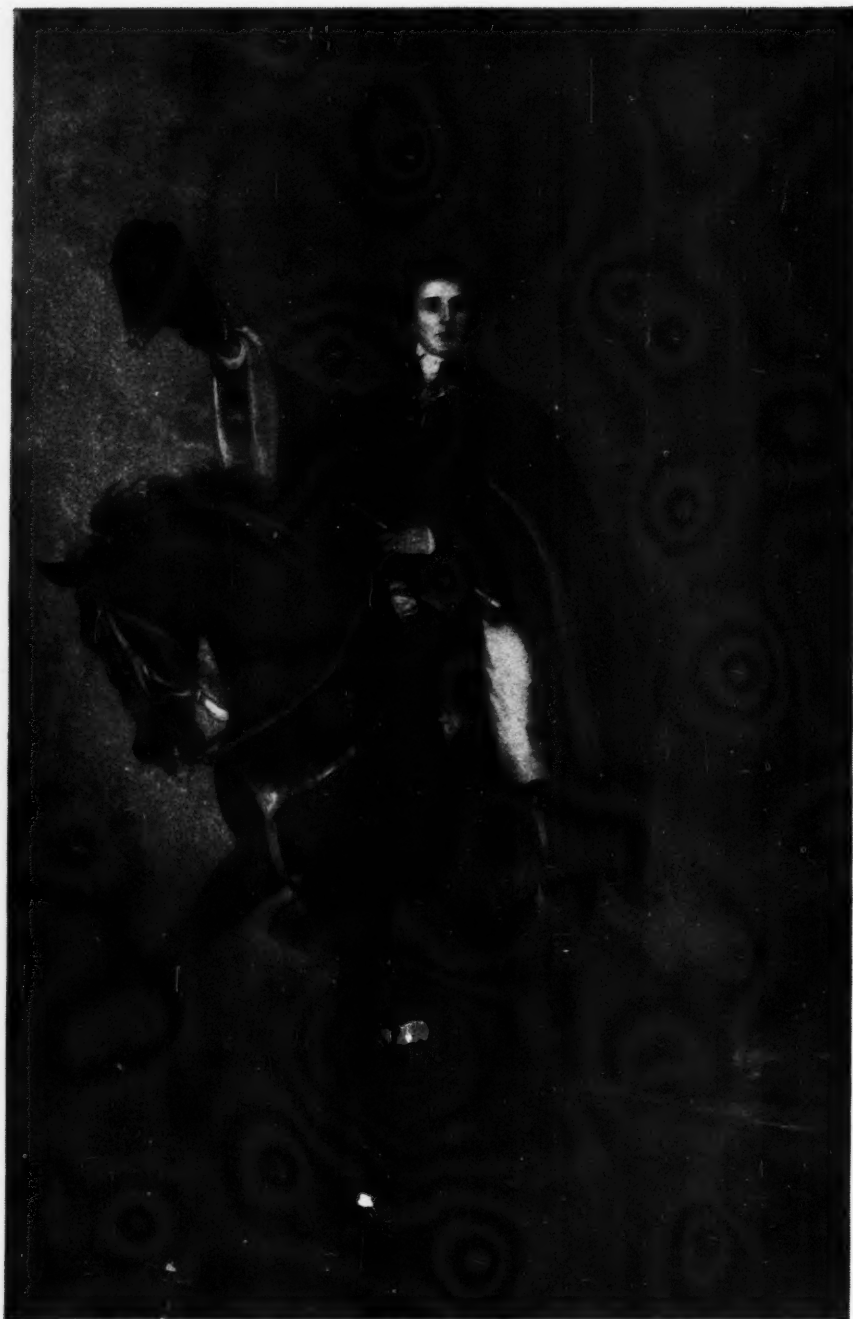
LADY HARRIET HAMILTON, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS OF ABERCORN

*From the painting by Lawrence, owned by the Duke of Abercorn*

for his largest single-figure composition to two hundred for his smallest, payable half in advance. Groups, of course, were more costly; for "Lady Gower and Her Child" he received fifteen hundred guineas—nearly eight thousand dollars. Such prices were probably unprecedented, at any rate as the regular scale of a busy artist. They are comparable with those earned by the best-paid craftsmen of to-day.

High as were his charges, Lawrence was neither mercenary nor exacting. He was always generous—much too generous for his own good—to his family, to

his friends, and to fellow-artists in distress. We find him returning fifty guineas to Lord Normanton, on the ground that the earl had sent too large a check in payment for a portrait of his wife. Miss Croft, for many years the painter's friend and counselor, records that before undertaking his mission to Aix-la-Chapelle he debated with her for nearly three hours, walking up and down on Waterloo Bridge, as to the sum he could properly ask for his expenses. "When I mentioned a thousand pounds," she adds, "he was almost in a passion with what he called my absurd rapac-



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—THIS PORTRAIT, PAINTED IN 1817, SHOWS THE IRON DUKE MOUNTED ON HIS FAMOUS CHARGER COPENHAGEN AND DRESSED IN THE UNIFORM HE WORE ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

*From the painting by Lawrence, owned by Earl Bathurst*

ity;" and it was not until the Duke of Wellington gave him precisely the same advice that he made the demand, which was at once accepted. According to Miss Croft; however, though he was paid

regard of it. During his ten years of rule over the Academy he was one of the brilliant figures of the great world of London. He was always a handsome man—though no special beauty appears



BENJAMIN WEST—A FINE PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN-BORN PAINTER WHO WAS LAWRENCE'S PREDECESSOR AS PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

*From the painting by Lawrence in the National Gallery, London*

for the pictures he brought back—most of which hang in the Waterloo Chamber, the great dining-hall of Windsor Castle—he never received the promised thousand pounds, probably because he did not insist upon it.

Indeed, Lawrence was princely both in his command of money and in his dis-

in the rather commonplace portrait of himself which he painted for the Academy, and which is reproduced on page 669. Scant as his education had been, he had all the polite accomplishments. He could make a flowery speech, write graceful verses, and sing charmingly in a duet. The Duke of Wellington com-

plimented him on his horsemanship. George IV called him "a high-bred gentleman." Byron said that he "talked delightfully." The blunt Sir Walter Scott described him as "truly a man of genius," but "a little too fair-spoken."

nings, whose portrait he was painting at the time, and she thus records her impression:

I thought them the two finest specimens of masculine and feminine beauty I had ever beheld, and concluded they must be lovers.



THE COUNTESS GREY AND HER CHILDREN

*From the painting by Lawrence, owned by Earl Grey*

During his later life he lived in style, in a large house on Russell Square—a more fashionable neighborhood then than it is now—where he had gathered many art treasures, including a collection of drawings by the old masters which was probably, as he proudly said, unequaled in Europe.

#### HIS RELATIONS WITH WOMEN

With women, Lawrence was irresistible. Miss Croft first met him in company with the beautiful Miss Jen-

The latter supposition was wrong, but perhaps not unnatural, for the impressionable Lawrence was always a courtier of pretty women.

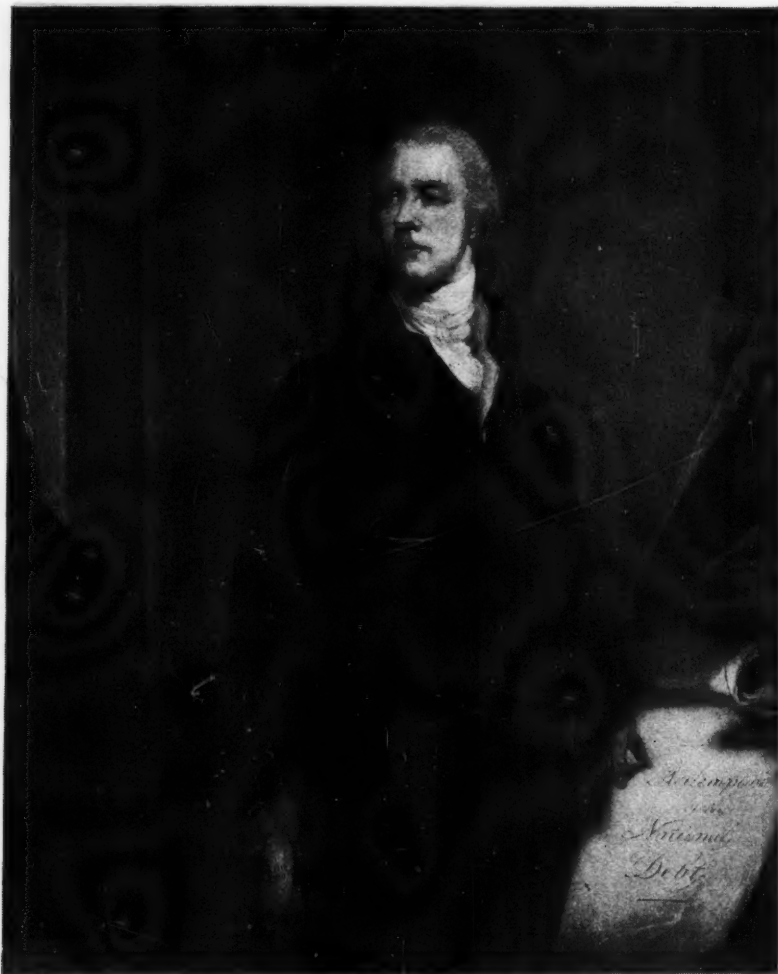
When the Prince Regent was fishing with a dragnet, any possible scrap of evidence against his unfortunate wife, the royal inquisitors bethought them of the handsome artist who had spent some few days in Montagu House while engaged on the picture reproduced on page 672. There was nothing more than a gratuitous suspicion, but the princess had to





FRANCIS I, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—ONE OF THE TWO PORTRAITS OF THE EMPEROR PAINTED BY LAWRENCE DURING HIS VISIT TO VIENNA IN 1819

*From the water-color by Lawrence in the Louvre, Paris*



WILLIAM PITT—THIS PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT WHIG STATESMAN, PAINTED AFTER HIS DEATH, BRINGS OUT THE POWERFUL PERSONALITY THAT ANIMATED PITT'S WEAK AND SLENDER BODY

*From the painting by Lawrence in Windsor Castle*

submit an affidavit that Lawrence had occupied a room remote from hers, and had not dined with her, though after dinner he had joined her and her ladies in music and poetical recitations.

Lawrence's personal attractiveness lasted to the end. Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Siddons's niece, who knew him only in the last few months of his life, says that "the melancholy charm of his countenance, the elegant distinction of his person, and the exquisite refined gentleness of his voice and manner" gave him a

"very dangerous fascination. I think it not at all unlikely," she adds, "that had our intercourse continued, in spite of forty years' difference in our ages, I should have become in love with him myself."

The quotation is from Miss Kemble's autobiography, penned long afterward; but it is confirmed by her letters preserved among Lawrence's papers. Writing just after her début on the stage, she thanks him warmly for his "kind interest" and "tasteful criticisms," for prints that he sent her, and for a "kind

and magnificent remembrance" received on her birthday. The anniversary was the young actress's twentieth; Lawrence had passed his sixtieth.

#### LAWRENCE'S STRUGGLE WITH DEBT

It is no wonder that this magnetic genius should have been a social darling, that dukes should have hailed him as a friend and equal, and that duchesses should have pleaded with him to find leisure to give them sittings. Nor is it altogether strange that there should be another and a darker side of the picture. All through Lawrence's career there ran, interwoven with the golden thread of success, a somber strand of weakness, anxiety, and suffering. "Poor Sir Thomas—always in trouble! Always something to worrit him!" was the homely summary of his life that his housekeeper gave to his friend Haydon, who called at the Russell Square mansion after the great painter's death.

Behind his professional triumphs there was always the haunting specter of debt. Large as was his income—it reached twenty thousand pounds a dozen years before his death, and must have been still larger during his last decade—he was continually on the brink of bankruptcy. Urgent need of money to satisfy his creditors kept him toiling to the last; and when he died, though the sale of his possessions brought a very handsome sum, it was swallowed in paying what he owed. His letters, many of which have found their way into print, show how heavily his financial burdens weighed on him. He was constantly drawing up elaborate schemes for freeing himself from them, and one after another of his moneyed friends tried to extricate him, but in vain. Lawrence was constitutionally incapable of economy and of order. It was no doubt an inheritance from the thriftless father who had absorbed his earnings as a boy.

In 1804 we find Thomas Coutts, the great London banker, tabulating the artist's indebtedness—"the long arrear of negligence and disorder," as Lawrence confessed it was—and insisting that as a prime condition of any possible settlement, he should on no account fail to pay over all his earnings to the financier's trusteeship. Nevertheless, a little

later, Lawrence naively wrote to explain that he had applied several sums received for pictures and frames to meet "casualties on which I had not built."

It is not surprising that Mr. Coutts gave up the attempt to bring his affairs into order. He seems to have turned to Mr. Angerstein, and to a fellow Academician, Joseph Farington, but with no better result. One of the last letters he wrote was directed to his bankers, requesting an urgently needed advance of money.

Lawrence was equally unsystematic in everything. He started scores of canvases and laid them aside unfinished. His papers are full of notes from his patrons politely requesting or angrily demanding the completion of portraits begun years before. One letter upbraids him severely for having parted with a valuable drawing which had been lent him. Miss Croft narrates that the Duke of Wellington nearly lost the sword he had carried at Waterloo by leaving it at Lawrence's house, where it was mislaid among the accumulated odds and ends of his studio.

Besides his financial burdens, Lawrence had other causes of anxiety and sorrow. He was something of a hypochondriac. "I have no stamina of constitution," he told his friend Farington, to whom he frequently wrote, complaining of languor, lassitude, and various more specific ailments. But his greatest unhappiness came from his ill-starred love affairs with Sally and Maria Siddons, the daughters of the famous actress. The sad romance which ended in the early death of both girls, and which for a time almost upset Lawrence's reason, was long kept a secret from the world. The first hint of it was given in Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood." It has been fully told in a recent volume—"An Artist's Love Story," by Oswald Knapp—and it need not be recounted here. It is enough to say that though Lawrence was essentially a kindly and generous man, full of human sympathy, and particularly fond of children, he never married; and though he lived to enjoy the friendship and even the affection of more than one woman, his whole later life was clouded by the tragedy of his prime.

# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S GREATEST SINGERS

BY W. J. HENDERSON

MEN AND WOMEN WHOSE VOCAL ART HAS CHARMED THE AUDIENCES  
OF THE LAST THREE GENERATIONS—FROM MALIBRAN, RUBINI,  
GRISI, AND MARIO TO LILLI LEHMANN, PATTI, CAMPANINI, AND THE  
DE RESZKES, BEAUTIFUL VOICES HAVE INTERPRETED GREAT MUSIC

WHEN the list of great singers in the last century is scanned the first name to appear in large letters is Maria Malibran, the famous daughter of Manuel Garcia. She came to the United States with her father in 1825. Though she was not beautiful, she had a mobile countenance and the pictorial expressiveness of genius.

Her mezzo soprano voice was not naturally of the highest type. It had been extended in range by arduous study, so that it was weak in the middle of its two and a half octaves and powerful at either end. This was the secret of her marvelous leaping cadenzas, for by ranging from top to bottom of her voice she concealed much of the weakness of her middle tones. But she had real genius as an executant, almost reaching the originality of a composer. Her dramatic ability was small. The versatility of this extraordinary singer may be inferred from the fact that she sang with equal merit *Amina* in "La Sonnambula" and *Leonora* in "Fidelio." Malibran's greatest rival in the early years of the nineteenth century was unquestionably Pasta, who triumphed by her conquest of an intractable voice. Her method was beautiful, her delivery rich in eloquence, and her dramatic delineation superior to that of any of her contemporary prima donnas.

Tradition, however, has been less kind to these two artists than to the beautiful and inspiring Giulia Grisi. Probably the one fact that this most lovely of

sopranos became the wife of Giuseppe Mario, the most captivating of tenors, has served to keep alive romantic memories in the minds of those who like to think that operatic artists are made of richer clay than other humans. Then, too, she had a long career, and reigned over audiences for nearly thirty years. She sang in the United States in 1854, and died in 1869.

## THE BEAUTIFUL VOICE OF GIULIA GRISI

Grisi's voice extended two octaves, from C to C, and was ravishing in its natural beauty. She could sing most exquisitely in slow and moderate passages, and again, emitting the full splendor of her tones, could rouse an audience in tragic scenes. Her *Norma* was noted for its grandeur and her *Lucrezia Borgia* for its passion. She was a dramatic soprano of the first rank, and was noted for being always in the forefront of companies composed of other artists of equal ability. She sang many seasons in the company of Giambattista Rubini, Giuseppe Mario, Giorgio Ronconi, Louis Lablache, Antonio Tamburini, and other artists of that class, but always shone brilliantly.

Wilhelmina Schröder-Devrient, Wagner's original *Adriano*, *Senta*, and *Venus*, was a contemporary of Grisi. She excelled in impassioned acting rather than in her singing, which was never of a high type. In later life her desire to shine as a lyric actress led her into extravagances of movement. Jenny Lind

also sang in those days, but even to this time the echoes of her American "boom" exaggerate her importance. She was the possessor of a wonderful facility in execution and of much beauty of style in sustained music; but she was no such genius as Malibran, Pasta, or Grisi. On the concert stage she was unquestionably at her best.

Teresa Tietjens, who visited this country in 1875, enjoyed here and in London a popularity greater than she had on the European continent. She was a dramatic soprano of real force and intelligence, and her interpretations of such parts as *Donna Anna*, *Leonora*, and *Valentine* would be welcomed in these narrow times when great dramatic singers are so few.

Christine Nilsson, who came to this country in the early seventies, was what Chorley calls a first-rate singer of the second class. With a good voice and style, she had moderate dramatic temperament and a good deal of assurance. She was a member of the first company that sang in the Metropolitan Opera House, in 1883-1884. Two seasons later she faded almost out of memory before the new glories of Lilli Lehmann, who, taking her all in all, was the greatest dramatic soprano of our time.

#### LILLI LEHMANN'S SUPERB ART

Trained in the old school, Mme. Lehmann could sing admirably such rôles as *Violetta* in "La Traviata" and *Filina* in "Mignon," yet she rose to the splendid heights of *Brünnhilde* and *Isolde*. No one who heard it will ever forget her touching *Sieglinde*, her passionate *Venus*, her noble *Valentine*, her grand *Donna Anna*, or her tender *Amelia* in Verdi's "Masked Ball." Her magnificent natural voice, her dramatic intensity, her musical intelligence, and her imposing beauty combined to place her at the head of her class.

Of all singers of florid music in our time, the most dazzling was Adelina Patti, who made her début in New York in 1859. Mme. Patti was probably the most faultless deliverer of tones that ever trod the stage. Her luxuriant soprano voice had a peculiarly velvety quality, and her singing of simple airs, such as "Home, Sweet Home" and

"The Last Rose of Summer," moved every hearer by the richness of its tone-color and the finish of its style. On the other hand, in the delivery of such ornate music as that of Rossini's "Semiramide" she has never been equaled in our time. No other singer commanded such a salary, and it was given to her entirely because the public was willing to pay any price to hear her. But she had no gift for dramatic parts.

#### MARCELLA SEMBRICH

Contemporary opera-goers, too, have had the good fortune to hear a singer of the older Italian operas who preserves the style and traditions of their school. Mme. Sembrich, though no longer in the bloom of her voice, is still a consummate artist. When she returned to this country eleven years ago she had lost none of the beauty of her tones. Her musical skill and her vocal mastery have best been shown in such parts as *Susanna*, *Rosina*, *Amina*, *Adina*, *Gilda*, and *Lucia*. Like Mme. Lehmann, too, she has attained the highest rank as a song-recitalist.

The nineteenth century produced many contraltos, but only three who could be awarded places in the first rank. These were Marietta Alboni, Benedetta Pisoni, and Annie Louise Cary. Pisoni belonged to the earliest years of the century. She was very ugly, with a face badly pitted by smallpox; but her noble voice and superb style commanded instant praise from the best critics, though she was not always to the taste of the less observant public.

Marietta Alboni was Rossini's only pupil in singing. She was a supreme artist, and after laying Paris and London at her feet she toured the United States in 1853, with large success. She retired from the stage in 1866, chiefly because she had grown too stout. Her voice was one of glorious quality, and she was a singer *par excellence*.

#### ANNIE LOUISE CARY

Annie Louise Cary, who is still living in New York, retired from the stage in 1882, in the zenith of her splendor. She had a magnificent voice of great range, and her delivery was characterized by vocal skill and dramatic eloquence. Her



*Amneris* in "*Aïda*" has never been equaled. She was also most admirable as *Leonora* in "*La Favorita*," and achieved triumphs in other important contralto rôles.

Contraltos of minor merit were Sofia Scalchi, whose facility in florid music blinded the public to her numerous offenses against good taste, and to her inequality of tone, and Zelia Trebelli, who was really a mezzo soprano, with a forcible rather than an elegant style. Earlier in the century Marietta Brambilla was one of the popular contraltos in London, but she belonged to the vanguard of the second rank.

#### TWO GREAT OLD-TIME TENORS—RUBINI AND MARIO

Two great tenors flourished in the early years of the century, Giambattista Rubini and Giuseppe Mario. The former died in 1854, the latter in 1883. Mario was Rubini's successor in the famous company already mentioned. Rubini was a genuinely great singer, possessed of a ravishing voice and a finished technique. But he was not a true operatic artist. He made his impressions by the singing of certain arias, not by the impersonation of characters. He walked through half his opera to save himself for some air, but then he sang like a god. His style may be conceived from the fact that he was the greatest representative of Bellini's heroes.

The English critic, Chorley, who was an admirer of Mario, declared that this most adored of all tenors was in his singing merely an amateur. He was possessed of a captivating voice and personality, but he was not a thoroughly trained vocalist. On the other hand, he was a superb impersonator of operatic heroes. His acting, especially in scenes of love-making, was intensely fervid. He was magnificent in the fourth act of "*Les Huguenots*." He was irresistible in the delivery of sentimental romances. Moreover, he wore something of a halo as the hero of a romantic career, for he was a nobleman and a cavalry officer in the King of Sardinia's army when he threw up his commission in order to become a singer.

Rubini resembled more closely the vocalists of the eighteenth century, who

sang and did not act. Mario belonged to the epoch when acting and singing joined hands in operatic delineation. He was a combination of Italo Campanini and Joseph Capoul, without the former's vocal finesse. It was late in his career that he visited America—in 1854, the year of Rubini's death. He had a tremendous repertoire, including all the operas of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi that were staged in his day.

The elder days held too many tenors for extended mention here. But we must not omit the names of Duprez, who conquered Paris with his somber tones in "*William Tell*," "*Les Huguenots*," "*La Juive*," and similar works; Tamberlik, who had a name for a time in works of this same kind; Theodor Wachtel, whose brilliant lyric voice pleased New York in the early seventies, and whose high C is still recalled by lovers of flights above the staff; and Sims Reeves, who delighted England for nearly half a century.

#### CAMPANINI, TAMAGNO, AND JEAN DE RESZKE

In the latter half of the century the names of Campanini, Tamagno, and Jean de Reszke claim mention. Caruso is of the present and the future, and Bonci, exquisite artist as he is, is yet a newcomer in America. Italo Campanini enjoyed his highest repute in the United States. He was never so adored in England or on the Continent. His pure resonant tones, which he could modulate to the sweetest *mezza voce*, closely approached Caruso's in beauty and power, though they were less mellow. He was far and away a broader artist than his successor, for he was equally great in *Don Ottavio*, *Don José*, *Faust*, *Rhadames*, *Otello*, and *Edgardo*. Even his *Lohengrin* was admirable, though it was Italian rather than Wagnerian. His *Don José* was overwhelming, while his *Faust* fell short only of Jean de Reszke's in elegance and charm.

Of Jean de Reszke it is difficult to write with judicial poise. Not gifted with a remarkable voice, he was past master of the art of singing. The elegance, the finish, the gracefulness of his style were heightened by the unfail-



ing poetry, passion, and intelligence of his interpretations. He was at home in every school, a master in every field. He sang with equal perfection *Raoul* in "Les Huguenots" and *John of Leyden* in "Le Prophète," *Faust* and *Tristan*, *Romeo* and *Siegfried*, *Rhadames* and *Werther*.

#### DE RESZKE'S MASTERSHIP OF ALL SCHOOLS

His singular insight into the genius of every school of music was one of the traits of his art which raised him above his contemporaries. His *Rhadames*, without losing the distinction of French training, was in spirit thoroughly Italian; while his *Siegfried*, preserving the finish of the Gallic stage and the vocal purity of the older styles, was thoroughly German and essentially Wagnerian. M. de Reszke was not a great actor, but he carried the power of interpretation by singing to heights of greatest eloquence. He was the master singer of the last half of the nineteenth century, and his successor has not been found.

Francesco Tamagno had what Maurel called the "unique voice of all the world." It was a magnificent *tenore robusto*, reaching high C sharp, and full of a pealing quality that overcame, if it did not move, the hearer. Tamagno was the original *Otello* in Verdi's opera, and his interpretation of the jealous Moor was one of the masterpieces of the modern stage. Only Salvini's could vie with it in poignant despair or in puissant passion.

#### TAMBURINI AND RONCONI

Two celebrated barytones adorned the early years of the nineteenth century. These were Antonio Tamburini and Giorgio Ronconi. Both of these singers belonged at times to that brilliant constellation which included Rubini, Mario, Grisi, Malibran, and Viardot. Tamburini had a gorgeous voice of two octaves, sang with finish and warmth, was engaging in appearance, and was a capital actor. Ronconi, who succeeded him in the constellation, as Mario succeeded Rubini, was quite his equal as an artist, and his superior in some respects. Ronconi's voice was small in extent, poor in

natural quality, and hard to keep on the pitch. But such were the vigor and eloquence of his expression and the potency of his acting that he earned for himself a reputation as great as that enjoyed by any other singer of his day.

Manuel Garcia (born 1775, died 1832) was not so great a singer as either of these, but he was an operatic genius nevertheless. He sang well, acted well, composed tolerably, taught admirably, and managed successfully. It was he who introduced Italian opera in New York, in 1825, with a company largely composed of members of his own family. He taught his distinguished daughters, Malibran and Viardot, as well as his son and namesake, Manuel. The second Manuel Garcia, after a career of some distinction as a barytone singer, also became a noted teacher, the most famous of his pupils being Jenny Lind. He died in London only last year, at the age of one hundred and one.

#### FAURE AND MAUREL

The famous barytone of the middle of the century was Jean Baptiste Faure, who wrote that perennially abused song, "The Palms." He was at his best in such rôles as *De Nevers* in "Les Huguenots," *Don Giovanni*, *Hamlet*, and *Mephistopheles*. He was probably the best *Mephistopheles* that the operatic stage has known. Maurel, who was heard here in recent years in his incomparable impersonation of *Falstaff*, was a visitor to this country in the seventies, when he shone more as a singer and less as an actor. Barytones of the caliber of Tamburini and Ronconi have not been known to audiences of the last quarter of a century.

Undoubtedly the greatest of all basses was Louis Lablache, who made his début in 1812 and retired in 1852. His voice was a noble organ of two octaves, from E to E, and his singing was superb in every rôle that he undertook. He was without question the greatest of all *Le-porellos* in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," but his powers were not confined to humorous rôles. He was equally successful as the doge in "Marino Falieri" and the Puritan captain in "I Puritani." He was a man of immense proportions and of imposing action. If the accounts

of his contemporaries are correct, we have never beheld his equal.

#### A GROUP OF LATER BASSOS

In the seventies, Karl Formes, a German bass, had a high reputation, but it rested chiefly on the possession of a huge voice and a tireless vigor. He sang without polish and frequently out of tune, as many other basses have done. A better singer was Giovanni Nanetti, who came with Campanini and his associates in the seventies. There was little warmth in Nanetti's style, but his voice was smooth and sonorous and his style was polished. In such rôles as the *Ramfis* in "Aida" (he was the original here) he was excellent.

In England, France, and the United States the best-known basses of the concluding years of the nineteenth century were Delmas, of the Paris Grand Opéra, Edouard de Reszke, the younger brother

of Jean, and Pol Plançon. Delmas, with his suave style, has not yet been heard in this country. He is a *basso cantante*, and some notion of his ability may be gathered from the fact that he has succeeded in pleasing some American hearers by his *Hans Sachs* in "Die Meistersinger."

It is hardly necessary to speak at length of Edouard de Reszke and Plançon. The former, who sang in America with his brother for a dozen seasons, triumphed largely by reason of his immense voice and his vigorous style, while the latter, who is still a favorite here, is distinguished for the smooth richness of his tone and the elegance of his delivery.

Such a brief paper must of necessity omit many singers of note. Only those who have enjoyed the greatest celebrity have been named. An attempt to consider even the rear rank of the first company would have called for several more pages.

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#### FOR ALL SEASONS

Ah, 'twas blithe song—a blithe song the robin trilled in May—  
 Apple-trees a blossom and the passage-birds a wing.  
 Love had made the wide world over  
 With the dew-drench on the clover,  
 And the sun-haze on the green fields, and the mellow throats to sing.

And 'twas cheer song and noon song, with August on the wheat—  
 Churring of the scythe-blades adown the golden grain;  
 And the evening sun a glory  
 Of the passion-flower's story,  
 And the moonlight's silver cadences a rippling, hushed refrain.

Then 'twas hale song and ale song with brown October's wind—  
 Golden treasure of the corn-field and russet of the tree.  
 Then the sky was wild-wing beating  
 Of the feathered hosts retreating,  
 And the fireside welcomed nightfall, where it shrined my love for me.

Now 'tis snow song, my dear heart, and frost upon the pane—  
 Howling of the storm-blast along the gaunt white shore;  
 And my wander-heart's returning  
 In the leash of old sweet yearning  
 For your dear smile by the fire and your soft arms at the door!

Ah, blithe song or cheer song or hale song of the time—  
 When the golden season-cycle swings the world around the year—  
 Love *our* song sings on forever,  
 And our joy will leave us never—  
 For there's vernal spring eternal in the heart I hold so dear!

William R. Benét

# THE APOSTASY OF BIG LOGAN

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

WITH A DRAWING BY F. C. YOHN

WHEN the sun at length had set, and the deck no longer fried the soles of a man's feet, Big Logan sprawled his huge body and long limbs over the hard surface, so that the soft, fragrant breeze of the tropical night might play as freely as possible over the vast expanse of scantily draped nudity that he exposed to its cooling breath.

His head, pillowed upon one knotty arm, was turned toward the shore, where black mountains drew a ragged skyline against the star-studded heavens. At the water's edge, he could see the lights of the little city in which sizzled the pot of strife that the U. S. S. Eagle lay watching, lest, in the event of its boiling over, it should scald some American citizen.

Big Logan's eyes dwelt long upon the nestling city, then wandered morosely down the tossing, scintillating paths of radiance that led from it even to the very sides of the floating fortress upon which he lay. At length he heaved an explosive sigh that might have meant many things, but surely not contentment.

"I wish," he observed at length, "that them Eskimos would take a chance at a rev'lution, an' give us a show ter get cooled off good just once!"

Spider McCann, who lay next him, turned upon his elbow.

"Kickin' again?" he murmured wearily. "Wha' d' ye want—the earth? Yer oughter be glad y' ain't in jail instead o' hollerin' because yer can't spend the fullness of yer glorious young manhood hangin' out in a Cooney Island dance-hall."

McCann was a philosopher. Logan turned upon him disgustedly.

"You gimme a pain in the neck," he vouchsafed disgustedly.

"The same ter you, an' many of 'em,"

returned McCann politely, as he rolled over upon the flat of his back.

There was a pause, broken only by the soft lapping of the waves against the steel sides of the ship, and the quavering melodies of a distant band borne upon the night wind from the city before them. It was Logan who broke the silence.

"I've got enough o' this," he grumbled, "an' I knows when I've got enough. I fought for Uncle Sam now fer eight year, an' all I got ter show fer it is a hole in me arm as big as yer head." Logan's Irish ancestry would protrude itself at times.

"It's too bad ye didn't get a hole in yer head as big as yer arm, ye big, overgrown Turk!" muttered McCann by way of response. "If it wasn't for Uncle Sam, ye'd now be settin' by a peat fire with no shoes on yer feet, an' a cold spud in yer dinin'-room, an' the next one two days off an' liable ter be further!"

Logan heeded him not.

"I've always wanted ter live like a man instead of a bloomin' barnacle," he muttered sullenly. "This ain't livin'. I want ter be round where there's men an' women an' lights an' theayters an' beer, an' where you can sleep at night if ye wanten an' stay awake if ye don't, an' where some little two-cent guy don't come along an' tell ye ter do this an' ye gotter do it, an' ter do that an' ye gotter do that, too. The sea wasn't never meant for men, nohow. It's fer fishes!"

"Well, what did ye come fer?" queried McCann pertinently. "You wasn't shanghaied, was ye?"

"Because I was a fool," returned Logan. "That's why."

"We was onto that before," said McCann insultingly.

Logan raised himself again upon his elbow.

"Well, what did *you* come fer?" he demanded.

"Twenty-four dollars a month an' keep," returned the practical McCann.

"And to fight for the flag," added the Kid, just enlisted.

Logan scowled truculently.

"Ter fight fer the flag!" he repeated sarcastically. And then, savagely, he cried, "T' hell with the flag!" and again, "T' hell with the flag!"

He rose shamblingly to his feet and stumped forward. McCann and the Kid turned and watched his retreating figure, the latter wonderingly, the former understandingly.

"He said, 'T' hell with the flag!'" murmured the Kid in awed tones.

"He meant it, too," replied McCann.

"He means it now, an' he may mean it ter-morrer. If he does——"

"Do you s'pose," began the Kid, afraid to voice awful fears, "do you s'pose——"

"Yes, I do," interrupted McCann. "Logan 'll desert."

And he did.

## II

The plaza lay in the semi-darkness of a tropical city after night had fallen, for the light from the pitiful little lamps that adorned curb and café died even before it reached the spreading trees across the roughly cobbled street.

With his head erect and his arms swinging loosely, Logan elbowed his way cheerfully along the crowded sidewalk. He was clad in a black frock coat that had long since shed a luster like that of stove-polish to take on a dull, sickly, weather-beaten green. It failed to come within eight inches of meeting across his chest, and the ends of the sleeves clung tightly to his arms midway between wrist and elbow. Upon his head was a battered derby hat, a memento of some uncompromising tourist, and about his massive legs flapped the loose fulness of his navy trousers. In his mouth was the end of a long and exceedingly black cheroot, and in his heart was a sense of delight that had not been his since the days when he had "skun away" from the halls of learning in "de Ate" to shoot craps and

pitch pennies behind Gold Dollar Murphy's Bowery saloon.

The frowning glances of the populace, which greeted him with a respect that his size demanded and with a disrespect which his nationality commanded, dimmed his prospect not at all. The fact that his country was down in red ink in the black books of this little republic of the tropics disturbed him even less than if he had been told that "de gang" had incurred the enmity of the Houston Street Day Nursery. If the "dagoes" didn't like him, they knew what they could do. Pulling placidly on his cheroot, he stopped to look across the lamplit plaza and to wish that Maggie O'Brien were with him, so that they could occupy one of the benches which he could indistinctly see in the darkness across from where he stood.

"A bench without a girl is worse'n a girl without a bench," he soliloquized; then, being of a gregarious turn of mind, and likewise thirsty, he swung on his heel and entered the café behind him, from which came the light, fleshless music of a string band. Gaily clad men and women, black-eyed and black-haired, were seated about the room, but the laughter of the place was dead, and in its stead was the sullen spirit of unrest. At the far end of the room was a small stage, and before it was seated the orchestra that he had heard.

Big Logan seated himself at a vacant table and beckoned a waiter to his side. The waiter came reluctantly, with bristling mustache and sullen, shifting eyes. Logan nodded to him pleasantly, as befits a man care-free and dutiless—a man who woos pleasure for pleasure's sake.

"'D evenin'," he said, his big bass ringing even above the wailings of the orchestra. "Bring me a slug o' rye, Bill. I'm dry as a covered bridge; an' have somethin' fer yerself."

The waiter's reply was an expostulating flood of bastard Spanish. Logan waited patiently for a time; then, when he deemed that the waiter had held the floor long enough, he interrupted.

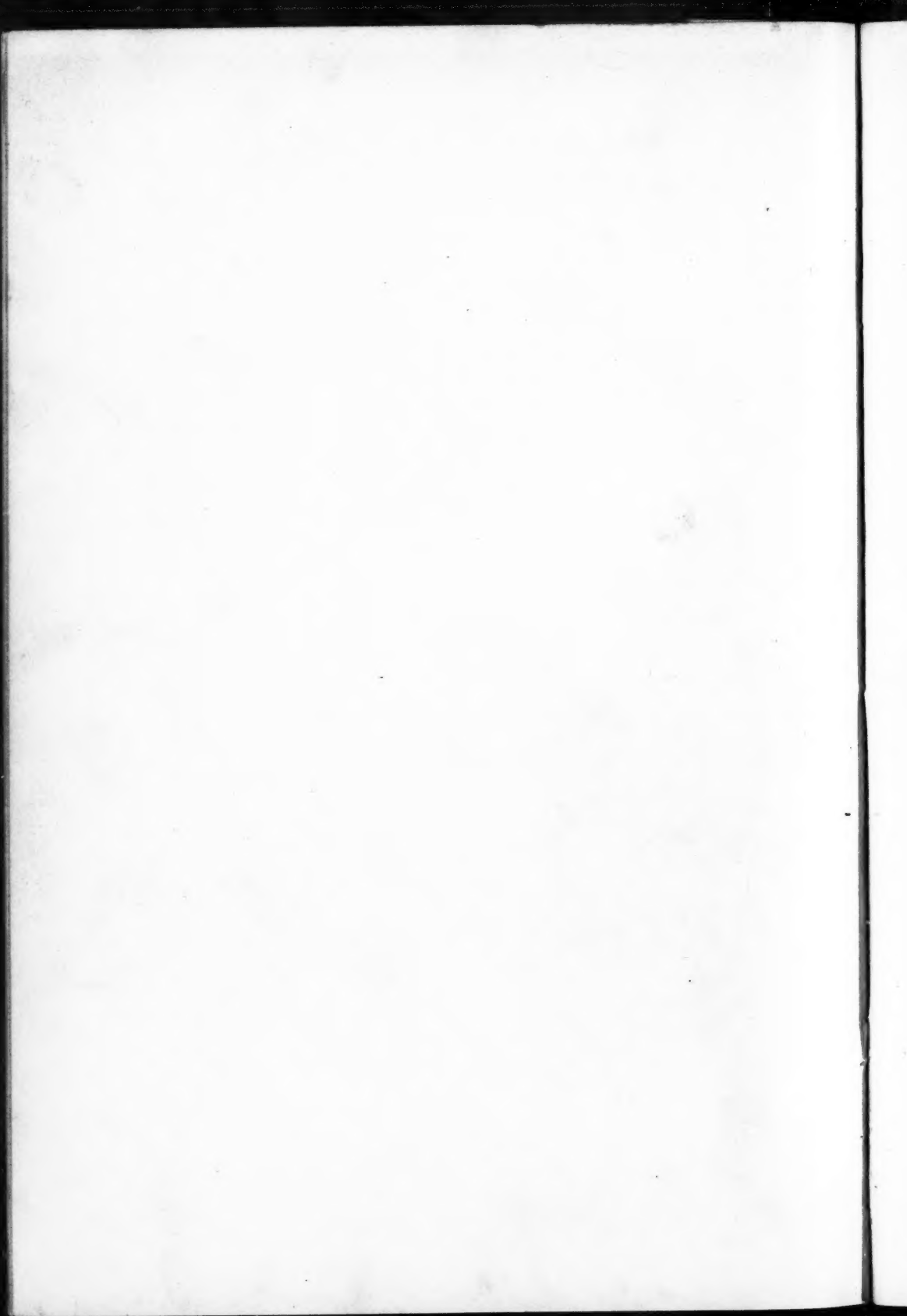
"All right, all right," he said. "Tell yer hard-luck stories ter the cops. I'm thirsty."

Again the waiter broke forth into a rollicking flood of musical vowels. But



IN ANOTHER SECOND BIG LOGAN HAD THE SINGER BY THE  
SCRUFF OF HIS NECK







musical vowels were not what Logan wanted. He rose to his feet and pointed to a glass on a neighboring table.

"The same," he said threateningly. "*Pronto!*"

It was brought him. Sipping from his glass and puffing on his cheroot, Logan turned pleased and patronizing eyes upon the stage, where now a vaudeville performance was in progress. Of course it was not like that which one might see any night at One-Eyed Doheny's place on Third Avenue, but still it wasn't so bad. A black-haired girl, who was a "dead ringer" for Maggie O'Brien, danced better than any that he had ever seen, except possibly those that he and McCann had watched when on shore leave at Tunis.

And when the girl had finished, the approving applause of big Logan's hands rang through the café like the report of a rapid-fire gun. Praise where praise is due was one of Logan's main creeds, and the girl had done well. Hence, notwithstanding the black, sullen glances that the other spectators cast upon him, he clapped for an encore. When that was refused, he philosophically lit another cheroot and called for another drink. This time the drink was brought him without the accustomed flow of language, and he turned again, in pleased contemplation, to the stage.

Then from the wings there leaped a man in the uniform of the country—a uniform which is, however, but seldom seen upon its barefooted, rag-bag-dressed soldiers. His red coat with its gold frogs and his snow-white trousers and gaiters flashed alluringly in the footlights, and the shining sword that he drew Delsartianly from its scabbard and waved about his head as he began to sing in a wild, musical minor, gleamed bravely against the dull back-drop. And then, when he finished the first verse of the song, and, drawing from the breast of his coat the triple-barred flag of the little republic, waved it madly above his head, a storm of enthusiasm swept through the place. The spectators rose to their feet and vented their approval in shrill, excited cries.

It pleased Logan, too, even more than had the dance which preceded. He had seen that before. This was new. And

the thunderous applause of his ham-like hands rent the air even above all the tumult about him.

"You're all right, Bill!" he assured the singer in stentorian tones. "You've got 'em goin'. Give us the next verse an' then the dance, an' show 'em you ain't no supper show!"

When the ringing applause had subsided so that the wailings of the orchestra were again audible, the singer, with another flourish or two of his sword, began the second verse. The audience eyed him tensely, eagerly, enthusiastically with that ever ready frenzy of feeling—that ill-balanced, unweighing, irrational emotion that is the very root and fiber of the Spanish-American peoples. And Logan, too, leaning back in his chair and puffing contentedly upon his cheroot, gave himself up to the enjoyment of the scene.

As before, at the conclusion of the verse, the singer drew from beneath his coat a flag. But this one he did not wave above his head. Instead, he cast it upon the boards at his feet, and, pointing his sword at it, spat upon and trampled it. The audience shrieked approval, for it was the accursed flag of that doubly accursed nation, the United States.

### III

For a moment Big Logan sat paralyzed. Then, with a bellow like that of a wounded buffalo, he charged across the café. Tables, chairs, spectators all went down before him like reeds before an elephant. Seven leaps took him to the stage. The musicians in the orchestra and their instruments were scattered to right and left. In another second Big Logan had the singer by the scruff of his neck and was beating him with the flat of his own sword as a conscientious hired man beats a dusty carpet.

"Ye murderin' bla'guard!" he roared. "Wha' d' ye mean, ye poor, pop-eyed little dago, by playin' them shady tricks around where there's white men? Why, ye fat-headed lobster, if it was any other flag, I'd make ye eat it! I'd make ye eat it twice! I would so! Ye poor, ign'rant, hod-carryin' little Guinea!"

Every word the sailor spoke was accompanied by a blow that brought dust from the red coat and white trousers, and

yells from the half-throttled man of songs. With a final whack, which broke the sword, Big Logan held the singer out and drop-kicked him over the footlights. Then, stooping, he raised from the floor the dishonored flag, and, draping it about his neck carefully, that no fold might touch the stage and thereby attain further contamination, he faced the audience.

They did not keep him waiting unduly. With savage, staring eyes, and wild, furious yells, they charged forward. Logan saw them coming, and made ready by leaning over and plucking a chair from the orchestra. And the first citizen of that tropical republic to reach the stage struck on the back of his head among the musicians, with two legs and a round of the chair dangling about his neck. And Logan roared, "One!"

Number two, a small man with a large mustache, the waxed ends of which were a constant menace to his eyes, joined number one with another leg of the chair, and was scored with a vociferous "Two!"

Numbers three, four, and five he kicked under their respective blue-black chins as they were trying to crawl over the footlights, and number six he caught on the point of the jaw with a left swing that carried him clear over the heads of his many prospective victims.

Numbers seven and eight were swept from the stage, after gaining a foothold, by a swinging blow with the remainder of the chair, and number nine Logan caught in the pit of the stomach with the toe of his heavy shoe. Thereupon number nine, who was more than usually corpulent for that climate, ceased to take an active and immediate interest in the doings of his fellow republicans.

Numbers ten, eleven, and twelve he caught with a sweep of the last leg of the chair, which was all that remained of that useful weapon; and they, too, disappeared from view. At this numbers from thirteen to one hundred and eighty-nine, inclusive, hesitated; and had it not been for one unnumbered person, Logan in all probability would have been the Nelson of that particular Trafalgar. The unnumbered one was the black-haired girl who was a "dead

ringer" for Maggie O'Brien, and, who, creeping stealthily out from the wings, leaped upon Logan from behind and wound her arms about his neck.

Now Logan, of course, could not hit a lady with a chair-leg, particularly when that lady was a "ringer" for Maggie O'Brien; and numbers from thirteen to one hundred and eighty-nine, inclusive, seeing how were the mighty fallen, swarmed over the footlights like bees in August. In an instant the sailor and the black-haired girl were covered with seven layers of tropical republicans with rage in their hearts and knives in their hands.

The very thickness of the covering, however, proved a saving grace, for it prevented it from using its knives. And before it could reorganize itself for accurate and successful stabbing, a squad of bluejackets entered the café. They were out looking for Logan, and, hearing a tumult, had decided, and rightly, that Logan was there. It was a theory that any one who knew Logan might evolve without excessive strain upon his deductive faculties.

As the bluejackets entered the café and stopped short to survey the scene before them, they heard percolating through the heap of struggling, yelling, cursing humanity some good Eighth Ward English that did not suffer through effeminacy.

"Lemme up, confound ye, lemme up! Lemme up an' I'll fight the whole gang with me hands tied behind me back an' me feet in me lap. Lemme up, I say, lemme up!" and the whole pile surged and rolled.

"Leggo me neck, Maggie girl!" came trickling again through the crevices of the heap of cat-like humanity. "Leggo me neck, can't ye? How can I gouge 'em with you hangin' onto me like a Twenty-Third Street counter-jumper onto a Broadway car? Leggo me neck! Leggo!" And again the pile rocked and heaved.

At this juncture the squad took a hand. McCann, Slattery, and Shorty Emmons undertook to disintegrate the heap, and the rest formed in a line to the nearest window. As each struggling, fighting, clawing, cursing tropical republican was torn from the pile which

covered his prey, he was hit on the jaw, his knife taken away from him, and then he was quickly passed along a waiting line to be precipitated out through the window. The first man took the sash and both blinds with him. For the rest it was more simple.

At length they excavated Logan, who hit the helpful McCann a left-hand swing on the jaw before he discovered his identity. But the language that burst from McCann quickly revealed to Logan that at last he was in the hands of friends. The black-haired girl, also perceiving this, unwound her arms from Logan's neck and stood beside him, sullen and defiant, disdaining to run, her bosom heaving.

Logan slowly rose to his feet. One eye was closed, two teeth were missing, and his firm, hard flesh was visible through half a hundred rents in his green frock coat and sailor pants. Observing the girl, he extended his hand.

"You fought foul," he said, "but you was game. Shake!"

The girl did not take his hand. Instead, she glared at him defiantly, vindictively, and hissed in sibilant Spanish.

"What does she say?" demanded Logan of McCann.

"She says, 'On yer way, ye big stiff,'" replied McCann, voicing the girl's thoughts, if not her words, with surprising accuracy.

Logan turned back to the girl.

"Well," he said, "if that's the way ye feel about it, all right. But if ever ye come ter old N' York an' I'm there, I'll show ye the time o' yer life. Look me up at Gold Dollar Murphy's. So long!"

Then it was that the Kid's eyes fell upon the flag.

"Hello," he said, "what's that?"

"The flag," returned Logan. "What did ye think it was—a necktie?"

"But how did it come there?" questioned the lieutenant in command of the squad, who had just returned from watching the last tropical republican's exit through the window.

Logan told him. The lieutenant smiled.

"Logan," he said, "I think I understand why you are away without leave. You came ashore with the quartermaster, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Logan.

"And then you got separated from the squad in the darkness," continued the lieutenant, "and you were trying to find the other men when you chanced to look in here and saw this singer insult the flag, and——"

"Why, no, sir," interrupted Logan.

"It was this way. I——"

McCann nudged him quickly and forcibly in the ribs.

"Say 'yes,' ye big lobster!" he whispered.

Logan understood. "Yes, sir," he said quickly.

"And of course," continued the lieutenant, "you couldn't stand by and see that happen, so——" he waved his hand about him comprehensively.

"Yes, sir," said Logan. "That's right, sir. I'm a ole lady if you don't tell it better'n I could meself!"

The lieutenant thought a moment.

"Well," he said at length, "under the circumstances I think that I can make explanations for you, and there will probably be no charges preferred"; and the lieutenant, who was a man as well as an officer and a gentleman, grinned.

"Yes, sir. Thank ye, sir!"

And Logan grinned, too, though his grin was not as successful as it doubtless would have been if one eye had not been closed and two teeth missing.

"And by the way," went on the lieutenant, "that coat"—he surveyed the stained and sadly dilapidated garment critically—"is scarcely becoming to your style of beauty. Suppose you shed it. It's a warm night, and the Watch and Ward Society are not over strict down here."

On the way back to the landing-pier, the Kid edged over to Logan's side.

"Say, Big," he said with tentative timidity, "it was the flag that started it all, wasn't it?"

"You're on," nodded Logan.

"But," objected the Kid, "you yourself said, 'T' hell with the flag!' I heard you."

Big Logan turned his one open eye upon the lad.

"Me boy," he said, "there's many the time I've called meself a liar an' a fool; but nobody else ever called me so an' kep' out o' the horspittle or the morgue!"

# FROU-FROUS AND FRILLIES

BY J. ELSTNER ROGERS

THE STORY OF A LOST BIRTHRIGHT

WH-R-R-R—WH-R—WH-R! One long, two short.

"Bobby's ring!" said Frances, her hand pressing the latch-button. She opened the door of the flat and waited. He had climbed the first flight already; now she could see the brown derby nearing the top of the second—then he looked up and saw her standing in the doorway, silhouetted against the gas-lit background.

"Hello, Bobby!"

"Hello, Frank!" he called cheerily, as he bounded up the remaining steps and caught her hands in a hearty grasp. When he had laid aside his hat and rain-coat and she had turned the gas higher he put his hands on her shoulders and whirled her around to face him.

"You are not looking fit. What's the matter?" he asked, his quick eyes noting the thinness of her cheeks and the bigness of the red-brown eyes. Such a slim, youthful thing she seemed in the short, dark skirt and white blouse, open at the neck; the boyish little head with its red-brown curls was set so daintily on the slender throat.

"Oh, the summer, I guess—it's been pretty hot," she answered, with a shrug of her shoulders under his hands. "But *you* are looking fit." She pushed a big chair toward him.

"What has become of the Other One?" he asked, with a glance at the curtained doorway.

"Oh, she's on her vacation—on a real farm—think of it, Bobby—where there is grass, with no signs up—grass to walk on, and trees and birds—and cows and—you know the things in the country, Bobby—I must have forgotten some of them, they seemed such a lot in her letter. Oh, yes, and new-mown hay—not

in a bottle, Bobby, but out in the fields! It sounds good, doesn't it?"

She turned her face up to him—an eager face, with its wide, red mouth and little, tip-tilted nose and frank, boyish eyes that held an unaccustomed wistfulness in their depths.

"I know what's the matter. We've been selfish pigs, going off leaving you here to fight it out all by yourself. And you've gone and got overworked and homesick and thin. It's a shame, little chap!"

He pushed his hands deep into his pockets and looked at her with keen self-reproach. The quick tears sprang to the girl's eyes at his sympathy and solicitude, but she smiled and nodded at him brightly.

"Yes, that's it; it has been lonesome. But it is all right, now that you've come back. The Other One will soon be here and the old jolly times will begin again—and I am fit enough. But it *has* been hot. Have you had anything to eat?" she asked, turning to the cupboard.

"No, bless you, and I'm as hungry as a bear. Let me forage," he added eagerly, putting her aside. "You might overlook something."

She laughed and shook her head.

"There isn't much. If I had known you were coming——"

"Why, I wrote. Didn't you——" He fumbled in his pockets, and drawing out a bulky letter, handed it to her shamefacedly.

"I didn't mail it, but you see I wrote it."

She took it quickly and laughed.

"Isn't it just like you, Bobby? But I am glad you wrote," she said softly as she put it on the mantel. "I'll read it when you are not here to talk to."



"By Jove, here's the perennial ham-bone! It is always in this degree of dilapidation, isn't it? I believe you get it like that in the beginning."

"There's potato salad—not from the delicatessen, either—it's home-brewed. And there is beer in the refrigerator." She slipped from her perch on the arm of a chair and went into the kitchen. "Here's cheese—and there's some rye bread in the bread-box. You'll have to get it out—my hands are full," she said, coming back with a bottle in each hand.

"This is a jolly spread," Bobby replied, drawing up his chair and beginning his attack on the ham-bone. "And you are a jolly little chum, Frank!" He leaned over and patted her shoulder affectionately.

"We won't wash up to-night, Bobby," she said. "You may be company this time."

"I'll do extra next time," he replied, strolling over to the mantel and taking a pipe from the rack. "It's been a long time since this old fellow and I have had a smoke together," he continued, selecting one carved into the face of a man with a long beard. Then he settled himself comfortably in the big chair, and she sat on a low stool near and rolled a cigarette. At length he spoke, leaning back and blowing rings of smoke in the air.

"Frank, I've something to tell you. I haven't told any one. I wanted you to be the first."

She leaned over and flicked the ash from her cigarette.

"I know what it is," she answered, striking a match and relighting the smoking cigarette. "You—are—in—love," she said between puffs. He sat up suddenly.

"Why, how on earth did you know?" She laughed and rocked back and forth with her hands clasped about her knee.

"Oh, Bobby—your letters! It wasn't even between the lines. It was emblazoned all over them in illuminated script. Oh, Bobby, Bobby, and you thought you had a secret to tell me!" She shook her curly head at him and laughed, with her cigarette between her small, white teeth. He grinned.

"What is she like?" she asked after a moment.

"Like?" he echoed. "Everything sweet and good. She is tall and fair—"

"My love has golden hair,  
And eyes so blue, and heart so true,  
That none with her compare!"

"That's the picture!" he said. "And she has the softest, whitest hands." She glanced down quickly at the hard little hands on her knees, with the yellow stain on the fingers. As she bent over to flick the ash again, she dropped the cigarette on the hearth.

"And the tiniest, daintiest foot," he went on, blowing smoke-rings and seeing visions. She drew her rough little boot under her skirt.

"And she wears the prettiest gowns. I had forgotten that there were such gowns—all frou-frous and frillies, you know," he appealed, helplessly struggling with unaccustomed description. The curly head nodded.

"Yes, I know—frou-frous and frillies," she answered, her eyes fixed on the rough gray skirt with its uncompromising lines.

"I want you to see her. She is coming to New York, and she wants to know you. You may be sure that I have told her about you. It was a great joke." He laughed at the recollection. "I talked of 'Frank,' you know, and the jolly larks we had together, and how you nursed me the time I was so ill, and what a good fellow you were—and she said she felt that she knew you, and wanted to thank you for taking care of me for her—but she called you 'him'! Wasn't that great?"

He laughed again, and when she did not join him he leaned over and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't you think it's immense?" She pulled herself together.

"Yes—oh, yes, it was a great joke—it is awfully funny! She must have been surprised when you told her I was a woman."

"But that's the biggest part of the joke—don't you see? I did not tell her." She started and frowned.

"Oh, I see—she is not to know until she sees me."

"That's it. And won't she be surprised!" He laughed and leaned back contentedly.

"Yes, she will be surprised. When is she coming?"

"Next week. I'll take you to call. I want you to be friends—my sweetheart and my best chum. But I can't fancy her here—at one of our jolly spreads, for instance. She doesn't seem to belong here, somehow," he blundered on, man-fashion.

Her eyes followed his in a survey of the room, with the foils and mask hanging on the wall opposite, the rifle and leggings piled behind the door, the banjo leaning against the big couch. There was a rack above, filled with steins. A tobacco-jar and several packages of cigarette-papers were on the mantel, and just beneath hung a pipe-rack filled with Bobby's pipes. Then her eyes came back to the empty beer-bottles that were standing on the table. She stood up suddenly and braced herself against the mantel-piece.

"No," she said slowly, as she rolled and lighted a cigarette—"no, she wouldn't belong—naturally I can see that, of course."

He looked up quickly and hurried into brutal apology.

"It isn't that she is prudish, or—or that sort of thing. You see, she is just different. She is thoroughly feminine—dainty, dependent, and womanly to her finger-tips. Well, I mustn't sit here all night singing my lady's praises—but I knew you would be interested. I can't talk about her to anybody else as I can to you and it's an immense relief—you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand, and I *am* awfully interested," she said with exaggerated enthusiasm.

"Well, good night, little chap. I'll call for you on Monday evening;" and Bobby turned to go.

"Good night, Bobby," she replied a little wearily.

She stood there motionless until the street-door closed, fighting with clenched hands and shoulders squared the weakness that threatened, biting back the tears that choked.

"It isn't a woman's love that counts; it's—it's just the frou-frous and frillies!" she cried, and flung herself down on the couch, with her curly head buried in the pillows.

The hour of bitterness that is inevitable in a woman's life had come.

## II

WH-R-R-R—WH-R—WH-R!

Frances pushed the latch-button, unlocked the hall-door, and vanished into the other room as she heard him coming up the last flight.

"Hello! Where are you, Frank?" he called gaily.

"Coming, Bobby!"

There was a swishing, rustling, silken sound, the curtains parted, and she appeared. He stood perfectly still and looked at her. Her white lace gown over its sheath of blue clung to her dainty, rounded figure, until it flared and rippled around her feet over billows and billows of laces and chiffon. A big white hat with nodding plumes was tied over the red-brown curls with a ravishing knot of tulle under one tiny ear. Long white gloves covered the shapely hands and arms that, uplifted, held poised about her shoulders a wrap of pale-blue brocade, half smothered in frills of softest lace.

"Well?" she smiled up at him. He started and drew a long breath.

"You quite took my breath away. I was not prepared for this sort of thing," he answered unsmilingly. The brightness died in her face.

"Oh! You don't like it? You don't think I look—nice?" she said wistfully. He whistled softly.

"Nice!" he said, frowning, and drawing his gloves back and forth through his hand. "Where did you get those things? You did not buy them just to——"

"Just to masquerade in? Oh, dear, no! How much a column do you think they are paying for news, Bobby? My friend on the first floor is an actress—these are hers. I told her I wanted the frilliest ones."

He stared at her. How marvelously they suited her—the plumes and the silks and the laces! A vague regret stirred in him, and suddenly he knew that he could not take her like that to see Marguerite Stanton.

"Something is wrong with me," she said. "Am I too—is the gown too——" she faltered.



"Oh, you—that is, the gown is all right—but—oh, don't you see it will make you—and—and our friendship all—all wrong, for her to see you like that?" he explained miserably, under the growing wonder and hurt in the big brown eyes. "Can't you see that as a chum, a comrade, a bachelor girl, our relations are plausible—there could be no resentment at the trick I have played her, she could feel no jealousy of you? But in those things you are in her class, as it were—and our friendship would take on another aspect. Those clothes and the things I have told her about you don't fit at all."

"I see—I see," she said slowly, discovering in his eyes for the first time the look of the man for the woman.

"So it's the clothes that make the man, after all, isn't it?" she went on, with a little laugh that hurt him strangely. "And the frillies that make the woman.

I look too much the part. I am too—too womanly."

"And too sweet. Good Lord, how sweet!" he said to himself; but aloud he replied, "Yes, that's it," dully, and then a sudden anger, a fierce passion of protest, rose within him. He felt baffled, tricked.

"Oh, what a miserable farce—a miserable masquerade! What made you do it? You have spoiled everything—for it can never be the same again!"

"No," she said, "it can never be the same again."

"You've cheated me. You've taken my old playfellow away from me—you've robbed me of my little chum. I've been cheated——"

She lifted her head and looked at him.

"And I," she said.

"You?" he questioned. "Of what?"

"Of my birthright," she answered steadily.

#### MY HOUSES AND MY HOME

I BUILT a house of cards;  
The wild wind blew it down—  
A pilgrim and a beggar  
I wandered through the town.

I built a house of oak;  
There fell a bolt of light,  
And 'mid the pealing thunder  
Burned up my house at night.

I built a marble house,  
Beside the sounding sea;  
High rolled the angry billows,  
And tossed it far from me.

I built a house of gold,  
Above a shining bay;  
There came a band of robbers,  
And bore my house away.

I crept into thy heart—  
Behold, awaiting me,  
My house of gleaming marble  
Beside the sounding sea;

My house of oak, my house  
Of gold above the bay,  
That fell and burned and crumbled—  
They are my home to-day!

*Aloysius Coll*

# THE MAN WHO RULES FRANCE

BY ADOLPHE COHN

PROFESSOR OF THE ROMANCE LANGUAGES AND LITERATURES  
IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE PERSONALITY OF GEORGES CLÉMENTEAU, PRIME MINISTER,  
WHO ONCE TAUGHT FRENCH IN A CONNECTICUT SCHOOL—  
A MAN OF QUICK SURPRISES AND SUDDEN TRIUMPHS

IT is well known that the president of the French Republic is its head in name alone. He has no power of initiating any action. He can issue no order that is not first countersigned by a minister, who is directly responsible to the Chamber. It is rather the prime minister who wields supreme authority, while the president is but a pale shadow—an ornament perhaps, but not a ruler. Public interest in Europe is now centered upon the most forceful of all French statesmen, who has at last laid a firm grasp upon the reins of power.

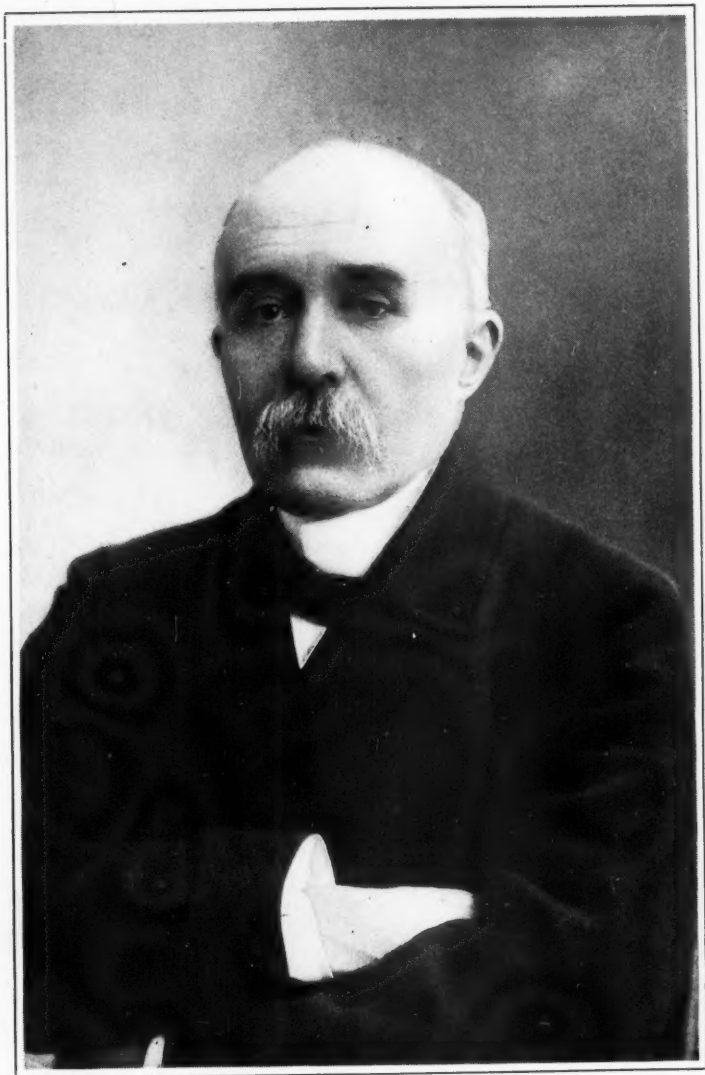
A public man since 1870, M. Georges Clémenceau has finally, after a period of thirty-six years, become the master of France; and his rise to this high place is due almost wholly to the intellectual force displayed by him on the ever-shifting scene of French politics. He is attracting the eyes of the world, not simply because he is the prime minister of the French Republic, nor even because he towers far above the group of able men whom he has grouped around himself in the new cabinet, but because his accession to power is the last in a series of spectacular moves of an ever-active, sometimes attractive, sometimes repellent, but never insipid personality. His energy was shown by the manner in which he formed his cabinet. The framing of a new cabinet is usually a matter of many days, which are wasted in polite formalities, conferences, and an almost endless flow of talk. But Clémenceau sent in his completed list within forty-eight hours from the time when the president appointed him. He

had completed his task with true American rapidity, whirling from place to place in a motor-car, and literally running down and capturing the men whom he desired to secure.

He is now nearly sixty-seven years of age. Not until he was sixty-six did he become a cabinet minister; and yet for over thirty years he had sat almost uninterruptedly in the French parliament, either as a member of the Chamber of Deputies or as a senator. Other men, to be sure, have been as slow, rising nearly to the first rank; but they were usually men whose plodding industry squeezed from mediocrity all that it could yield. Not so with M. Clémenceau. From the start, his natural gifts were acknowledged to be of the highest order. It might be possible today to find some of his surviving colleagues in the young ladies' seminary at Stamford, Connecticut, where he was teaching French forty years ago, who would bear testimony to the impression produced even then by his striking personality. And to this day that personality impresses itself upon any one who sees him and hears him speak.

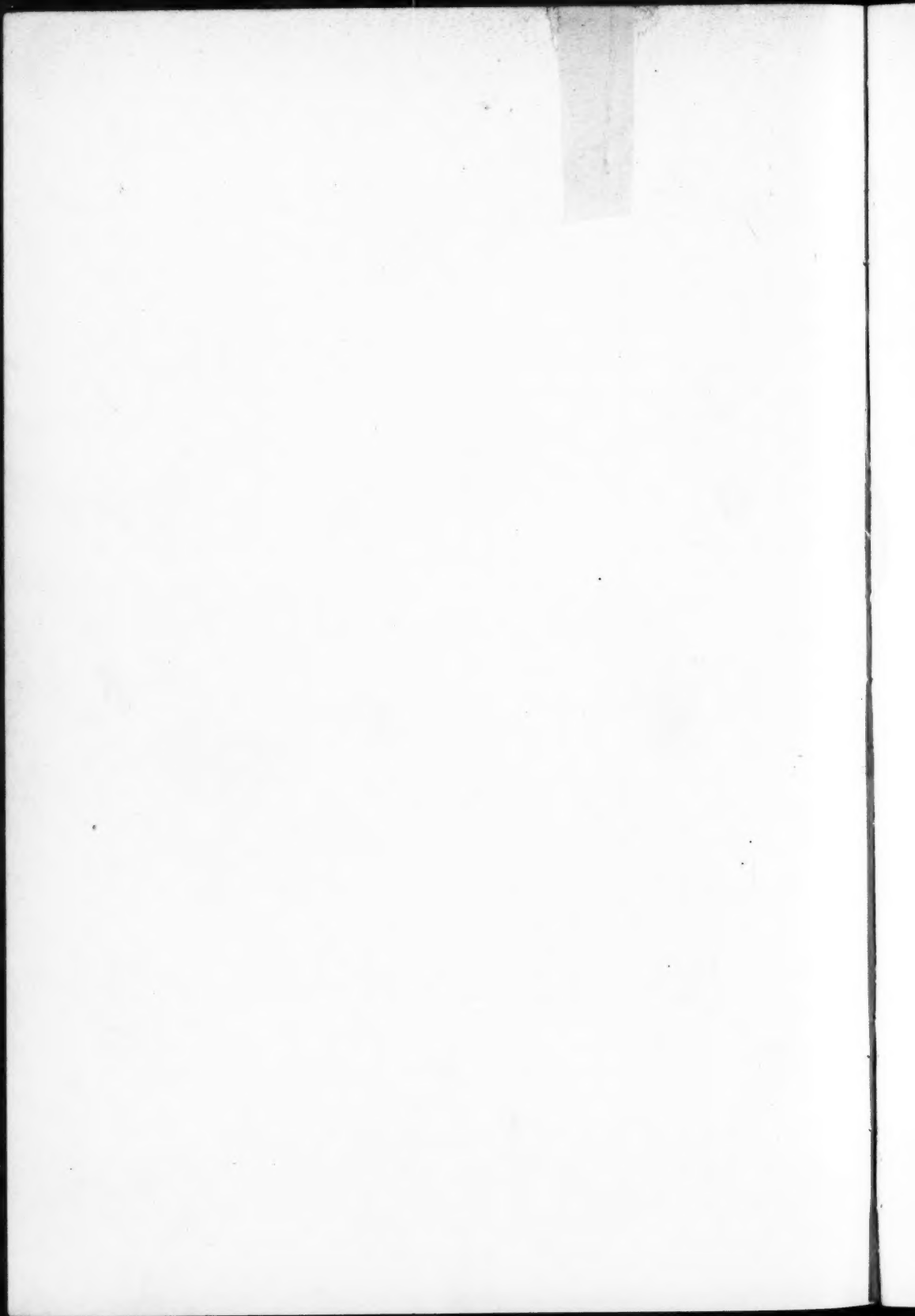
## HOW M. CLÉMENTEAU LOOKS AND ACTS

Clean-shaven, except for a characteristically French mustache; his head covered by a plentiful crop of short white bristles; one hand in his trousers-pocket, while the other holds his eyeglasses; without notes of any kind, he seems to be a man of leisure who suddenly has thought of something to say and who will not detain you long. Yet



GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU

*From his latest photograph by Gerschel, Paris*



he is filled with passion—vividly aggressive passion. His clear, penetrating, unmusical but not disagreeable voice utters short, direct, crisp French sentences. No flights of eloquence; no elaborate periods; now and then an embarrassing question, a shaft of piercing irony, a close-knit piece of reasoning that is meant to pin the enemy between two equally unpleasant horns of a dilemma. Such was the orator who upset, in succession, Gambetta's cabinet, in 1882; the cabinet headed by Gambetta's successor, Freycinet; the Ferry cabinet, in 1885, and the Brisson cabinet, in 1887. But Clémenceau seemed so fitted by nature and inclination for aggressive tactics that no premier would think of entrusting to him a position in which defense and not attack became his primary duty. His restlessness singled him out for the work of tearing down rather than of upbuilding.

Even while other speakers have the floor, Clémenceau is never quiet. He must interrupt, interrupt, interrupt, not only his opponents, but even his friends and lieutenants. Once Alexandre Ribot was delivering a masterly speech. Interrupted by members of the extreme Left, where Clémenceau was sitting, he had just remarked that when a speech came from the side opposed to him he always listened.

"And so do I listen to you," broke in Clémenceau.

"Stop talking, then," said M. Brisson, who was presiding, "in order to show that you are listening."

On one occasion Jules Ferry asked him to cease agitating for a revision of the constitution, arguing that the country was in need of rest.

"Why are you talking about rest?" Clémenceau exclaimed. "There's no such thing for a free people! Rest is a monarchical idea."

He is a coiner of catching words. The term "block" was introduced by him into French political parlance, when he claimed that the French Revolution must be defended by French republicans in all its acts, as a "block."

#### ELEMENTS OF STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

Clémenceau has the obstinacy of his native province, Brittany, and the advanced ideas of his native city, Nantes. He has been a physician, and has acquired his materialistic philosophy in the dissecting-room. He is passionately anticlerical and republican; and as a republican and anticlerical he defended Dreyfus as soon as he saw that among that soldier's enemies the clericals and anti-republicans had arrayed themselves to a man. He has been a journalist, a writer of novels, an art critic. He defended socialism when it was condemned by Gambetta, and he attacked it when it was defended by Jaurès. He called Jules Ferry and his colleagues traitors, and now he is prime minister of President Fallières, who was a minister in Ferry's cabinet. Clémenceau is a man of quick surprises, of sudden triumphs—an incarnation of the unexpected. What he will do next is puzzling Europe.

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#### THE LANE

"How far will you go with me, my love?

To the stile, or the bridge, or the great oak-tree?

The lane is a lonely and fearsome place,

And there's no one journeying there but me."

She smiled at the stile with a sweet disdain;

She scoffed at the bridge and the great oak-tree;

And looked me full in the eyes and said,

"I will go to the end of the lane with thee."

Then I loved her anew, with a strange, fierce love,

As high as the stars and as deep as the sea:

She would share my heaven and share my hell!

She would go to the end of the lane with me.

*Richard Wightman*

# THE ALIEN

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

AUTHOR OF "THE LOOK IN THE FACE"

THROUGH the quiet night, crystal-line with the pervading spirit of the frost, under prairie skies of mystic purple pierced with the glasslike glitter of the stars, fled Antoine.

Huge, and hollow-sounding with the clatter of the pinto's hoofs, hung the night above and about, lonesome, empty, bitter as the soul of him who fled.

A weary age of flight since sunset! And now the coming of midnight saw the thin-limbed, long-haired pony slowly losing its nerve, rasping in the throat, tottering.

With pitiless, spike-spurred heels the rider hurled the beast on into the empty night.

"G'wan, you blasted cayuse, you overgrown wolf-dog, you pot-bellied shonga! Keep up that tune; I'm goin' somewhere! What'd I steal you fer? Pleasure? Ho, ho, ho! I reckon! Pleasure for the half-breed! G'wan!"

Suddenly rounding a bank of sand, the pinto sighted the broad, ice-bound river, a stream of glinting silver under the stars. Sniffing and crouching upon its haunches at the sudden glow that dwindled a gleaming thread into the further dusk, the jaded beast received a series of vicious jabs from the spike-spurred heels. It groaned and lunged forward again, taking with uncertain feet the glaring path ahead, and awakening a dull, snarling thunder in the under regions of the ice.

Slipping, struggling, doing its brute best to overcome fatigue, the pinto covered the ice.

"Doin' a war-dance, eh?" growled the man with bitter mirth; and gouging the foaming, bloody flanks of the animal: "G'wan! Set up that tune; I want fast music, 'cause I'm goin' somewhere—don't know where—out there in the

shadders. Come here, will you? Take *that* and *that* and *that*! Now, will you kick the scen'ry back'ards? By the——"

The cries of the man were cut short as he shot far over the pommel, lunging headlong past the pinto's head, and striking with head and shoulders upon the ice.

When he stopped sliding, he lay very still for a few moments. Then he groaned, sat up, and found that the bluffs and the river and the stars and the universe in general were whirling giddily—himself the dizzy center.

With uncertain arms he reached out, endeavoring to check the sickening motion of things by sheer force of his powerful hands. He was thrown down like a weakling wrestling with a giant. Then he lay still, cursing in a whisper, trying to balance the disturbed universe, until the motion passed.

With great care, Antoine raised himself upon his elbows and gazed about with a foolish grin.

Then he remembered—remembered that he was hunted; that he was an outcast, a man of no race; remembered dimly, and with a leer, a portion of a long series of crimes; remembered that the last was horse-stealing, and that some of the others concerned blood.

And as he remembered, he felt with horrible distinctness the lariat tightening about his neck—the lariat that the men of Cabanne's trading-post were bringing on fleet horses, nearer, nearer, nearer through the silent night.

Antoine shuddered and got to his feet, looming huge against the star-sprinkled surface of the ice as he turned a malevolent face down trail and listened for the beat of hoofs.

There was only the dim, hollow mur-



mur that has its habitation at the heart of silence.

"Got a long start," he observed with the chuckle of a man whom desperation has made careless. "*Hello!*"

A pale, semicircular glow, like the flare of a burning straw-stack a half a night's journey over the hills, had grown up at the horizon of the east. And as the man stared, still in a maze from his recent fall, the moon heaved an arc of tarnished silver above the mystic rim of sky, flooding with new light the river and the bluffs. The man stood illumined—a big brute of a man; heavy-limbed, massive-shouldered, with the slouching stoop and alert air of the habitual skulker.

The refugee moved uneasily, as though he had suddenly become visible to a lurking foe. He glanced nervously about him, fumbled at the butt of a six-shooter at his belt, then catching sight of the blotch of huddled dusk that was the fallen pinto, the meaning of his situation flashed upon him.

"That cussed cayuse! Gone and done hisself, like as not! The whole creation's agin me!"

He made for the pinto, snarling viciously, as though its exhausted, lacerated body were the visible self of the inimical universe. He grasped the reins and jerked them. The brute groaned and let its weary head fall heavily upon the ice.

"*Get up!*"

Antoine began kicking the pinto in the ribs, bringing forth groans of pain.

"Oh, you won't get up, eh? Agin me, too, eh? Take that and that and *that!* I wished you was everybody in the world and hell to wunst; I'd make you beller, now I got you down! Take *that*, and pass in!"

With a roar of anger, he fell upon the pinto, swearing, striking, kicking. But the pony only groaned faintly. Its outworn limbs could no longer support its body.

## II

WHEN Antoine had exhausted his rage, he got up, gave the pony a farewell kick upon the nose, and started off at a dog-trot across the ice toward the bluffs beyond.

Ever and anon he stopped and whirled about with hana at ear. He heard only the sullen murmur of the silence, broken occasionally by the whine and pop of the ice and the plaintive, bitter wail of coyotes somewhere in the hills, like the heart-broken cry of the lonesome prairie yearning for the summer.

"Oh, I wouldn't howl if I was you!" muttered Antoine, apostrophizing the coyotes. "I wished I was a coyote or a gray wolf, knowin' what I do. I'd be a man-killer and a cattle-eater, I would. And then I'd have people of my own. Wouldn't be no cussed half-breed, a runnin' from his kind. Oh, I wouldn't howl if I was you!"

He proceeded at a swinging trot across the half-mile of ice and halted under the bluffs. He listened intently. A far sound had grown up in the hollow night, as if from the bottom of a deep well.

It was the clatter of hoofs far away, but clear in faintness, for the cold snap had made the frozen prairie a vast sounding-board.

A light snow had fallen the night before, and the moonlit trail of the refugee stood out upon it as clear as a wagon-track.

Antoine felt the pitiless pinch of the approaching lariat as he listened. Then his accustomed bitter weariness of life came upon him.

"What's the use in me runnin'? What am I runnin' to? Nothin'—only more of the same I'm runnin' from; lonesomeness and hunger and the like of that. Gettin' awake, stiff and cold and half-starved, and cussin' the daylight 'cause it's agin me like everything else, and gives me away. Sneakin' around till dark, eatin' when I can, like a dern gray wolf; then goin' to bed agin a snow-drift, like as not, hopin' it'll never get day. But it always does!"

"It's all night somewheres, I reckon, spite of what the missionaries says. That's fer me—night always! No comin' day, no gettin' up; some place to hide in always."

He walked on with head dropped forward upon his breast, skirting the base of the bluffs, now seemingly oblivious of the sound of hoofs that grew momentarily more distinct.

As he walked he was dimly conscious of passing within a foot of the dark mouth of a hole running back into the clay of a bluff. He proceeded until he found himself again at the edge of the river, staring down into a broad black fissure in the ice, caused, doubtless, by the dash of the current crossing from the other side.

A terrible, dark, alluring thought seized him. Here was the place—the doorway to that place where it was always night!

*Why not go in?*

There would be no more running away, no more hiding, no more hatred of men, no more lonesomeness and hunger. Here was the place! He stepped forward, and stooped to gaze down into the door of night.

The rushing waters made a dismal, moaning sound. He stared, transfixed. Yes, he would go!

Suddenly a shudder ran through his whole body. He gave a quick exclamation of terror.

*"No! No! Not there!"*

He leaped back and raised his face to the skies. How kind and good to look upon was the sky! He gazed about—it was so fair a world! How good it was to breathe! He longed to throw his great brute arms about creation and clutch it to him, and hold it, hold it, hold it!

*The hoofs!*

The distant and muffled confusion of sound had grown into a series of sharp, distinct, staccato notes. The outlaw's pursuers were now no farther than a mile away. They would soon reach the river.

With the quick instinct of the hunted beast, Antoine grasped the means of safety. He remembered the hole in the bluff. His footprints led to the ice-fissure. He decided that none should lead away. He could not be pursued under ice.

Stooping, so that he could look between his legs, he began retracing his steps backward, placing his feet with infinite care where they had fallen before. Thus he came again to the hole in the clay bluff, and disappeared. A jutting point of sandstone had kept the quiet snow from falling at the mouth of the

hole. The man left no trail as he entered on hands and knees.

When he had entered, he stopped and listened. He could now hear distinctly the sharp crack of hoofs upon the ice and the pop and thunder of the shaken surface.

"Here's *some* luck for me, anyhow," mused Antoine.

### III

HE crawled on into the nether darkness of the hole, which grew more spacious as he proceeded.

As he crawled, the sound of pursuing hoofs grew dimmer. Antoine half forgot them. His keen sense had caught the peculiar musty odor of animal life. He felt a stuffy warmth in his nostrils as he breathed.

Suddenly out of the dark ahead there grew up two points of phosphorescent light. Antoine fell back upon his haunches with a low growl of surprise. Years of wild, lonesome life had made him more beast than man.

The lights slowly came closer, growing more brilliant. There was a harsh, rasping growl and a sound of sniffing.

Antoine waited until the contracting pupils of his eyes could grasp the situation with more distinctness.

"Can't run," he muttered. "Lariat behind; somethin' growlin' in front. It's one more fight, and here goes fer my damndest. Rather die mad and fightin' than jump into cold water or stick my head through a leather necktie."

Then, of a sudden, came a sharp, savage yelp, and Antoine's cheek was ripped open with a stroke of gnashing teeth!

He felt for an instant the hot breath of the beast, the trickle of hot blood on his cheek; and then the last of the human in him passed. He growled and hurled the body of his enemy from him with a swing of his bearlike paw.

The dark hole echoed a muffled howl of anger, and in an instant the two rolled together in the darkness. The man had forgotten his six-shooter. It was a primitive struggle—the snapping of jaws, the grating of hoarse throats that labored with angry breath, snarls, growls, whines!

At last the man knew it was a wolf

he fought. He reached for its throat, but felt his hand caught in a hot, wet, powerful trap of teeth. He grasped the under jaw with a grip that made his antagonist howl with pain. With his other hand he felt about in the darkness, groping for the throat.

He found it; seized it with a viselike clutch; shut his teeth and threw all the power of his massive frame into the struggle.

Slowly, slowly, the struggles of the wolf became weaker. The lean, hairy form fell limply, and the man laughed with guttural mirth, for he was master.

Then again he felt the trickle of blood upon his cheek, the ache of his bitten hand. His anger returned with double fury. He kicked the limp body as he lay panting beside it, never releasing his grip.

Suddenly he ceased kicking; he forgot his conquered enemy for the moment. There were sounds!

He heard the thump, thump of hoofs passing his place of refuge. Then they ceased. A sound of confused voices came dimly. Then after a while the hoofs passed again, and there was a distinct voice that said: "Saved hangin', anyway." The hoofs grew dimmer, and Antoine knew by the hollowness of the sound that his pursuers had begun to recross the river.

He again gave his attention to the wolf. It lay very still; it seemed dead. A feeling of supreme comfort came over Antoine. He had fought and conquered, and now he was weary but safe. He laid his head upon the body for a pillow.

#### IV

HE awoke, feeling a soft, warm rasping on his wounded cheek. A faint light came in at the entrance of the place; it was morning. In his sleep Antoine had moved his head near to the mouth of the wolf. And now, utterly conquered, bruised, unable to arise, the brute was feebly licking the blood from the man's face.

A sense of mastery made the man inclined to be kind to a fellow being for once. He was safe, and something had caressed him, although it was only a beaten wolf.

"You pore devil!" said Antoine, with

a sudden softness in his voice. "I done you up, didn't I? But you hain't so bad, I guess. But if I hadn't done you, I'd got done myself. Hurt much, you pore devil, eh?"

He stroked the side of the animal, making it cry out with pain.

"Pretty sore, eh? Well, as long as I'm bigger'n you, I'll be good to you, I will. I ain't so bad, am I? You treat me square and you won't never get no bad deals from the half-breed. Mind that, I tell you.

"Let me hunt you up a name. *Susette!* That's it—*Susette!* You're *Susette* now. I hain't got no people, so I'm a wolf, and my name's Antoine. Antoine and *Susette*—sounds good, don't it?

"Say, I know as much about bein' a gray wolf as you do! Can't show me nothin' about sneakin' and hidin' and fightin'! Say, old girl, *hain't* I a pretty good fighter? Oh, I know I am, all right! And when you need it ag'in you're goin' to get it strong, *Susie*. Mind that!

"Hain't got nothin' to eat about the house, have you? Then, bein' head of the family, I'm goin' huntin'. Don't you let no other wolf come 'round here; you know me! I'll wear his hide when I get back, if you don't mind!"

And he went out.

Before noon Antoine returned bringing three jack-rabbits, having shot them with his six-shooter.

"Well, *Susette*," said he, "got any appetite?"

He passed his hand over the wolf's snout caressingly. The wolf flinched in fear, but the man continued the caress until she licked his hand.

"Now we're friends, and we can live together peaceable, can't we? Took a big family row, though. Families needs stirrin' up now and then, I guess."

He skinned a rabbit and with his knife cut off morsels of meat.

"Here, *Susette*, I'm goin' to fill your hide first, 'cause you've been so good since the row. There, that's it! Eat! Does me good to see you eat, pore, sick *Susette!*"

The wolf took the morsels from his hand, and a look that was almost tame came into her eyes. When she had eaten

the better part of a rabbit, Antoine skinned another and had a meal of raw flesh.

Then he sat down beside her and stroked her nose and neck and flanks. There was an air of home about the place. He was safe and sheltered, had a full stomach, and there was a creature near that showed him kindness, although it had been won by a beating.

"Susette," he said in a soft voice, as he stroked the wolf, "don't get mean ag'in when you get well. I want to live quiet and like somethin' fer wunst. If you'll be good, I'll see that you get enough eatin'. Oh, I'll get you rabbits and antelope and birds, and you won't need to hunt nor run about whinin' with your belly flappin' together.

"And I know how to make fire—somethin' you don't know, wise as you be—and I'll keep you warm, and pet you lots. Is it a bargain? All you need to do is be just good, keepin' your teeth out'n my cheek.

"I've been lonesome always. I hain't got no people. Do you know who your dad was? Neither do I; we're in the same boat there. Some French trader was mine, I guess. My mother's an Omaha.

"*Wagah peazha*—bad white man—that's what the Omahas called me ever since I was a little feller. And the white men says, 'darned Injun.' And where am I? Hangin' on the edge of things—gettin' orn'ry and nasty and bad. I've stole horses and killed people and cussed fer days, Susette. And I want to rest. I want to love somethin'! I don't care what; somethin' that'll just let me. Cabanne's men down at the post would laugh to hear Antoine sayin' that. But I do. I want to love somethin'.

"I tried to, wunst. Her name was Susette, same as your'n. She was a trader's daughter—a pretty French girl. That was before I was very bad. I talked sweet to her, and she liked it. But the old man Lecroix—that was her dad—he showed me the trail, and he says: 'Go that way, and go fast, you damn Injun!'

"I went, Susette, but I made him pay, I did. I saw him on his back, after that, a grinnin' up at the stars. And since then I hain't cared much. I killed sev-

eral in my time, and I called 'em all Lecroix!

"Be a good girl, Susette, and I'll stick to you. I'm a good fighter and a good grub-hunter, too. I learned all that easy."

He continued caressing the wolf, and she licked his hand when he stroked her muzzle.

## V

DAYS passed, the winter deepened, the heavy snows came. Antoine nursed his bruised companion back to strength. Through the bitter nights he kept a fire burning in front of the hole.

The depth of the snow made it improbable that any would learn of his whereabouts; and the news must have spread from post to post that Antoine, the outlaw half-breed, had drowned himself in the ice-fissure in order to escape hanging.

The man had used all his ammunition, and his six-shooter had become useless. So, with the skill of an Indian, he wrought a bow and arrows. He made snow-shoes, and continued to hunt, keeping the wolf in meat until she grew strong and fat with the unaccustomed luxurious life. Also, she became very tame. During her weakness, the man had subdued her fierceness. When the snow crusted, the two went hunting together, Susette trotting at Antoine's heels like a dog.

One evening in late December, when the low moon threw a shaft of cold silver into the mouth of the lair, Antoine lay huddled in his furs, listening to the dirgelike calls of the wolves, wandering inward from the vast night. Susette also listened, sitting upon her haunches beside the man, with her short ears pricked forward.

When the far-away cries of her kinspeople arose into a compelling major sound, dying away into the merest shadow of a pitiful minor, she switched her tail uneasily, shuffled about nervously, sniffing and whining.

Then she began pacing with an eager swing up and down the place to the opening and back, sending forth the long cry of kinship whenever she reached the mouth of the lair.

"Night's cold, Susette," said Antoine;

"'tain't no time fer huntin'. Hain't I give you enough to eat?"

He caught the wolf, and by main force held her down beside him. She snarled savagely and snapped her jaws together, struggling out of his arms and going to the opening, where she cried into the stillness; whereat the answer of her kind floated back in doleful chorus.

"Don't go!" begged the man; "Susette, my pretty Susette! I'd be so lonesome."

Finally, as the chorus died, the wolf gave a loud yelp and rushed into the pale night.

A great passion seized Antoine. He leaped from his furs and ran out after the wolf. She fled with a rapid, swinging trot over the scintillating snow toward the concourse of her people. The man fled after, slipping, falling, getting up, running, and ever the wolf widened the glittering stretch of snow between them.

To Antoine, the ever-widening space of glinting coldness vaguely typified the barrier that seemed growing between him and his last companion.

"Susette, oh, Susette!" he cried at last, breathless and exhausted. His cry was dirgelike, even as the wolves'; thin and sharp—the voice of the old world-ache.

She had disappeared in the dusk of a ravine. Antoine, huddled in the snow with his face upon his knees, sobbed unmanfully into the winter stillness.

## VI

At last, with slow and faltering step, he returned to his lair. He threw himself down upon the floor of the cave and cursed the world—cursed everything in it, individually and generally; and then he cursed Susette.

"It's some other wolf," he hissed; "some other gray dog she's goin' to see! Oh, darn him! Darn his gray hide! I'll kill her, if she ever gits back!"

He took out his knife and began whetting it viciously upon his boot.

"I'll cut her into strips and eat 'em! Wasn't I good to her? Couldn't I have killed her? Oh, I'll cut her into strips, I will!"

He whetted his knife for an hour, cursing through his teeth. At last his

anger grew into a foolish madness. He hurled himself upon the bunch of furs beside him and made himself imagine that they were Susette. He set his teeth into them; he crushed them with his hands. Then, in the impotence of his anger, he fell upon his face and sobbed himself to sleep.

Strange visions passed before him. Again he killed Lecroix, and saw the dead face grinning at the stars. Again he sat in his mother's lodge and wept because he was a stranger. Again he was fleeing, fleeing, fleeing from a leather noose that hung above him like a black cloud, and circled and lowered and raised and lowered, until it swooped down upon him and closed about his neck.

With a yell of fright he awoke from his nightmare. His head throbbed, his mouth was parched.

At last day came in sneakingly through the opening—a dull, melancholy light and with it came Susette, sniffing, with the bristles of her neck erect.

"Susette! Susette!" cried the man joyfully.

He no longer thought of killing her. He seized her in his arms; he kissed her frost-whitened muzzle.

She received his caresses with disdain; whereat he redoubled his acts of fondness. He fed her and petted her as she ate; then the bristles on her neck dropped. She nosed him half fondly. And Antoine, manlike, was glad again. He contented himself with touching the frayed hem of the garment of Happiness.

He ate nothing that day. He said to himself: "I won't hunt till it's all gone; she can have it all." He was afraid to leave Susette; he was afraid to take her with him again into the land of her people. Antoine was jealous.

All day he was kind to her with pitiful kindness. He whispered softly into her ear:

"Susette, I hain't a goin' to be jealous no more. You've been a bad girl, Susette; don't do it again. I won't be mean, less'n you let *him* come skulkin' around here."

The next morning Antoine did not get up. He felt sore and exhausted. By evening his heart was beating like a



hammer. His head ached and swam; his burning eyes saw strange, uncertain visions.

"Susette," he called, "I ain't feelin' right. Come here and let me touch you again."

## VII

NIGHT was falling, and Susette sat sullenly apart, listening for the call of her people. She did not go to him. All night the man tossed and raved.

After a lingering age of delirious wanderings, dizzy flights from huge, pitiless pursuers, he became conscious of the daylight. He raised his head feebly and looked about the den. Susette was gone.

A fury of jealousy came upon Antoine. She had gone again to find that other wolf; he felt certain of this. He tried to arise, but the fever had weakened him so that he lay impotent, torn alternately with anger and longing.

Suddenly a frost-whitened snout was thrust in at the opening.

It was Susette. The man gave a feeble cry of joy, and his eyes were filled with a soft light. Susette entered, sniffing strangely and switching her tail as she came. At her heels came another gray wolf—a male—larger-boned, lankier, with more powerful jaws. He whined and moved his tail nervously at sight of the man.

Antoine lay staring at the intruder.

"So that's him!" thought the man. "I wisht I could git up!"

The gray intruder approached him with a sinuous movement of the tail. His jaws grinned hideously with long, sharp teeth displayed. The rage of hunger was in his eyes, fixed steadily upon the sick man.

Antoine stared into the eyes of his enemy, already crouching for the spring. On a sudden, a strange exhilaration seized him. He seemed to be drinking in the essence of life from the pitiless stare of his adversary. His great limbs, devitalized but a moment before, now tingled to the extremities with a surging of the wine of life. His eyes, which the fever had burned into the dulness of ashes, flamed again with the eager lust of fight.

He raised himself upon his haunches,

and with the lifting of a sneering lip that disclosed his grinding teeth, he gave a cry that was both a snarl and a sob.

In that moment these many centuries of artificial life were as a vanished dream. From the long-slumbering dust of the prehistoric cave-man came a giant spirit to steel the sinews of its far-removed and weaker kin.

Antoine met the impetuous spring of the intruding wolf with a downward blow of his fist, and sprang upon his momentarily worsted foe. Never before in all his bitter, pariah life had he fought as now he fought for the possession of his last companion. His antagonist, bigger than Susette, was the survivor of many moonlight battles to the death in the frozen, foodless wilderness of hills.

Antoine struggled not as a man; he was now merely the good, glorious fighting beast—masterful, primitive, the taker of his own. Lacerated by the snapping of powerful jaws, bleeding from his face and hands, the man felt that he was winning. With a whining cry he succeeded in fixing his left hand upon the hairy throat, crushed the wolf down upon his back, and, using prodigious strength, began to press the fingers of his right hand under the protruding lower ribs. He would tear them out! He would thrust his hand in among the vitals of his foe!

All the while Susette, whining and wagging her tail nervously, watched the struggle with glowing eyes, and waited for the sign of the victor. But at this juncture she arose with a threatening sway of the head, approached the two cautiously, then hurled herself into the encounter. She leaped with a savage yelp upon him who had long been her master.

The man's grip suddenly relaxed. He fell back and threw out his arms, into which once more there came the weakness of the fever.

"Susette!" gasped Antoine; "I was always good to you! I——"

His cry was choked into a wheeze. Susette had gripped him by the throat, and the two were upon him.

She had gone back to the ways of her kind, and the man was an alien.

# PLATONIC FRIENDSHIPS

BY LYNDON ORR

GREAT MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN TO EACH OTHER  
FRANK COMRADES AND FAITHFUL FRIENDS, BUT NOTHING MORE—  
DANTE, GOETHE, BALZAC, POPE, COWPER, DICKENS, THACKERAY,  
AND THEIR PURE AND HELPFUL INTIMACIES AMONG THE OTHER SEX

IT seems rather a pity that so much sex. The natural influence of sex is  
should have been done to make the quite powerful enough in itself to need  
relations between men and women no emphasis; yet, in addition, it has re-  
appear to be necessarily relations based ceived a tremendous stress from every  
upon the distinctions and implications of possible source—from art, from litera-



CHARLES DICKENS, HIS WIFE (CATHERINE HOGARTH), AND HER SISTER GEORGINA (1843)

*From a pencil drawing by D. Maclise, R.A.*

ture, from social convention, and even from religion and from law.

Given a man and a woman, and there is always assumed to exist the basis of a story involving the elements of romance, or sin, or sorrow—and all because poets and painters and dramatists and law-

tastes, or whether they differ in age, or whether one of them is plain and the other handsome. Throw a man and a woman continually together, and they will sooner or later have an interest in each other that is more than friendship."

This very general belief has gone a



SIR WALTER SCOTT, TO WHOM MISS BAILLIE WAS A STIMULATING FRIEND  
*Drawn from an old engraving*



JOANNA BAILLIE, SCOTTISH DRAMATIST AND POET-FRIEND OF SIR WALTER  
*After the painting by Sir W. Newton*

givers have recognized the sex-relation as practically the only possible relation of importance between the male human being and the feminine representative of the species. *Cherchez la femme*, says the French proverb; and an eager curiosity impels nine-tenths of mankind to look always for the woman in the case. And if there be a woman anywhere discoverable, her association with the man is certain to be explained in only one way—by a sort of formula which takes into account only motives of sentiment or passion and ignores the possibility of any other link between the sexes. Only the other day, I heard a very clever person declare:

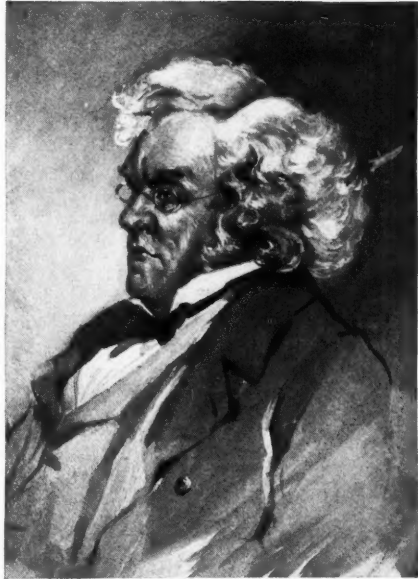
#### THE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OF SEX

"It doesn't matter in the least whether the two are like or unlike in

long way toward establishing its truth. It has made men and women self-conscious, and has taught them to be ever on the watch for some phase of emotion. It has given mere proximity an importance which it really ought not to possess. It has gone far to destroy all faith in the possibility of a sincere and natural friendship between any two persons of the opposite sexes. And this is a pity; for there is nothing finer or more elevating than such a friendship when it does exist. There is nothing that gives so much to those who can maintain it; for each receives that which he or she most needs. The woman is led away from the too intense emotionalism which is so apt to be a source of weakness and often of unhappiness. She acquires breadth of view, judgment, fair-mindedness, and poise. She is strength-

ened by the strength of the man who shares her confidence and who gives her his. On the other hand, in her sympathy and quick intuition he finds a source of unfailing solace and delight; and her enthusiasm and instant appreciation are infinitely inspiring.

This is why the continual harping upon love, as if there were nothing else in life, has made this sort of friendship difficult and more infrequent than it ought to be. Two persons who might freely give to each other from the rich abundance of their gifts are kept wholly apart, or are confined within the narrow limits of a conventional acquaintance, by the fear of being misunderstood and perhaps of being slandered. Where they would otherwise be spontaneously frank, they are forced to be constrained and formal; and thus perhaps they never go



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, WHO EXPLAINED IN MANLY FASHION THE CHARACTER OF HIS FEELING FOR MRS. BROOKFIELD

*After a drawing in the Maclise Gallery*



MRS. CHARLES BROOKFIELD, TO WHOM THE AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR" WAS SO SINCERELY DEVOTED

*From a drawing by Thackeray*

beyond the petty and prescribed inanities of the dinner-table and the drawing-room. When this is so, the lives of both are much the poorer for it. They have lost something which would have been very precious to them, and yet which would have had no touch of the romantic in it, no languor of sentiment, no scorching breath of passion.

Those who deny the possibility of what is often, though incorrectly, called "platonic friendship," do so merely because they are affected by the current superstition and by the reading of many novels and much poetry. Unfortunately, those who maintain that men and women can be friends, are equally devoid of all sound reasons for their faith. They merely think so, and thus rest their case upon a bold assertion. Therefore, it is well worth while to look into the psychological and physiological explanation of why a sexless friendship between the sexes is not only possible enough, but why it ought not to be viewed with any skepticism whatever. It is the logical outcome of certain facts, the mere statement of which ought to be



HONORÉ DE BALZAC, WHO PEOPLED A WORLD  
WITH THE CHILDREN OF HIS BRAIN  
*After an engraving in the Paris Figaro, 1842*

convincing, because it is wholly reasonable.

#### THE HARMONIOUS RELATIONSHIP

Men and women are like musical instruments. They are either perfectly attuned, so as to produce together a complete and flawless harmony, or else they represent a more or less imperfect symphonic adjustment, running from an almost imperceptible variation on the utter discord. To express it in a less figurative fashion, some men and women are by nature absolutely matched. They are both mentally complementary to each other, and also emotionally sympathetic, responding swiftly and unerringly to each other's moods, and by a sort of instinct feeling, rather than knowing, the very thought, the very word, the very act that is the perfect one. When two such persons meet, they belong to each other from the first moment when their looks have mingled. Even while they speak the first casual words of greeting, they *know*. Their hearts have leaped to answer each the other. They need no period of acquaintanceship. They might marry within five minutes, and they would never have a moment of regret

throughout their lives; for they have in reality possessed each other from the beginning of the world. Thus are made the great love-matches which live in the recollection of mankind. It is a pitiful thought that perhaps for every human being there exists somewhere on the



MME. EVA HANSKA, LONG ADORED BY BALZAC—  
SHE WAS MARRIED TO HIM SHORTLY  
BEFORE HIS DEATH

*After a miniature painted by De Daffinger in 1835*

earth a perfect mate; and that were mortals not dependent upon time and chance and circumstance, every marriage might be such as this.

Other men and women are mated physically and temperamentally, but are utterly unlike in all their modes of thought and all their tastes. Because of the temperamental likeness they are mutually attracted, often very strongly, yet always incompletely. They satisfy each other at times and seasons; but with them, love has always its reaction, and for the very reason that it is not complete. When the physical side has been sated, the two are sundered in sympathy. They may be for the time even mutually repugnant and repellent. The longing



that is physical has this limitation, that it is not for all time, for every hour, and for every mood; and so, when it lacks the bond of intellectual and spiritual unity, it is relaxed, and for the time seems almost to have perished.

Most marriages are based upon this sort of love. Tolstoy would have us think that married love means nothing else. In his depressing novel, "The Kreutzer Sonata," he has set forth this belief with a ghastly realism, showing us what he holds to be the only type of marriage known to our world to-day—one in which dwindling moments of keen desire are succeeded by long and dreary intervals of indifference or even of dislike. But of course he is drawing, as he always

ly unhappily. Very many of them mean at least contentment; and they approximate toward the perfect marriage according as the man and the woman approach to that ideal completeness which springs from the unity of both the higher and the lower nature.

Finally, however, one has to take into account a third category, in which are to be included those who in mind and thought and tastes are remarkably harmonious, but whose emotional natures are, as it were, demagnetized one from the other. Each might attract a third by physical qualities; but for themselves and between themselves nothing of the sort can ever be. With them proximity would have no power. They might be thrown together every day throughout their lives, and there would never come to the surface of their imaginations the slightest trace of sentiment. Were they cast upon a desert island, free from all the restraints of human society, this would make no difference. They would be frank comrades and faithful friends, but they would be nothing more. Each could enter into all the other's interests; each could tell the other the most carefully guarded secrets—even love troubles



LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, POET, LETTER-WRITER, WOMAN OF THE WORLD

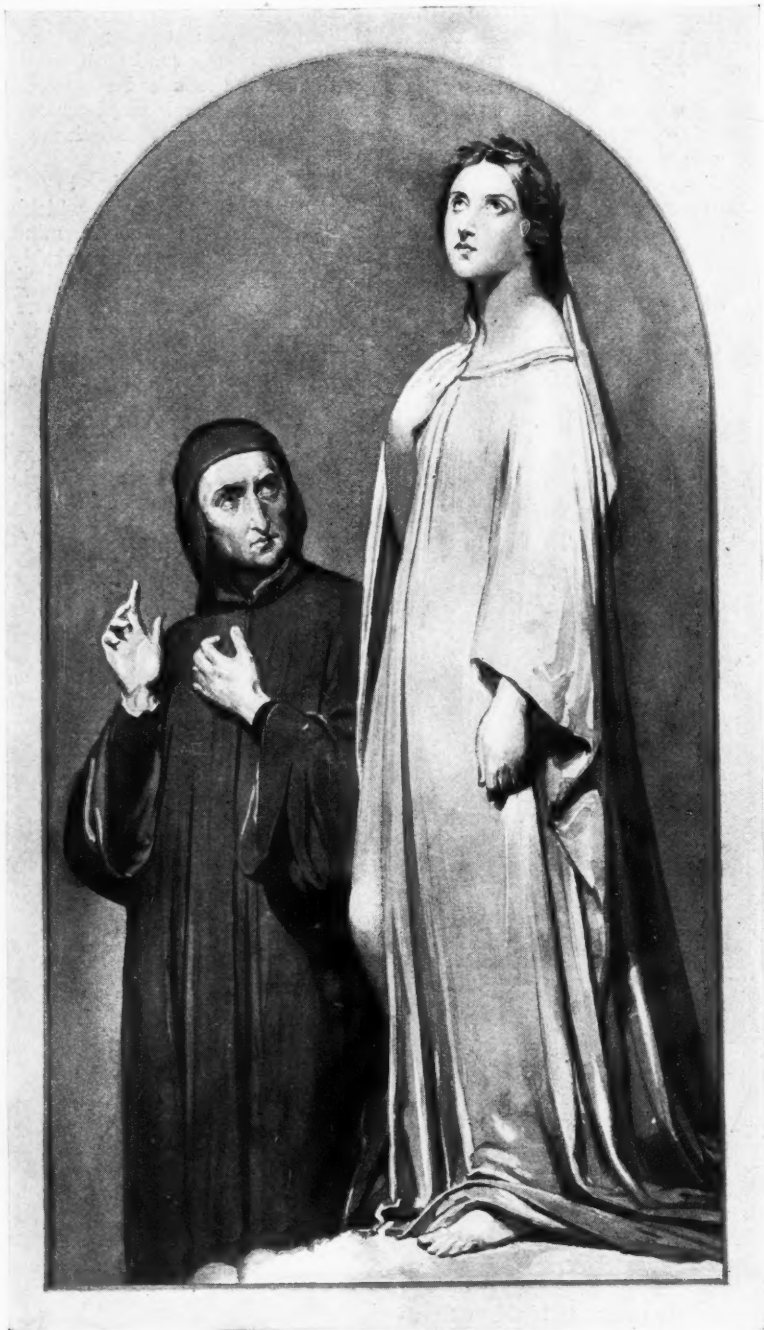
*After the miniature by Zink*

does, an extreme picture of the worst possible state of things. As a matter of fact, and fortunately, some degree of mental contact exists between almost every wedded pair; and the circumstances of their life together are likely to increase it rather than to lessen it. Hence, most marriages are not positive-



ALEXANDER POPE, WHO FOR YEARS GREATLY ADMIRED LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

*After the picture by Hudson*



DANTE AND BEATRICE—HISTORY TELLS OF NO OTHER AFFECTION MORE  
EXALTED THAN THAT OF DANTE FOR HIS IDEAL.

*After the painting by Ary Scheffer*

and romances; but it would always be precisely as one man would tell them to another, except with a fulness of confidence and a depth of intimacy which man never has for man and which woman never has for woman.

The need of such a friendship as has been here described is felt by many men; and most of all by those of the artistic and creative type, whose activities lie in the world of thought far more than in the world of action. The most exalted geniuses have sometimes, to be sure, been quite sufficient to themselves. They have lived as it were upon a lofty peak, to the very summit of which no other soul could be admitted. They have been too great for intimacy; or perhaps it may be that their isolation came from the overweening nature of their egoism. Such, for example, was Alexander the Great in ancient times, and Napoleon in modern days. With these men there could be no friendship, and least of all a friendship with a woman. Each, like an eagle, would swoop down from his aerie for the enjoyment of a momentary passion; but each withdrew into his solitude so soon as the fancy of an hour had been sated.



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, WHO HAD MANY LOVES AND ONE PLATONIC FRIEND

*Drawn from an old engraving*



CHARLOTTE VON STEIN, WHO WAS SO GREATLY ESTEEMED BY GOETHE

*Drawn from an old engraving*

Such abnormal types would seek no woman's friendship, because friendship in its very essence means equality; and neither the great Macedonian nor the immortal Corsican would recognize an equal. Napoleon, in particular, made his contempt of women evident not only by his life, but in his words and acts. He thought of them as meant by nature merely to renew the race, and not to be the equal mates of men. At Josephine's receptions in the Tuileries, the emperor would stalk abstractedly about; and the most fascinating woman present could draw from him little more than a question as to whether or not she was the mother of children. Again and again, with scant civility, he would turn to some young mother and brusquely ask:

"What are you doing here? Go home and have children!"

He rudely repulsed Mme. de Staël, whose platonic friendships were famous in her time, and whose intellect appeared to her quite worthy of the conqueror's interest. Like Napoleon, was his supreme antagonist, Wellington; for he, too, viewed women as merely toys fit only



WILLIAM COWPER—HE OWED MUCH TO THE  
SYMPATHY OF HIS WOMEN FRIENDS

*Drawn from an old engraving*

for an idle hour. He was harsh to his wife—a very beautiful woman—and his brief relations with other ladies had in them nothing of respect or confidential intimacy.

But the world of art has known many friendships that were platonic, and of which the memory has left a mark on the pages of literature. Perhaps the most exalted of them all is that of Dante for the ideal figure whom he has immortalized as *Beatrice*. Just who this woman was, and what she was, no one can say. It has been held, indeed, that she had no material existence whatsoever; that she was the creation of his fancy, an ideal in which he had enshrined his supreme conception of what was noblest and most spiritual in womanhood. But whether she were flesh and blood or only the invention of a poet's imagination, she was for Dante very real; and with her he communed in thought through all those wonderful years in which he turned to her for inspiration. This may be called the apotheosis of platonic friendship, where all that is physical is blotted out and where the need of the man finds its satisfaction only in what belongs to soul and spirit.

More tangible, but no less memorable, is the long friendship of Goethe for the Baroness Charlotte von Stein, one of the most famous associations in the records of genius. Goethe was frankly a pagan in his joy of life, his love of pleasure, and his passion for the beautiful. Many were his loves both at Weimar and in Italy; but through this luminous mist of the senses there burned always clear and bright the steady flame of that friendship which was not love, but was almost something more than love.

The Baroness von Stein was the wife of a court official whom Goethe met for the first time in 1775. Charlotte von Stein was neither graceful nor beautiful. She was older than Goethe by seven years, and was the mother of seven children. Her standard of morals was a higher one than his, and her intellect



LADY AUSTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF LAVINIA—  
SHE SHARED WITH MARY UNWIN THE  
FRIENDSHIP OF COWPER

*After the painting by Romney*

was worthy of even his admiration. For ten years her influence swayed this wayward genius, teaching him patience, refinement, and self-control, and involving an intimacy upon which there was no blot. With her, his restlessness was soothed and quieted, his ambitions encouraged and directed, and his life made happier with that kind of happiness which does not weary. Goethe called her his "holy fate," his "golden lady," and to her he wrote a multitude of letters, often charming in their revelation of a singularly complex personality, and always interesting because they comprise a minute account of his daily life through the ten most fruitful years of his existence.

#### THE FRIENDSHIPS OF BALZAC

A chapter might be written upon the friendships of Balzac with the many women who helped him, and who appealed to the many sides of his powerful intellect, yet without stirring his no less powerful senses; for these, no less than his imagination, were held captive by the far-off Polish countess, Mme. Hanska, whom he loved faithfully for twenty years, until at last she became free to marry him at the climax of his fame, though on the verge of his approaching death. Mme. Hanska seemed to many a strange choice for Balzac—he a burly, lusty Frenchman of Touraine, and she a dreamy mystic; but they were mated both in body and in mind, and his friendship with other women meant only the comradeship of mind with mind. One might well have thought that a beauty like Mme. Carraud would have attracted Balzac, or that George Sand, who made so many men her slaves, could have subdued him by her peculiar fascinations. Such, however, was not the case. With both of them Balzac's relations were those of friendship only, and they seem never to have thought of him in any other way.

Of Englishmen of letters there are many whose names recall platonic affection. Alexander Pope, the peevish, fretful, dwarfish, brilliant satirist, whose very soul was lacerated by the recollection of his own physical deformity, found a respite from his agony and gained a new self-respect when the ac-

complished and beautiful woman of the world, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, gave him her friendship. And who does not remember how much the poet Cowper owed to the long and beautiful affection which existed between himself and Mary Unwin, at whose suggestion he wrote "Table Talk" and "Expostulation." Linked with more famous works of his was the name of another platonic friend, Lady Austen, for whom he wrote "The Task," and—best remembered of all—"John Gilpin's Ride." It was through the friendship of these two women, and through their unfailing sympathy, that this sickly, morbid man, haunted at times by an impulse to suicide, and with a mind often clouded by the shadow of insanity, wrote in a spirit so normal, so healthy, and so instinct with the love of nature as to be a forerunner of the breath which Robert Burns breathed into English poetry after Cowper's death.

#### THACKERAY AND MRS. BROOKFIELD

Few have owed more than he to the frank fondness of women who could be friends without any thought of love in its accepted sense. Yet Scott owed much to Joanna Baillie, who was, indeed, a stimulating friend to other men of genius. Thackeray, bereft of his wife by her insanity, found a refuge from his desolation in his sincere affection for Mrs. Charles Brookfield, the wife of one of his most intimate friends. When gossip misrepresented this attachment, and the story came to Mr. Brookfield's ears, Thackeray wrote to him a very candid, manly letter, in which he told how much the friendship meant to him, how free it was from wrong, and how compatible it was with honor. To the truth of this he pledged his word, and asked that nothing might be said or done to deprive him of this great blessing in the midst of his affliction. The man to whom the letter was addressed had a mind as generous as Thackeray's own. He listened to no further gossip, and the harmonious friendship of the three was nevermore disturbed. In the peace of this relationship, Thackeray wrote those works which are a glory to our literature and a monument to a friendship between man and woman wherein there is no flaw.



In the same way, Charles Dickens found in Miss Georgina Hogarth, his wife's sister, a solace in the many hours of deep depression which were wont to come upon him during his later years; and in his will, in bequeathing her a legacy, he wrote: "I leave her my grateful blessing as the best and truest friend man ever had."

These are the friendships of which all the world has known. The thousands of other friendships no less intimate and no less untainted, between men and women, of which the world will never know, are quite as real and quite as beautiful

even though the ones who share in them bear names that are obscure. They all mean that beyond the pleasure-garden which is known as love, and which the poets have strewn with flowers and filled with music, there lies a space wherein the light is not that of the moon and the breath is not that of passion; but where, in the sunshine and the free air of a frank and open friendship, both men and women can clasp hands as comrades, moving onward side by side in helpful intimacy, and with minds to which there comes no thought that is not sinless and sincere.

---

#### TO MARCH

Go ahead, old March, and bluster.  
 Blow ahead; you cannot fluster  
     Me!  
 What care I for all your scolding?  
 Do you think the spring unfolding  
     I can't see?  
 I can hear the crocus croaking,  
 Spite of all your icy soaking.  
 Don't you s'pose I know you're joking,  
     Eh?  
 Spite of all your noisy, windy,  
 Howling, prowling, scowling shindy,  
     Every day  
 I can see behind your frowning  
 All the gorgeous vernal gowning  
     Of the spring.  
 I can hear behind your weeping  
 Sounds of flowers upward creeping,  
 Songs of little robins peeping  
     And the flutter of the wing!  
 Underneath your mantle icy  
 I can hear the gossip spicy  
     Of the river free.  
 Needn't try to play the 'possum—  
 Guess I sort of sniff the blossom  
     On the tree.  
 So, old March, keep on a blowing.  
 Can't fool me for all your snowing!  
 I can see what is a going  
     On behind the scenes.  
 I can see behind your strumming,  
 Little busy bees a humming,  
 All the joys of spring a coming  
     With its greens.  
 And while others may deride you,  
 Claim they really can't abide you,  
 On a rail would like to ride you,  
     I don't think it pays:  
 For I know, for all your flaring,  
 Just the things you are preparing,  
 And for that I love your daring  
     Ways!

*John Kendrick Bangs*

# THE HEN'S DUCKLING

BY W. C. MORROW

WITH A DRAWING BY E. M. ASHE

THE very quiet with which Mrs. Charleroi threw her strictly ordered household into consternation upon discovering the theft sent a chill to the heart of every one of the servants. Marcelle, the maid, in summoning them to her mistress's private sitting-room, had slipped through the mansion like a tombless ghost and whispered the news and the order through white lips. And now, oppressed and silent, they stood before handsome, disdainful Mrs. Charleroi, sitting like a judge whose justice is untempered with mercy.

Little Vivien, her daughter, sat in prim stiffness a short distance from her mother and with her profile turned toward the group of frightened servitors. The reserve which she wore in her parents' presence had become emphasized; her lips were pressed together, her fingers were interlocked, and her eyes, wider than usual, were staring at the wall.

"I have just discovered," said Mrs. Charleroi to the servants, "that five thousand dollars in bank-notes which I placed in my desk yesterday"—glancing toward that object—"has been stolen. The theft occurred this morning. Have any of you seen a strange or suspicious-looking person in or about the house today?"

They glanced at one another, and half-breathed a negative.

The mistress coldly, penetratively, studied each face. Some flushed; others paled.

"As you were the only persons in the house when the theft was committed," she went on, "you can see what an unfortunate position you occupy. I have telephoned for Mr. Charleroi. You know what a severe man he is. He will lose no time in summoning the police

and ordering such arrests as he may think proper, and then in prosecuting to the full extent of the law. The crime can't possibly be concealed from him. You are all under a cloud, and it is the duty of the innocent, as a matter of self-protection, to assist in finding the thief. I am giving you this fair notice now in order that you may avoid what will surely happen when Mr. Charleroi comes. You may go."

The drooping crowd filed out. In the door, Marcelle and the butler exchanged looks that sent the girl into tears.

Mrs. Charleroi studied the rigid shoulder of her daughter, and smiled and shrugged. She had commanded the child to be present at the arraignment, for it was important that the young mind should see the inferior class in its natural bent to prey upon the rich, to repay kindness with ingratitude and consideration with theft. In gross betrayal of the blood which Vivien had inherited from her proud, aristocratic father, she had often given signs of sympathy for her social inferiors. The one redeeming feature of the tendency was that she was equally kind to lower animals. In that direction her mother encouraged her, hoping that her sympathies would become deflected from more disagreeable channels.

In other ways little Vivien was a distressing enigma. Not alone had she hugged and kissed the dirty child of the gardener in an abandon of love, but she would secretly exchange hugs and kisses and confidences with Marcelle, and, when she thought herself unobserved, would drench her dolls with affection and nurse a sleeping kitten for hours. Besides all that, and contrary to its significance, toward her parents she had come

to maintain a distant reserve, a merely formal politeness and obedience. Mr. Charleroi appeared not to notice. A profound scholar, an intellectual colossus, a great lawyer numbering millionaire clients by the score, a man of affairs and of a commanding influence, whose birth and wealth and power were the wells of her existence, he should not be troubled with things so trivial as Vivien's shortcomings; under the mother's guidance she would develop into admirable womanhood.

Yet the mother longed for a baby head on her breast, the fierce clutch of loving little arms about her neck. She could not understand why it had ceased with the passing of the infant days. But nothing should distract her from her aim to live in entire worthiness of her husband and his glowing lineage. Partly through her aid in dropping the obscure friends known to her life of kindliness and poverty and work before her marriage, and through her cultivating only the rich, he had achieved a dominant station. Still, there was something strange in his bearing—as in Vivien's. She had caught in his eyes—as in her child's—a distant look which she understood no better than Vivien's when forbidden the friendship of the gardener's child and all confidences with Marcelle. After the honeymoon he had gradually withdrawn himself, just as Vivien had insensibly changed from an eagerly demonstrative baby to a cold, machine-like child.

Mrs. Charleroi studied the little shoulder, which so strikingly reminded her of her husband's when his chivalrous watchfulness slept for a moment under professional abstraction. Vivien was an extraordinary replica of him, except in the matter of her democratic sympathies; but she was only a child, and would learn better.

"Vivien."

The dainty little figure started. She politely turned a three-quarters face to her mother, but kept her wide-eyed gaze on a new spot in the wall.

"Yes, mama."

"You saw how they acted."

Vivien was silent.

"All of them were frightened; some were foolishly rebellious besides. None had spirit."

The rigor of Vivien's new pose did not relax, and she still kept silence. There was something unusual in the failure of her tiresome, stereotyped "Yes, mama." But one not born to the purple must bear with the unaccountable peculiarities of those who were.

"That is the way with people of the lower classes, dear. They are inferior by nature, and of course are not to blame. Sympathy is wasted on them; it spoils and weakens them. We only injure ourselves and them too when we share with them in anything. Your papa would be deeply hurt if he knew that you ever had the least in common with inferiors."

Vivien's granite silence—which the mother did not know in the least was the keenest suffering—was irritating at last, and Mrs. Charleroi was relieved when she heard her husband ascend the stair. Vivien also heard. Her graceful little figure stiffened, and with an effort she turned to face her mother.

"Shall I go, mama?"

The mother's attention was held a moment by the strained wideness of the child's eyes, by her pallor, and by the droop in the corners of the sweet rosebud mouth. "No, dear. It is better that you should see it through. It will help you to understand the lower class better—the class that steals." A mountain of scorn was compacted into that last clause.

## II

THE mother greeted Mr. Charleroi with a smile; the child did not look at him. His habitually melancholy eyes, dark and deep, held a twinkle as he genially said, "So, you've been robbed?"

"Yes, Orville."

She went to the escritoire and pulled out a large lower drawer.

"I put the package away back here, under these letters, where it was completely hidden. Now, don't ask me," she hastened to add, "whether I could be mistaken as to where I put it, or have forgotten, or have searched everywhere, for I've made perfectly certain. The money was stolen. There's a low, common thief in this house."

He nodded.

"After hiding the parcel," she went

on, "I locked the drawer and hid the key in that little pigeonhole, under those papers. When I returned from my tailor's I found that the drawer had been opened and the money taken. The lock, apparently, had not been disturbed."

"Have you any definite suspicions?" he asked.

"None of the servants knew the money was here," she answered, closing the drawer and resuming her seat with a haughtiness intensified by her sense of outrage. "I cautioned Vivien to say nothing about it. Yes, I have a definite suspicion. When I assembled the servants, told them they were all under a cloud, and advised them to find the thief before you came or to take the consequences, I saw something that looked significant. It was as they were passing out. The butler gave Marcelle a look, and tears sprang to her eyes."

Mr. Charleroi crossed the room and carefully examined the drawer. "It was evidently done by a woman," he remarked, "because nothing was tumbled. And she used a key."

"Isn't this a matter for the police?" Mrs. Charleroi asked, with a little annoyance and surprise that *he* should be making so undignified an investigation.

"Not necessarily," he answered, returning to his seat. "It may not have been a wanton theft. There may be some extraordinary emergency among the servants. Do you know anything about their private affairs?"

She looked surprised.

"I?" Disdain raised her brows. She dropped her glance at the blankness that confronted her in his face. "Of course not. I don't see what that—Stealing is stealing, and a thief is a thief."

She did not see the slight hardening of his eyes, but Vivien, quickly looking up, was more fortunate.

"You like Marcelle, don't you, dear?" he asked Vivien, with an unexpectedness that brought a start and sent a flush to her cheeks.

She swallowed, and shot a timid glance at her mother, who was severely regarding her. No answer came.

Mr. Charleroi looked in surprise from her to her mother, and said to the child:

"Marcelle appears to be a good, kind girl. No doubt you and she are good

friends. Has she ever told you any of her troubles?"

Mrs. Charleroi sat erect. Even the bluest blood, she was pained to notice, might lapse in unguarded moments.

"I don't permit intimacies between Vivien and the servants," she interposed, looking with some pride for approval.

His glance that met hers was as blank as before. He turned to Vivien, and as he regarded her with deepening eyes the color fled her face.

"Come to me, dear," he gently said.

She went slowly and with downcast eyes. He gathered her into his arms, pressed her curly flaxen head to his breast, laid his cheek on it, and asked:

"Would my little girl be unhappy if any trouble came to Marcelle?"

Again there was no answer, not even a nod, but he felt the little shoulders twitching. The man had found something to be probed.

He cuddled her as he had not done in a long time.

"Perhaps she has said something in your presence, dear. She may be very anxious for her parents to come from France, or they may be in want, or——"

Vivien emphatically shook her head.

"Possibly she and the butler intend to marry."

The child did not respond.

"Maybe she is deeply interested in some one here who is in great need."

Vivien neither moved nor spoke, but a wave ran through her sensitive body, and he translated it as fear or apprehension.

After a moment's reflection as he caressed the child he said to his wife, his look and manner that of the lawyer:

"I'll send Marcelle to jail and leave to the police the task of extorting a confession from her. No mercy will be shown her there; they are cruel and thorough. Vivien, go and tell her to come here. And you come with her."

"I can ring——" Mrs. Charleroi began, not at all understanding; but a quick look from her husband stopped her, leaving her much puzzled.

"Go, Vivien," he said, for the child was reluctant.

He saw her wither as she drew slowly away. Without a word or a glance for either of her parents, she left the room.

Mrs. Charleroi's look at her husband

was a question, but not a confident one.

"I think we're on the right track," he said, "and that Vivien will find the—culprit." The word "thief" had slipped aside.

She did not speak; her husband's strange abstraction compelled silence, and her complacency was disturbed as she noted worn lines, which she had never seen before, settling about his mouth.

Vivien was gone so long that Mrs. Charleroi's discomfort rose to torture.

### III

MEANWHILE, Vivien walked slowly down the wide corridor, turned into a narrower passage, seated herself on the bottom step of the rear stair, and placing her elbows on her knees, rested her face in her palms and stared at nothing. After sitting thus for some time, she quietly returned to the library.

For a moment she was poised on the threshold, and with an effort looked at her father, but with terror. Then came a quick struggle, an assured manner, and in her advance there was a resolve which had an unnatural element of boldness, almost of defiance. Her father was regarding her with a profound intentness which his smile was intended to conceal. She halted a few feet away.

"I didn't find her," she said very firmly. "I've known all the time who took the money, but I was afraid to tell. When I went to find Marcelle I just made up my mind——" She abruptly stopped with a catch.

Mrs. Charleroi started and straightened, but her husband showed no surprise. He nodded encouragingly.

"It was this morning, just after mama went down-town," Vivien hurried on, her eyes shining, her cheeks mottled with crimson, her baby dimples drawn into lines.

"I was lying on that couch. The first thing I knew a terrible man came creeping into the room"—she looked at the three doors, and pointed to the one into the corridor—"through that door. He had a long, shining knife in his hand. I—I"—she swallowed, and struggled hard—"was so terribly frightened that I couldn't move. He just stopped a sec-

ond when he saw me, and looked at me *hard*, and when he saw I wasn't asleep he came up to me and raised the knife, and he said—and he said, 'If you move or say a word I'll—I'll—I'll cut your head off!' Then he—he growled like a bear—like a bear—and was terrible!" She was looking around on the rugs, and her whole body was vibrant.

"Then he went to mama's desk and looked all through it, and when he found that one drawer was locked, he—he growled once, and he took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked the drawer, and he just looked till he found the money, and he took it right out and put it—he put it—he put it into his breast-pocket." She looked up, and with her glance followed the joining of the wall and the ceiling.

"And then he came over to me and said: 'Little girl, if you ever tell anybody about this I'll—I'll—I'll come here in the night, and get in through your window, and I'll just cut your head off.' And—and then he went out."

She was breathless at the end of the tumultuous recital. Her excitement was so great that she did not hear her mother start toward her and say:

"Vivien!"

Mr. Charleroi stopped her with a look, and in a quiet, matter-of-fact way that astonished his wife said to Vivien:

"You saw him clearly, dear?"

"Yes, papa, very clearly," she answered, facing him steadily.

"Describe him."

"He was very lame, 'cause his right leg was the shortest, and stiff. His right shoulder was 'way down lower than the left one, and"—she reflected—"his hair was very black and bushy, and—and his whiskers were black all over his face, and his eyes—his eyes—his eyes were black and very far back, and they burned me, they were so very fierce. And—and his forehead was very, very white, and had a red scar right down this way."

"How was he dressed?" asked Mr. Charleroi, a new interest, a new trouble, lighting his somber eyes.

"He had old, dirty clothes. His coat was dark gray, with light stripes up and down, and the sleeves had patches on them. He had a stick with a crook at the top and a rubber tip at the end."



"His hat, shirt, waistcoat, trousers, shoes—do you remember them?"

She made a serious effort, and shook her head. "I didn't notice, papa."

"Would you know him if you saw him again?"

"Oh, yes, papa! I'd know him anywhere."

"Come to me, dear."

The high tension under which she had kept herself suddenly relaxed, and she looked dazed as she instinctively, but slowly, obeyed. He again took her affectionately in his arms.

"Vivien," he asked, "would you be glad to see him caught and punished for coming into your mama's room and stealing her money?"

A little catching sigh, ending in a half-sob, smothered her answer.

When, with gentle caresses, he had soothed her trembling, he bade her run out into the sunshine and look after her pets.

Mrs. Charleroi waited in impatient silence till he raised his bowed head. He was very pale.

"Do you believe her story?" he asked, with an obvious effort.

"Of course not, Orville. Oh, it is dreadful to realize that she has it in her to tell lies! Surely you don't believe her!" she desperately challenged.

His sadness was profound. "I am puzzled," he dully answered. "There can be no doubt that she has recently seen such a man, and that he strongly impressed her. The probabilities are that he is connected in some way with this matter."

Mrs. Charleroi felt her color mount under his unconsciously searching scrutiny. He arose, and in deep thought paced the floor.

"Wasn't it to shield Marcelle?" suggested his wife.

He halted, and after pondering as he gazed at the floor, he said:

"It is a strange, terrible thing, and must be cleared up. Some wrong influence has warped her sweet, tender little heart"—his voice suffered a moment's unsteadiness from his emotion—"and driven her to this. Poor baby!"

"I thought she had been obedient and kept from intimacy with the servants," said his wife, with a shade of misgiving.

The face that he slowly turned to her had no expression that she could interpret. That mask passed, and a hardening came with an unpleasant resolution.

"There is only one way," he said. "That man must be found. And a man so strikingly marked can't escape. Yes, he must be found—at once."

With a slight bow, he left the room and his bewildered wife.

#### IV

THE detective agency had little difficulty in finding the man, and one of the hunters brought him directly to Mr. Charleroi's house. That gentleman, informed by telephone, was waiting in the library at home, and his wife and daughter were with him.

The unusual tenderness of his bearing toward Vivien mystified his wife, so accustomed had she grown to the distance which he had set between himself and the two who should have been nearest to him, and so evident it was that his daughter had outraged all the most cherished standards of his class. Not once had she suspected that this interval was the empty place of a shattered dream, and that in a savage application to work the beaten man had tried to close the chasm.

To-day, while he waited, furtively studying Vivien as he might a disturbing mystery closing an established perspective, and aiming by unobtrusive interest and sympathy to lift the curtain which apparently she had lowered on his outlook, Mrs. Charleroi had a sense of increased separation from both husband and child. In silent, overlooked unhappiness she awaited the unpleasant scene which her husband had so unnecessarily, so cruelly, prepared. She deemed herself amply competent to correct any childish irregularities in their daughter, and it all seemed paltry and dismissible. Her husband must have surmised her thoughts, for he pointedly avoided her eyes, and his scant heed of her delicate hints to desist had stilled her tongue and depressed her complacency.

After a while the cripple, a detective at his side, arrived, and was admitted to the library. Under instructions from Mr. Charleroi, the man had not formally

been arrested, but was brought in to make an explanation. His expression was both bewildered and angry as he glowered at the gentleman of the house.

"He's the right man, Mr. Charleroi," announced the detective confidently. "He confessed at once that he had the money, and he delivered it to us. Here it is. Not a cent is gone." Mr. Charleroi motioned him to lay it on the table. "The identification by your little daughter will clinch the matter hard and tight," concluded the man, turning breezily to Vivien.

His glance was followed by that of his quarry, who stared at the child in amazement.

Mr. Charleroi also observed Vivien, and found her in an extraordinary state. She had unconsciously risen from her low chair when the men entered, and stood desperately gripping its back. Her color was gone, her breathing was only a flutter, and she gazed at the cripple as though held by some new horror.

"Is this the man, daughter?" His tone was a mixture of kindness and hardness.

She did not answer immediately; her eyes were held under a spell. Her lips trembling, she turned first to her mother and then to her father, but finding no guidance, she breathed: "Yes, but I didn't think——"

She sank weakly into her chair and buried her face in her hands.

Mrs. Charleroi sprang to her feet. "The child isn't well," she protested, flashing indignation at her husband as she pressed a button in the wall. "This is much too severe an ordeal. Dearest," kneeling beside her daughter and placing a gentle hand on her head, "what is the matter?"

Mr. Charleroi sat motionless, studying the child in a way that his wife thought heartless.

The stranger found his first opportunity.

"This is an outrage!" he flared. "I didn't steal the money. I found it——"

Mr. Charleroi's sternly upraised hand and his kind look silenced the outbreak. "There will be time later for you to explain," he said.

Marcelle responded to her mistress's ring. The tableau held her a moment in

the door; then, after a violent start, she peered at the cripple's back, forgot her mistress, walked round till she fronted the standing men, and gazed in astonished incredulity.

"Uncle!" she exclaimed, the horrible truth flashing upon her, and she flung herself upon his neck.

He put an arm about her shoulder and laid his cheek on her head. The angry rebellion in his face softened to tears.

"Marcelle, what does it mean?" he demanded, in a choke.

Mrs. Charleroi had returned to her seat and was impatiently tapping the floor with her foot. Her lips were compressed as she stared at her husband, her whole bearing showing the outrage that she suffered from being compelled to witness so vulgar a scene; but his quiet was unruffled, and he was absorbed in his daughter. That diminutive woman had raised her tear-wet face, and was gazing at the affectionate picture of uncle and niece with a look that her father devoured. The detective was somewhat confused.

Mr. Charleroi turned to the detective and said:

"A mistake has been made. Thank you for your work, which has been prompt and intelligent. You may go. Leave this man here."

Marcelle had unclasped her arms. She raised her head, threw back her pretty shoulders, and with red cheeks and flashing eyes faced Mr. Charleroi. Her surprise was great to find his gentle, reflective smile, and its sadness subdued her.

"What is your name?" he asked the man.

The cripple dropped to his shorter leg. "Bonfil," he respectfully answered.

"You are Marcelle's uncle, Mr. Bonfil?"

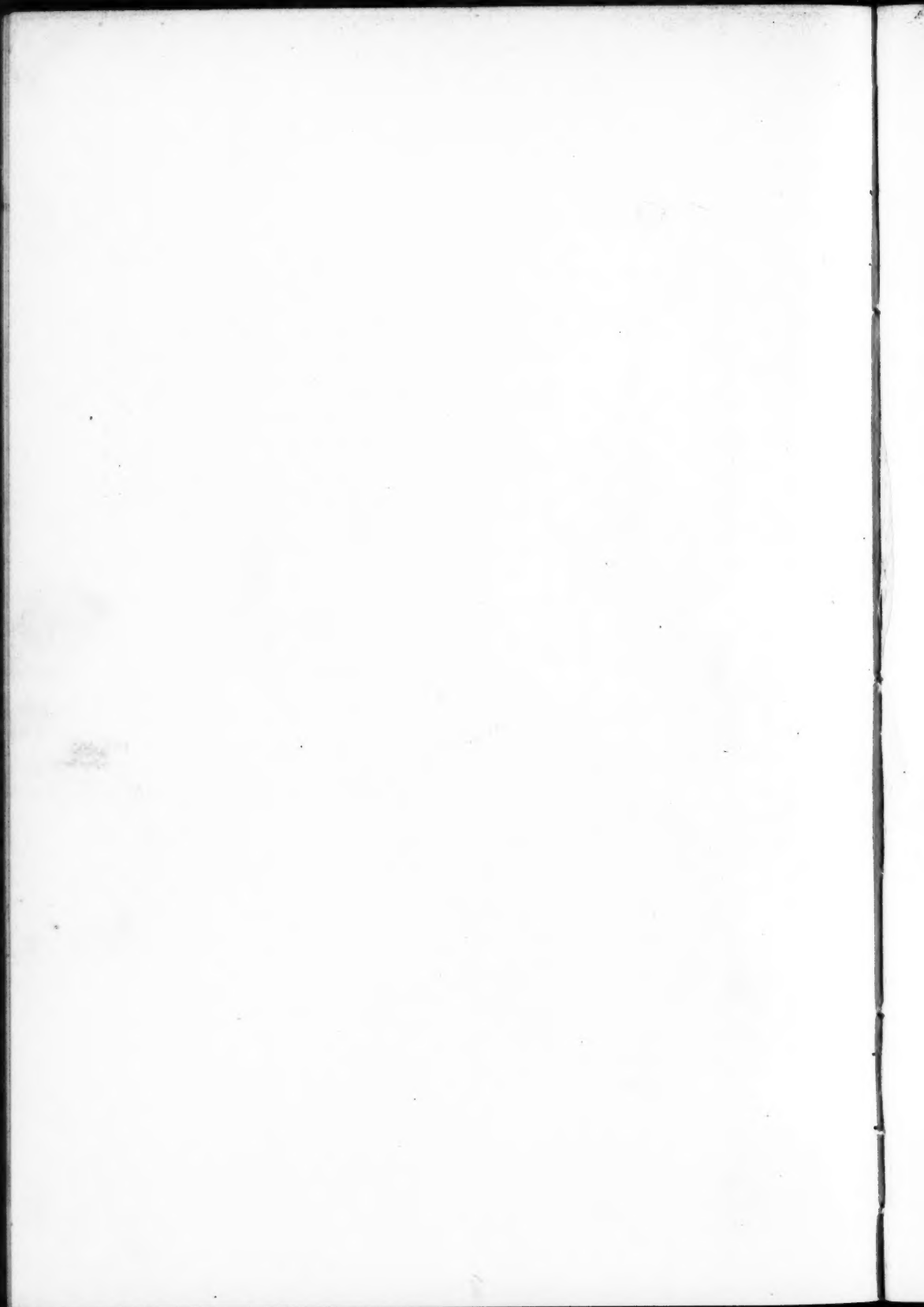
"Yes, sir."

"I judge that you have been unfortunate."

"Very, sir," finding a dash of cold water on his remnant of anger. "A few months ago I was broken to pieces in the belting of the Continental Planing Mill. You see what I am, sir. My wife was brave, but with four young children and no income, what could she do? Marcelle is an angel. She has kept us



"MARCELLE, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"



alive with her wages. It is hard to find employers that want crooked men."

Mr. Charleroi gave Marcelle a look that made her want to fall at his feet and kiss his hands.

"I know the Continental people, Mr. Bonfil," he said. "They will be glad to take an interest in you after I have seen them, which I will do immediately. In the meantime, you will suffer nothing for having come here to-day. Now tell me how that five thousand dollars came into your possession."

He noted Vivien's swift, hot clutch of his hand and the tortured look that she gave him.

"I went to my home in Copley Street," answered Bonfil, "after looking for work. I opened the door and found a flat parcel, which had been dropped through the letter-slit. All that money was in it. I didn't know what to do. Evidently, it was some cruel mistake." His voice failed.

Mr. Charleroi's smile was encouraging.

"You didn't tell your wife?"

"How could I, sir? She would have wanted to buy things for the children."

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it into my pocket, sir, and read the newspapers to see if there was anything about it. Then the detective came."

"Marcelle," said Mr. Charleroi, "take your uncle to your room. I'll send for you both presently. Mr. Bonfil," as the man was limping away, "of course you understand that I hold you entirely innocent."

The last cloud passed from the cripple's face. A kind of reverence showed in the dark eyes with which he regarded the gentleman. But "Thank you, sir," was all he could say, and he limped out with Marcelle.

Without heeding his wife, whose aspect of loneliness was appealing, he beckoned to Vivien, and again folded her caressingly into his arms.

"My sweet, lonely baby," he said, very low; "my poor little lamb! Papa understands."

# V

MRS. CHARLEROI sat frozen. After all her sacrifice to stifle within herself those lowly impulses which had made her kind

and sympathetic to the class which had been hers by birth, solely that she might become as one born, like her husband, in the purple of aristocracy; after all her efforts to repress in Vivien the same tendencies, which she had with shame construed as evidence that the child's heritage of blood was more maternal than paternal; after all that she had done and suffered to make herself and her child worthy members of the class to which her brilliant marriage had introduced her, the most exclusive of all aristocrats, her husband was pitying his child and condoning her shameful fault!

"Dearest," Mr. Charleroi went on, to his daughter, "a great mistake has been made. But be brave. Be your father's child. Hold up your head and look me in the face. That is better."

They gazed long into each other's eyes, and Mrs. Charleroi felt that she had neither husband nor child, so strangely were they approaching each other by a mysterious process that thrust her into an alien relation.

"Do you trust me, dear?" asked Mr. Charleroi, gazing into her wistful, kindling eyes.

She nodded gravely, with growing courage.

His manner suddenly changed to that of a man who understands and respects children and knows how quickly and justly they can measure playful seriousness. "Now," he said, "let's play. I want you to tell me a story."

She was much embarrassed, and her resiliency had not been quite sufficient to respond to his sudden change.

"Tell me a story of a little girl," he said, "and a maid who had a crippled uncle whose children were in need, and some money that the little girl's mother had hidden in a drawer, and—"

"That would be a story of a *bad* little girl," she said, hanging her head.

"Perhaps so," he agreed, with ready cheerfulness, "but a story of a *bad* little girl who became good might be a good story. Tell it to me." He took the dimpled, rosy cheeks between his hands and raised her face.

"Well," she responded, with a sighing effort, taking down his hands and holding them as she studied and caressed them, "once upon a time there was a



bad little girl, and she didn't mind, and she told lies, and she stole, and—and——" She choked and swallowed. "And—and——" Then she broke down on the edge of tears.

"Tell *her* the story, Orville," interrupted his wife, unable to endure the child's suffering, and feeling vaguely responsible for it. "You see that she doesn't wish to conceal anything, but——"

"I know," agreed Mr. Charleroi. "Very well. Once upon a time there was a kind-hearted little girl who didn't understand some things. She had a lovely, beautiful mama, but misunderstood her. She got a wrong idea in her queer little head—little girls will sometimes do that, you know!—that her mother was scornful and unkind to her inferiors, and didn't care what they suffered, just so she wasn't bothered with them."

He paused, for Vivien's confusion and wonder indicated a new point of view that needed time for rooting. His glance at his wife found her pale with astonishment as she struggled for self-control under a great and humiliating revelation.

"But she misunderstood her mama, and that is how all the trouble came," he mercilessly went on. "Her mother had a maid, and the maid was a kind, good girl, and the *little* girl was very fond of the maid, and the maid was equally fond of her; and that is just as it should have been. They had their little confidences, too. So the maid told the little girl about the poor, unfortunate uncle, and his children who didn't have enough food and clothes.

"Now, if the little girl had only known how good and kind and sweet her mama was, and how much she did for the poor and unfortunate, she would not have done what she did. Well, she didn't know all that. She saw her mother hide a great deal of money—the little girl did not realize what a great deal of money it was—in a drawer, and as the little girl knew that the poor uncle and his children ought to have help, and as she could think of but one way, she took the money her mama had hidden, instead of telling her mama all about the uncle and letting mama give him the

help, and when mama went to the tailor's the little girl, without saying a word, slipped out to the little street where the uncle lived. Now, here is a curious thing: In the little street, before she arrived at the house, she saw an extraordinary-looking lame man, and——"

"No, papa; it was when she was *leaving* the little street."

"Of course! How could I make such a mistake? Well, she slipped the money through the door and was running away in fright, when she saw this strange-looking man. She didn't tell her mama where she had been or what she had done, because she didn't know her mama. Then, when mama found that the money was gone, and sent for the servants, and things looked bad for the maid, the little girl had to invent another thing—a burglar this time.

"That's always the way: one tangle makes way for another. So the little girl, seeing the maid in danger, could think only of the man who had given her such a fright. She never dreamed that he would be found, or that he was the uncle of the maid. But she gave his description, and he was found, and if papa hadn't understood some things, the probabilities are that the poor man would have been convicted of a crime that he never committed, and his children would have suffered more than ever, and his niece, the maid——"

Vivien had grown very white; but the interruption was made by Mrs. Charleroi, who, with tears streaming down her cheeks, had stolen up and dropped on her knees at his feet. One arm clasped her child, who began to sob, and the other slipped to her husband's shoulder.

"Don't, my husband," she pleaded. "You have punished us both sufficiently. I had misunderstood. I thought——"

He smiled as he laid gentle fingers on her lips.

"We all three understand now, dear," he said. "Thank God for sending us this little angel to open our eyes! But come!" he cheerily added. "I mustn't keep that poor fellow waiting all day."

He had some difficulty in rising, for four love-hungry hands were clinging to him.

# TO HIM THAT HATH\*

A STORY OF PRESENT-DAY LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS

BY LEROY SCOTT

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

DAVID ALDRICH, to save the memory of his dead friend, the Rev. Philip Morton, head of St. Christopher's Mission, in New York, assumes the guilt of an embezzlement which Morton has committed. Released after four years in prison, David rents a room near St. Christopher's. He finds that his sacrifice has not been in vain so far as Morton's memory is concerned; also he discovers that Helen Chambers, whom he has loved from a distance, is still unmarried. He meets strange neighbors—drunken old Jimmy Morgan and his daughter Kate, who worms out of David the fact that he has been in prison.

Later Kate Morgan reveals to David that she is a professional thief. She invites him to join her in a job, and accepts his refusal as a futile postponement of a return to crime, which, she insists, is his only means of supporting himself. Her sinister point of view seems the stronger because of the discouragements he meets in hunting for work.

One evening David surprises a young thief in his room. The youngster, whose name is Tom, was taking David's overcoat with the intention of pawning it. Together they pawn the coat and buy food. David takes Tom in as a comrade.

Tom promises to be honest, but he goes back to his stealing, and one afternoon he is caught trying to snatch a young woman's money. The young woman, who proves to be Helen Chambers, forces him to take her to his home and show her the sick brother whom, he said, he was caring for. She recognizes in the sick man David Aldrich, and has a short talk with him.

Recovering from his sickness, David renews the search for work, but always his record presses him down, and on New Year's eve he is in the depths of despair. At this crisis he accepts Kate Morgan's final invitation to join her in a burglary. They enter a house in which she has worked as a maid. At the last moment David shrinks from the crime. The owner of the house, who proves to be a man he has seen with Helen Chambers, appears suddenly and covers him with a revolver. There is talk between them, and Kate, coming back, turns the situation and enables David to knock the man senseless and escape. Bitterness and despair surge through him as he wanders homeward. Coming to the mission, he revolts at sight of an illuminated memorial window to Philip Morton. He hurls a brick through the beautiful glass.

Better times begin for David. The informal "Mayor of Avenue A" gets him a position as janitor of a better-class tenement, the agent for which is one Rogers, a man of friendly but peculiar reserve. Helen Chambers, learning from Tom that David had not put the youngster up to stealing, visits David to ask his forgiveness because she had thought so ill of him. She urges him to turn to writing, and he decides to follow her advice.

## XVIII

DAVID had suggested school to Tom, but the boy would none of it.

"Wot, set in one o' dem agony seats, biffin' your brain wid books, a skinny lady punchin' holes t'rough you wid her eyes? Not for mine, pard!"

A job was what he wanted, and David at last concluded that after he had been tamed a few months by the discipline of regular work he would perhaps be more amenable to education.

There were but two men of whom David could ask aid in finding a place for the boy, Mr. Rogers and the Mayor of Avenue A. Mr. Rogers was beginning to be something of a puzzle to David. One thing that made David wonder was the smallness of Mr. Rogers's business compared with his ability. They had had a few short talks, and David had discovered that there lurked behind the reserved exterior a sharp intelligence which now and then flashed out poniards of bitter wit. David contrasted him

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with another rental agent he had met, and the second man, though he did several times as much business as Rogers, seemed a nonentity. Yet Rogers was the agent of but half a dozen tenements, and made no effort to extend his clientage.

David also wondered at what he could regard only as idiosyncrasies. The dingy brown of Rogers's hair looked hardly a natural color; he guessed hair-dye. But hair-dye he associated with vanity, and Rogers, apparently, had no vanity. And one day, while sweeping out Rogers's office, David had tried on Rogers's spectacles, which had been left on the desk, and had discovered that he could see through them as well as with his naked eyes. The lenses were blanks. Why should the man wear blank spectacles and dye his hair? Mere idiosyncrasies, of course, yet rather queer ones.

Rogers was always kind and courteous to David, and the tenants told many stories of the agent's warm heart—of rent advanced from the agent's own pocket when a tenant was out of work, of food that came covertly to fatherless families, of mysterious money and delicacies that found roads to the sick poor. Yet he was invariably cold and distant to David, and cold and distant to all others; so distant that to try to thank him was an embarrassment. Sometimes, when musing about his business restraint, his colorless dress, his reserve, his stealthy generosity, it seemed to David that Rogers sought obscurity and anonymity as zealously as other men seek fame and brass tablets.

It was the reserve of Rogers and the constraint which David felt in his presence, and even more the knowledge of the greater influence of the Mayor of Avenue A, that made David choose to ask the latter's aid in seeking work for Tom. So, about four o'clock of the afternoon following Helen's visit he walked into the Pan-American Café. At a large table in a front corner sat the mayor, two other men, and half a dozen women, all drinking coffee and eating cake, and all speaking with full-voiced laughter that rose straight from the diaphragm. David was in no hurry, so he sat down in the opposite corner of the almost empty café to await the departure of the mayor's friends.

The ladies about the mayor were hearty beauties of from ten to twenty years' acquaintance with womanhood; and among them there was an abundant show of furs and diamonds. That most of them were misses David learned from the way the mayor addressed them. The mayor David soon perceived was the center of their interest. Their pleasantries, their well-seasoned smiles, their playful pushes, were all directed at him, and now and then one of his sallies was reproved by the soft blow of a fur muff upon his mouth.

The rôle of target seemed to please the mayor; he bent to this one and to that one, made sweeping flourishes, threw out retorts that drew upon him more of the same pleasant missiles. It began to dawn upon David that his savior was very much of a gallant.

Presently the mayor, rising to greet a newcomer, noticed David. He excused himself to his companions, came across to David's table, and lowered himself heavily into a chair. A silk waistcoat, that was a condensed flower-garden, made the mayoral front a gorgeous sight to behold.

There was a new respect in the mayor's manner.

"I see you're flyin' in high society these days," he began in a whisper.

"You refer to Miss Chambers? She is merely interested in me as you are—in my reform." David flushed, but he said this quietly, as though the subject was closed.

His dignity was not lost on the mayor. "Say, you've taken an all-fired brace to yourself in the last ten days, ain't you? As for your lady friend—say, if the way she was talkin' to you is the way reformers talk—gee! I wish some one like her'd try to reform me! She's all right, friend—I've seen her before, and I've heard a lot about her. But her old man—Lord, but I'd like to set for a week or two on his windpipe! Real estate is one o' his lines, you know. He owns a lot o' tenements in this part o' town—none near St. Christopher's, o' course—and as a landlord—say, he's just partic'lar hell!"

"I've come to ask another favor of you," David cut in quickly. "You've seen the boy that stays with me. I want

to get him a job if I can. I thought possibly you might be able to help me."

"I've seen the kid, yes. Somethin' of a sleight-o'-hand performance, ain't he? Now he's there and now he ain't. Where'd you pick him up?"

"We just fell in with each other two or three months ago. There's a man in him."

"I see. And you're tryin' to dig it out. You'll have to do a little blazin' on the job, don't you think? As for gettin' him work"—he shook his head slowly—"there's about five thousand families on Avenue A, and each family's got five boys, and about once in so often the street, out there, is blockaded with their mas, beggin' me to get 'em jobs. There's how I'm fixed."

"So you can't help me?" David asked, disappointed.

"You've sized it up. Sorry. I wish I could."

After a moment David asked hesitatingly: "You couldn't use a boy here, could you?"

"Here! Nothin' I could use a boy for."

"Help in the kitchen, carry things up from the cellar, clean up," David suggested.

The mayor shook his head.

"It would be great for the boy if he could work a while for some one like you that would understand him, make allowances, and break him in properly," David went on eagerly. "He's never held a job, and a stranger wouldn't have much charity for his shortcomings—wouldn't keep him long. You don't need him; but still, you can make things for him to do. In three or four weeks I'll have found another job for him, and by then you'll have him worked into shape to hold it. Of course, I'll pay his wages myself—say three dollars a week; only he must think it's coming from you."

The mayor's look changed to that sharp, penetrating gaze with which he had searched David's interior on his first visit.

"Yes, you're in dead earnest," he grunted, after a few seconds. He raised a puffy forefinger. "See here, friend, you're cuttin' into my business. I'm an octopus, a trust—you understand?—

and any other man that tries any philanthropic stunts in my part o' town I run him out o' business. See? Now, you send the kid around and I'll let him bust things here for a while. But keep your coin. I reckon three dollars ain't goin' to put Carl Hoffman on the bum."

David thanked him warmly for accepting Tom, but ended in a determined voice: "You don't need the boy, so I can't let you pay him."

The mayor regarded David steadily for a moment. "Have it your own way," he said abruptly; and suddenly his big fist reached across the table, and to David it was like shaking hands with a fervent pillow.

"Friend, I've sized you up for the real thing. You made your mistake, and it was a bad one—but we all make 'em. You belong 'way up. I'm proud to know you."

David flushed, and was stammering out his appreciation when the mayor interrupted with: "Oh, a friend that's good enough for Miss Chambers is good enough for me."

He glanced over his shoulder at the group he had left, then leaned confidentially across the table and asked, in a whisper: "What d'you think o' the bunch?—the ladies, I mean."

"Why, they seem to be very fine," David answered, surprised. "And they admire you."

"Friend," said the mayor, with an approving nod, "you certainly ain't been lookin' on with your blind eye. They do that! And every afternoon it's the same—either them or some other bunch. And d'you know what they're after?"

"No."

"Me. They want to marry me. And there ain't a girl on the avenue between fifteen and seventy that ain't tryin' to do the same. Friend, I can't help bein' pop'lar with the ladies. I like 'em—God bless 'em! But when you've got a whole avenue tryin' to marry you, it's hell!"

He shook his head with an air of sadness. "I don't want to marry. I was married once for about a year. It was when I was a kid. I guess she was a pretty nice girl, but she was too much like her mother, and when she went I swore I'd keep out o' that kind o' trouble.

But they're closin' in on me. One of 'em's sure to get me. I don't know which one, or mebbe I could head her off. I ought to keep away from 'em, but I can't leave 'em alone, and they won't leave me alone."

He rose with a groan. "Well, send round the kid," he said, and carefully pulling down his waistcoat and smoothing his dozen hairs, he rejoined his friends. As David left the café he heard a sally and a deep roar from the mayor, and had a glimpse of a fair huntress of forty giving the mayor's face a buffet with her muff.

### XIX

WHEN David got back to his room he sent Tom to the mayor, and walked over to a hardware store on the Bowery to order some new ash-cans. As he was returning through the Bowery he met a man he had known in prison—Bill Halpin, a cynical, hardened gentleman who had been running counter to the law for thirty years, during which time he had participated in scores of daring robberies and had known most of the cleverest criminals in the country.

David was not surprised at meeting him, for during the last four months he had chanced across many of his prison acquaintances; and he was not surprised at the warmth with which Halpin greeted him, for Halpin had—why David could not understand—taken a fancy to him while they were prison-mates. They now walked on together, and David, in response to Halpin's queries, told him that he had gone to work with the determination to live honestly. Halpin gave a sneer of unbelief—he sneered at all things save the frankly evil—but said nothing. When they reached David's tenement, David asked him in, but he said he had an engagement with a pal, and went away after promising to come around some other time.

David lighted his little gas-stove and was beginning his preparations for dinner, aglow with his new hopes and with the thought that he had regained Miss Chambers for his friend, when there was a knock at his door. He expected to see a tenant with a grievance, but Kate Morgan stepped into the room.

David had seen her in finery before,

but never in such finery as now. There was a white velvet hat with two great black plumes that curled down upon her back hair; a long black fur-lined coat, through whose open front glowed the warm red of a gown; a black fur scarf round her neck, and a black muff enclosing her white-gloved hands.

She stepped into the room, and her eyes—brighter than were ever the eyes of the furs' original owners—gleamed over the scarf at David with hard defiance.

"Good evening, *Mister Aldrich.*"

David flushed. "Good evening." He drew his one rocking-chair toward her. "Won't you sit down?"

She sank into the chair, threw open the coat so that the full glory of its lining and of the red dress was displayed, and thrust out a little patent-leathered foot.

"I saw you with Miss Chambers last night," she said, her brilliant eyes darting contempt at him. "Of course, you told her all about that Allen affair. You're not only a coward, you're a squealer."

David was standing with his back to the mantel, and Kate had to see the erectness, the confidence, the decision that had come to him since the night of their adventure.

"I do not know why you're saying these things, Miss Morgan," he returned quietly, "but if saying them pleases you, go on."

"Well, ain't we got high and dignified since we became a janitor!" she sneered. "A janitor! Sweeping—scrubbing—listening to the kicks of dirty tenants—digging with your hands in the garbage to separate the ashes, paper, tin cans, old food. Lord, but ain't you high up in life!"

"Go on," David said.

She drew out her cigarette-box and lighted a cigarette—she knew he disliked to see her smoke—and blew a little cloud toward him.

"A janitor! What a poor, weak, miserable spirit you've got! Think of a man turning from excitement, an easy life, good things, and taking up this! But you're not a real man. You'd rather do dirty work for a year than earn a year of good times by a night's work."



Wouldn't you like to know what I cleaned up the other night after you sneaked out?"

"What you wanted, I suppose."

"That's it—I got all I went after. I'm on Easy Street for at least a year. And I'm enjoying life, too. You set that down. While you clean up other people's dirt, and live in a basement, and cook three-cent dinners on a gas-stove! While you're a—oh, look at yourself!—a janitor!"

Her fierceness, her scorn, gave her words a jagged edge; and she thrust them in deep and twisted them vindictively. David, very white, looked steadily down at her, but made no reply.

"And a squealer!"

He continued silent.

She blew out a cloud of smoke, her eyes blazing at him, and thrust again:

"And a coward!"

David grew yet paler, but he continued his steady, silent gaze. She sat looking up at him for several moments without speaking again; then slowly something of the fierce scorn, the wild desire to pain him, went out of her face.

"And so you are going to stick to honesty?" she presently asked abruptly, her voice still hard. "As tough as it is?"

"Yes," said David, quietly as before.

"And nothing can change you?"

He shook his head.

She continued staring up at him. Faint twitches broke her face's hard surface, but it tightened again. Suddenly, to David's astonishment, she whirled about in her chair, presenting him her back; and he saw a white hand clench and her little body grow rigid. Then suddenly she sprang up, hurled her cigarette-box across the room, and turned upon him with a deep gasp, her face convulsed.

"Here I am!" she cried, stretching out to him her open hands. "I tried to get you to come my way. You wouldn't come. I've come your way. Here I am!"

This whizzing from one pole to the other was too rapid for David.

"What?" he gasped.

"I lied about New Year's night! I took nothing—not a thing! You wouldn't let me. I've acted to you like a devil. You're not a coward. You did not leave me in Allen's house. I saw you wait-

ing behind the palm. I've tried to keep away from you. I didn't want to give in. But I've come! I've given in! I'll be whatever you want me to be, David!—whatever you want me to be!"

David was not yet at the other pole. "I want you to be honest," he said dazedly.

"Yes! Yes! I will!" she answered, breathless. She moved a quick step nearer, and went on in an appealing, breaking voice: "But don't you see, David? Don't you see? I love you! Take me!"

David was there. A wave of pain, of self-shame, of infinite regret, swept through him. For a moment, while he tried to get hold of himself, he looked down into the quivering, passionate, tear-lit face; then he took the hands outstretched to him.

"Kate," he said imploringly, "I'm so sorry—so sorry! Forget me. I am nobody—nothing."

"I love you!"

"Think how poor I am—how far down."

"I love you!"

The low tensivity of that iterated cry shamed out of existence all trivial reasons—drove David straight to his uttermost answer.

"Forgive me," he said, sick with loathing of himself. "But you've forced me to say it. I don't love you."

"I love you!"

She had paled at his words, and her voice was only a whispered gasp; but her fixed upward gaze, passionate, appealing, mandatory, did not waver an instant. David had but one word left—and that, he had thought, was to be forever unspoken. But it had to be spoken now. After a moment, in which her tense face seemed to swim before him, he said huskily:

"I love some one else."

She drew suddenly back, there was a sharp indrawing of the breath, the face hardened, the eyes above the fur neck-piece gleamed fiercely.

"Who?"

He shook his head.

"Who?"

"I cannot say."

The eyes narrowed to slits, and she looked him through, as on the day she

had guessed he was just from prison—only now her intuition was quickened a hundredfold. They stood motionless a few seconds, he trying to parry her instinct; then a low, sharp “A-a-h!” and after a second, “So it’s her!” There was another moment of tense silence; then she said abruptly:

“It’s Miss Chambers?”

He did not move an eyelash.

“You love Miss Chambers!” she announced decisively. Her hands clenched. “I hate her!” she said, in a fierce whisper. “Why shouldn’t she stay in her own world! Why should she come mixing in my affairs! Oh, I could——”

She glared silently at David; then a harsh laugh broke from her.

“So you’re in love with Miss Chambers! Miss Chambers—a janitor! What a lovely match! Of course you’ve told her so and she said yes!”

“I shall never tell her,” David said quietly.

The bitterness and mockery began to fade slowly from her face. When she spoke again her tone was the tone of argument.

“Don’t you know that she’s far, far above you? You’re a fool to think of her! Why, you can never get her—never! You see that, don’t you?”

“Yes.” He raised a peremptory hand. “Please!—let’s not speak of her further.”

Her whole body quickened. “After her, do you like any woman better than me?” she demanded.

He shook his head. “No.”

“She’s out of the question for you—she doesn’t live!” She crept slowly toward David, her eyes burning into his. “There’s no one between us,” she whispered. Then her voice blazed up, her words rushed out.

“You do not want me now, but you will! I’ll make you love me. I’ll be anything you like—I’ll be honest!—I’ll work! Yes, yes, I’ll make you love me, David!”

Her hands had clutched his, and she now held up her quivering face.

“I’m going to be honest for your sake, David. Kiss me!”

David was agonized with the pang of her tragedy, with the shame of his own great part in it. “Forgive me,” he

whispered huskily; and he stooped and pressed his lips to hers.

She gave a little cry, and flung her arms about his neck and held him tight. Then breathing against his cheek, “You’ll love me yet, David!” she abruptly withdrew her arms, and the next moment was out of the room.

## XX

KATE’S last sentence, “You’ll love me yet, David!” was constantly recurring during the next two days. He would not, of course—yet he could but muse upon the possibility. We are all creatures of change. Our views of to-day may not be our views of to-morrow; our dislikes of this year may be our desires of next. Since, as Kate had said, Helen Chambers did not live for him, might there not take place within him such a change as would make him eager for the love he now could not accept?

David looked forward with dread to his next meeting with Kate. He feared another such scene, so painful to them both, as the one they had just passed through. But his fear was needless; Kate’s nature was impetuous, but her will was strong, and she was capable of restraint as well as abandon. She knew enough of character to see that David could be eventually won to be more than a friend only by her now asking and giving no more than friendship; and she was strong enough to hold herself to this course.

When she came in two evenings later, both her dress and manner were sober, though her eyes showed what was behind her self-control. They greeted each other with constraint; but she at once said abruptly, “I’m going to be-have,” and went on to tell David that after two days’ searching she had found a position in a department store and was to begin work in the morning.

“I’m a soap saleslady,” she said. “Lace-box soap, a three-cake box for nine cents, takes off skin and all—you know the kind. I get five dollars a week. That’s two hundred and sixty dollars for a year’s work. I’ve made that much and more in a night. Oh, it pays to be honest!”

She had broken the constraint, but nevertheless David was grateful for the

entrance of Mr. Rogers, who just then chanced in. David introduced the two, and after a few moments of chat Mr. Rogers invited David and Kate to dine with him at the Pan-American Café, where he had all his meals. A little later the mayor himself led them through the crowded tables—some quiet with a day's weariness, some buzzing with business, banter, and frivolity, some eager with discussions of music, literature, religion, politics—and found for them a table at the rear of the room.

On the way over, Kate had announced that she was going to do some studying at home—reading was one of David's interests, so she had decided it must be one of hers—and had asked for advice; and this now led to a discussion between David and Rogers upon books. David discovered that his employer had no use for poetry, had a fair acquaintance with fiction, and was much better read in history and philosophy than himself.

In his unexcitable way, Rogers talked well; at times his quietly uttered remarks were brilliant in their analysis, and at times there came those quick caustic thrusts of wit that go like a sword to the heart of pretense and false ideas. He expressed himself with ease in a wide vocabulary, though many of the less common words he mispronounced—a fault that was elusively familiar to David; and always he spoke in a quiet, even tone that would have led a casual hearer to believe that he was merely a cold mentality—that he had not the fire of a soul. But David had the feeling now, as he had had before and as he was often to have again, that in looking into those glowing eyes he was looking into the crater of a volcano.

During this play of wits Kate could only look silently on. She had known that David was in education above the level of her friends, but the side of himself he was now showing she had not before seen. His richness where she had nothing seemed to remove him to an impossible distance. Her face became drawn with sharp pain.

But presently the talk shifted from books to life, and she forgot her despair. Here she was at home. She knew life, her impressions were distinct and decided, and her sentences seemed pieces

of her own vivid personality. The presence of the two men inspired her; David, who thought he knew her, found himself freshly surprised at the quickness and keenness of her mind, and Rogers watched her little sparkling face with more and more interest. She was surprised at herself, too; talking on subjects of broader interest than personalities was a new experience to her, and she discovered in herself powers never before called out.

Just before they left, Tom, who had spied them from the kitchen, darted in to their table. His appearance was much improved by a hair-cut and a complete new outfit which a small amount in David's cash and a larger amount in the mayor's credit had enabled him to purchase on the instalment plan. He shook hands all around, unabashed by Rogers's habitual reserve.

"How d'you like de feed?" he demanded eagerly. "If anyt'ing's wrong I'll fix it. Nuttin'? O' course not. Say, de grub here's swell, ain't it? T'irty cents is a lot for a dinner, but it's wort' it. We buys only de best, we cooks it right, an' we serves it proper, wid table-clot' an' napkins. D'you take notice o' dem? It ain't many places you gits table-clot' an' napkins.

"Was your waiter all right? Shall I call him down for anyt'ing? No? Well, I'm glad I don't have to say nuttin' to him, for he's a friend o' mine.

"Say, mebbe you t'ink it's easy to run a place like dis. T'ink again. First, dere's what're we goin' to have to-day, den dere's gettin' it ready, den dere's servin' it, an' de dishes, an' washin' 'em, an' everyt'ing—it's hustle, an' worry, an' t'ink from when you gits up till when you goes to bed." And on he went, picturing the responsibility under which he tottered.

Kate was in a glow of spirits when David and Rogers left her at her door, and she whispered appealingly to David as they parted, "Please talk with me this way again, David."

It had been in his mind that under the circumstances it would be better for Kate if they should cease to meet; but he frankly realized he was the only link which held her to her new honesty—that to break their friendship would be

to snap that link, to destroy her—and so he answered, "Yes—often." This was, in fact, the first of many such evenings spent together, in which they were often joined by Rogers, and it seemed to David that her cynicism and sharpness were beginning slowly to wear away.

Since his talk with Helen Chambers David's hope of conquering the future had been constantly high. He did not underestimate the struggle before him, but strength and courage had been flowing into him since food and shelter had ceased to be worries, and now he felt that under Helen's inspiration he could do anything. One of his aims he had already achieved—her respect—though that he had gained it still seemed to him a miracle. His heart yearned even more eagerly than ever for something higher than friendship, but he knew this desire to be, as always, unattainable. He could not hope for a second miracle, and one that would sink the first to a commonplace.

Her suggestion that he should write a story of the man-making of a boy whom surroundings had forced toward destruction laid immediate and powerful hold upon him. He saw, as she had said, that a story of the right kind might contribute in some degree toward awakening the public's sympathy for and responsibility toward the hundreds of thousands of children that are going to waste. And he saw, too, that such a book might lift him toward the world's respect, where he would be happier, more effective.

Selfishly, altruistically, the story was the thing for him to do. During the days after their talk all his spare time, and even while he went about his work, his imagination was impassionedly shaping characters and plot. Helen wrote that she wanted to see him on the following Friday, and he could hardly wait for the day, so eager was he to ask her judgment on his story's outline. When Friday afternoon finally came, he began to look for her an hour before she could be expected, excitedly pacing his room and every minute glancing through his window up to the sidewalk.

## XXI

WHEN Helen Chambers, after leaving her club of schoolgirls that afternoon,

entered the reception-room, on her way out, she found Mr. Allen waiting for her in the Flemish oak settle.

"You were not expecting me, but I hope you're not displeased," he said, in his grave, pleasant voice, and with the ease of long-accustomed welcome.

She gave him her hand.

"Of course I'm glad." She could not wholly restrain a little air of vexation. "But if you've come to go home with me," she added instantly, "I'll have to disappoint you. I've promised to make a call—in the neighborhood. Of course, you can walk with me there, if you like."

"Oh, the neighborhood!" He gave a humorous groan of mock complaint, but down in his heart the complaint was very real; the neighborhood was coming too often between her and his desire to be with her. "Very well. I'll take what I can get."

She threw her sable scarf about her throat, and they stepped forth into the narrow street, paved with new snow that the day had trodden to a grimy glaze. He had talked with her before about his ambitions, for his future had been part of his offering when he had offered himself. He now told her that he had just been appointed chief attorney of the committee of the Legislature for investigating impure foods. She knew how great a distinction this was, how great a token of the future, and she congratulated him warmly.

"If these good things you see really come, you know, I do not want to share them alone," he said in a low voice when she had finished.

She shook her head slowly. "The more I think, the more I see how unsuited I am to you. Our ideas are so different. You face one pole, I another. We could never pull together; we could only achieve the deadlock of two joined forces that struggle in opposite directions."

"But you know my hope is that we shall not always face in opposite directions."

She turned a smile touched with irony upon him. "You mean that you expect some day to look toward my pole?"

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "You know I mean that you will some day see the futility of such

work as you are doing, and the wrongness of many of your ideas—and then you will turn to the true pole."

"Your pole? No. I do not believe, as you do, that only the fit should survive. I do not believe, as you do, that the hard conditions of life are necessary as a kind of sieve, or a kind of civil-service examination, to separate the fit from the unfit. I do not believe, as you do, that the great mass who have failed to pass the meshes of this test, who are down, have by the mere fact of their being down proved their unfitness—have shown that they are worthy to be neglected.

"No, I can never come to your belief, which, summed up, is that the world is made for the strong—for the rich man born to opportunities, and for the poor man born with the superior brains and energy to create them. I believe the world is also made for the weak. Rather, I believe all should be made strong."

With a sweep of her hand she indicated the two rows of tenements whose dingy red walls stretched away and away till they and the narrow street disappeared into the wintry twilight.

"All these people here—they are weak because they have never had a chance to be otherwise. Give them a fair chance and they will become strong—or most of them. That is what I believe in—a fair chance for all to become strong."

"And I believe the same. Only I believe that the chance exists at present for all who are worthy. If there is good stuff in a man, he rises; if not, he belongs where he is. The struggle is selective—it develops; make it easier and you lower the quality of your people."

"Ah, yes, I know that you are an unalterable individualist," she sighed. "When I think of the great part you are going to have during the next twenty or thirty years in shaping the conditions under which we all must live, I wish you could be brought to a broader concept of the human relationship."

"If I am to play such a part, my own concept is quite broad enough, and is likely to be much more serviceable than the one you suggest.

"But in ways it is so hopeless! It consigns all these people to outer darkness. It holds no chance for the man

whom circumstances are pressing down, no chance for any of those helpless people who are reaching vainly upward or those who would be reaching upward if their consciousness were roused"—they were drawing near to David's house, and the sight of it prompted a specific instance—"no chance for the man who has stolen, who repents, who struggles to reform."

"The repentant thief!" He gave a low laugh. "The one that repented on the cross is the eternal type of the thief that repents. If he repents, it's at the last minute—when he can steal no more."

"I wish," she said, "that you could talk with the one I'm going to see now."

"That Aldrich fellow you were telling about?" he ejaculated.

He felt a further astonishment—that she should be calling upon a man, and evidently in his room. He did not put this into words, but she read it in his face. It angered her more, and she answered his look sharply:

"To have him call at my house or to see me at the mission would be embarrassing to him. I feel that I can be of some service, and since I must choose between an up-town conventionality and helping save a man, I have decided to sacrifice conventionality. It seems strange, doesn't it?"

He said nothing, but he still disapproved. There were so many things of which he disapproved that even had he been free to criticize he would have felt the futility of striking at any single fault.

They paused before David's window. David, glancing out, saw Allen not ten feet away, and heard Miss Chambers say, "I wish so much you would talk with Mr. Aldrich." For a moment his heart stood still. Then he sprang toward the door, intending to escape by the back way, but it occurred to him that perhaps Allen might not come in, and that to avoid him by running away was also to miss Helen Chambers. He left the door ajar, to aid a quick flight if Allen started in, and peered through the window, as alert as a "set" runner waiting the pistol-shot.

They were a splendid pair, David had to admit to himself—both tall, she with the grace of perfect womanhood, he with



the poise and dignity of power and success. She was a woman to honor any man's life; he—David now knew of Allen's brilliant achievements and brilliant future—had a life worth any woman's honoring. Yes, they were a splendid pair.

Presently Allen bowed and went away, and the next moment David opened the door to Helen Chambers. He was grateful to the dusk for muffling his agitation; and doubly grateful when she said, after pressing his hand firmly in her own:

"I've been trying to arrange with a friend—Mr. Allen—to have a talk with you some day. I hope you may soon meet."

"Thank you," said David.

She suggested that they walk, and a few minutes later, David reciting the outline of his story, they entered Second Avenue, the East Side's boulevard, and turned up-town. They forgot the crowds through which they wove their way, forgot even that they walked, and it was a surprise to both when they found themselves, just as David finished, before her home.

She looked at his erect figure, at his glowing, excited face. "I think it's going to be splendid!" she cried.

"I think so myself," he returned, with an exultant little laugh. "But—so a man always feels at first. When the cold and clammy days have come, when your fires have all gone out and there's nothing but ashes left in your imagination—"

"Then," she broke in quickly, "you must keep going."

"—Tasks in hours of insight will'd  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd."

That's worth remembering. Let's walk on for a few minutes. There's something I want to say."

She was silent for the greater part of a block. "One of our friends that we see much of is a publisher. He tells me that though a novel may not sell enough to pay for the typewriting, it is pretty certain, if it has any merit, to yield several hundred dollars. If it has a pretty active sale, it may yield several thousand, and if it gets to the front of the big sellers, it may yield a small fortune. I was thinking that if your book

should sell even moderately well, what a great deal it would help toward—re-establishing you."

She looked at him expectantly. Though she had spoken eagerly, her voice and her manner had had a background of constraint, and David vaguely felt that her meaning was not in her words, but was lurking behind them.

"Yes?" he said wonderingly.

The constraint was more marked as she continued, with an effort:

"Perhaps you might get—five thousand dollars for it."

"Yes?" he said, his wonderment rising.

The constraint and effort were even greater as she replied:

"Well, that would do so much toward clearing your name!"

Her meaning seized him. He caught his breath. She wanted him to repay the stolen money to St. Christopher's!

He felt her eyes upon him. "Yes—it would help," he said mechanically.

They turned back. She saw that he was far away. She did not speak. First came to him the absurdity of his trying to repay with his present earnings—fifty years of utmost saving. But he pressed down the bitter laugh that rose. She was right; if he was ever to clear his name, he must refund the money to the mission. Perhaps the book would repay it; perhaps years and years of work would be required. But repay it he must; there was no other way.

He looked up as they paused again before her house. "Yes—I will repay," he said.

She reached out her hand. Its grasp was warm, tight.

"I knew it," she said, with a directness, a simplicity, that thrilled him. "I'm so glad!"

## XXII

DAVID flung himself at the story as though it were a city to be taken by storm. He was full of power, of the creative fury. His long-disused pen, at first, was stubborn, but gradually he rebroke it to work; and he wrote with an ease, a sureness of touch, a fire, that he never felt before. He had half a dozen separate incentives, and the sum of these was a vast energy that drove him con-

queringly through the difficulties of his task.

These early days of the story were high days with him. He forgot, when writing, his basement room, his janitor's work, his dishonor. Infinity lay between the end of December and the end of January; in a month his spirits had risen from nadir to zenith. He even dared dream of passing Allen upon some mid-level and winning to the dizzy highest place in Helen's regard. The exhaustion of spirit at the end of each day's writing quenched this dream; but it was nevertheless enrapturing while it lasted, and at times David came near believing in it.

David had asked both Rogers and the mayor to aid him in securing Tom a *bona-fide* position, and after the boy had been running the Pan-American Café for a month a place was found. Tom's wages had been a heavy drain upon David's meager income, and it was with a feeling of relief that David announced the coming change one night as they were preparing for bed.

"I've got some great news for you, Tom," he began.

"What's dat?" asked the boy, dropping the shoe he had just taken off.

"A new job!" cried David, trying to make a show of enthusiasm. "Delivery-boy on a wagon. You're to get four dollars a week—a dollar more than you're getting. Think of that! You're in luck, my boy—you're getting rich!"

But David's enthusiasm was not infectious. There came no sparkle into the boy's eyes, and no eagerness into his manner. He looked thoughtfully at David a moment, then shook his head.

"I don't t'ink I'll take it."

"What!" cried David. The possibility of refusal had not occurred to him. He plunged into a fervent portrayal of the advantages of the new place.

"Mebbe you're right," Tom said, when the picture had been painted. "But I'm gettin' used to t'ings at de Pan-American; I likes de boss an' I likes de woik, an' I don't need de extry dollar. No, I don't want no better job dan what I got. It suits me right up to de chin."

He walked, in one shoe and in one stocking, across to David and held out his hand. "But, pard"—a note of huskiness was in his voice—"pard, I appre-

ciate dat you was tryin' to do de fine t'ing by me. Shake."

There was nothing more to be said. Tom went back to the mayor, and David continued dropping in Saturdays an hour before pay-time.

One night in early February, as David was working at his story, he had a call from Bill Halpin, whom he had not seen since their first meeting. Halpin leaned against the door, after it had been closed, and silently regarded David, a sneering smile upon his face.

"Honest!" he shot out at length, with a short, dry laugh. It was his first word since entering.

David stared at the sarcastic, saturnine figure.

"What do you mean?"

"Honest! And I half believed you!" Again the short laugh. "You almost fooled Bill Halpin—which is sayin' you're pretty smooth." He jerked his head upward. "What's your game?—yours and this man Rogers?"

"See here, Halpin, what are you talking about?"

"Oh, I suppose you'll say you don't even know him. But since I met you on the Bowery I've been around here twice, and both times I found you two with your noses together. You're a smooth pair. Come, what's your game?"

"I don't understand you!"

"Don't try to fool me, Aldrich," he drawled. "You can't. But don't tell me the game unless you want to. You know I wouldn't squeal if you did. All I want is for you to know you can't throw that honesty con into me."

David strode forward and laid sharp hold of Halpin's shoulders.

"See here, Bill Halpin, what the devil do you mean?" he demanded roughly.

Halpin looked cynical, good-humored disbelief back into David's eyes, and again let out a dry cackle.

"Drop that actor business with me, Aldrich. I don't know what your game is—but I know there is a game. If you want to find out how much I know, come on. Let's go out and have a drink."

An hour later David stepped from the rear room of a Bowery saloon and walked dazedly through the spattering slush back to his house. He paused before it and

gazed irresolutely at Rogers's office-window, whose shade was faintly aglow. He began to pace up and down the block, his eyes constantly turning to the window, his mind trying to determine his honorable course. At last he crossed the street, entered the house, and knocked at Rogers's door.

Rogers admitted him with a look of quiet surprise and led the way across his office into the neatly furnished room behind, containing a couple of hundred volumes and the couch on which he slept. He motioned David to a chair, and he himself leaned against his table, his hands folded across the copy of "Père Goriot" he had been reading.

"I'm very glad you came in," he said, in his low, even voice.

David gazed at Rogers in his attitude of waiting ease, and he suddenly felt that to speak to this unsuspecting man was impossible. It did not occur to him that perhaps Rogers had caught his strained look, and that perhaps this ease might be the mask of an agitation as great as his own. He dropped his eyes. But it was his duty to speak. He forced himself to look up. Rogers had the same look and attitude of quiet waiting.

"Mr. Rogers," David began, with an effort, "I have just been told something that I think I am bound to tell you. You hired me, befriended me, on the belief that I knew nothing about you. What I've heard may not be true, but at any rate, I feel it would not be honorable in me to remain your employee, in a sense your friend, if I concealed from you that I know what may be your secret."

"Go on," said Rogers, in his even voice.

"It's doubtless all a mistake," said David hurriedly, feeling that it was not. "I've just had a talk with a man I knew in prison—Bill Halpin. He's been to see me several times. He happened to see you. Something about you struck him at once as familiar, but he could not recognize you. He saw you again, and he thought he placed you. He called here, had a talk with you, and on going away purposely shook hands. There was no grip in your little finger—you could only half bend it. He said he placed you by that."

Rogers still leaned against the table, his figure motionless as before, but David could see that his quiet was the quiet of a bow drawn to the arrow's head. The tendons of his hands, holding the book, were like little tent-ridges, and his yellowish face was now like paper.

"And who did he say I am?" his voice asked, with low tensility.

"He told me that fifteen years ago you and he were friends, pals—that you were a famous safe-breaker—that you were 'Red Thorpe.'"

Instantly Rogers was another man—tense, slightly crouching as though about to spring, his eyes blazing, on his face the fierce look of the hunted creature that knows it is cornered and that intends to fight to the last. A swift hand jerked open a drawer from the table and rose. In it was a revolver.

David sprang to his feet and stepped back. Rogers glared at him for a moment, and for that moment David expected anything. Then suddenly Rogers said, "What a fool!—to be thinking of that!" and tossed the pistol into the open drawer of his table.

Defiantly erect, he folded his arms, his fierce pallor suggestive of white heat, his eyes open furnace-doors of passion.

"Well, you've got me!" he said, with strange guttural harshness. "I've been expecting this minute for ten years. What're you going to do? Expose me, or blackmail me?"

David got back his breath.

"I don't understand. Halpin told me he didn't think the police were after you."

"They're not. I don't owe the State a minute."

"Then why do you talk of exposure?"

"You understand—perfectly!" His words were a blast of hot ferocity. "You know what would happen if my customers learned I am an ex-convict. They'd take every house away from me, and I'd again be an outcast. You know all this; you know you've got your teeth in my throat. Well—I'll pay blood-money. I have paid it. A police-captain found me out, and for five years sucked my blood—every cent I made—till he died. I'll pay again—I can't help myself. How much d'you want—bloodsucker!"

These hot words from this tense, white figure filled with supremest rage and despair thrilled David infinitely; he felt the long struggle, the tragedy, behind them.

"You misunderstand me," he cried. "I've told you what I have because I thought to tell was my duty to you. Betray you, or accept money for silence—I never could! Surely you know I never could! Why, haven't you all this time been making the terrible fight for honesty?"

"For ten years I've touched no man's penny but my own," he said fiercely. "In money matters, I've been as honest as God!"

The rage was dying out of his face, and despair was growing—the despair that sees defeat, failure; that sees the skeleton walk forth from the closet he has striven to keep locked. He looked unbelief at David.

"But what difference does that make to you?" he asked bitterly. "Well—how much is it to be?"

The piercing brotherhood that had been surging up in David for this desperate, defiant, suspicious man swept suddenly to the flood.

"Don't you see that we're making the same fight?" he cried, with passionate earnestness. "I admire you! I honor you! Your secret is as safe with me as in your own heart!"

David stretched out his hand. "I honor you!" he said.

For several moments Rogers transfixed David with suspicion. "You're speaking the truth—man?" he asked, in a low whisper.

"I am."

He continued staring at David's open face, flushed with its fervid kinship. "If you're lying to me——!" he whispered. Then he held out his hand, and his thin fingers gripped about David's hand like tight-drawn wires. "During the month I've known you, you've seemed a white man. I think I believe you. But, man! don't play with me!" he burst out with sudden appeal. "If there's any trick in you, out with it now!"

"If there was, now would be my time, wouldn't it?"

They stood so for a moment, hands gripped, eyes pointed steadily into eyes.

"Yes, I believe you!" Rogers breathed, and sank into a chair and let his head fall into his hand.

*(To be continued)*

#### A KINDERGARTEN IN AN OFFICE-BUILDING

The city-stained, dishonored, grimy skies  
Heavy across the tall roofs weigh.  
The horses strain in slipping struggles where  
The snow lies piled in heaps of gray.

Inside are gloom and dirt and weary haste,  
And men too tired to know they're sad;  
A thousand prison-rooms where dingy life  
No time or strength finds to be glad.

Sudden from out a partly opened door  
There comes a sound, oh, sweet and dear,  
And dauntless with unconscious courage bright—  
Incredible it should be here!

Peal after peal of children's happy mirth  
Rings joyously through that sad space,  
A fearless challenge to the unbelief  
In beauty of the ugly place.

A cheerful Credo—"We believe, we know,  
That life is innocent and gay,  
That joy is real!" A moment touched and thrilled,  
Those doubting hearts an "Amen" say.

*Dorothy Canfield*

# THE ROMANCE OF JAMESTOWN

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

WITH DRAWINGS BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION AS SHOWN  
BY THE HISTORY OF THE COLONY THAT WAS FOUNDED THREE  
HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE REAL MAKING OF THE UNITED STATES

THE United States is to-day so absolutely dominant over the western hemisphere, in wealth, in genius, and in military power as to lead one to forget how long the lands which now compose it lay neglected and unexplored. For nearly a hundred years after the first voyage of Columbus the vast territory stretching from what is now the shore of Maine to the peninsula of Florida was not merely an unbroken wilderness which no white man had penetrated—it was not even an object of interest or curiosity. Spain claimed it, as Spain claimed almost all the western world, by virtue of her first discovery. France had recorded a vague assertion of sovereignty over a portion of these wilds, and England professed to have a right to certain parts of them. But until the end of the sixteenth century neither Spain nor France nor England cared to make an effort to enforce its claim and to colonize the lands on which was to be reared long afterward the most powerful republic in the world.

Spain was well content with Mexico and South America. From these countries her adventurous cavaliers had sent home uncounted millions of gold and silver—the plunder of the Aztecs and the Incas. Huge, clumsy ships, laden deep with ingots of the precious metal, buffeted the stormy seas which lay between the Spanish conquests and the ports of Barcelona and Cadiz. Silver was so plentiful in Mexico that the rough cavalymen shod their horses with it. The

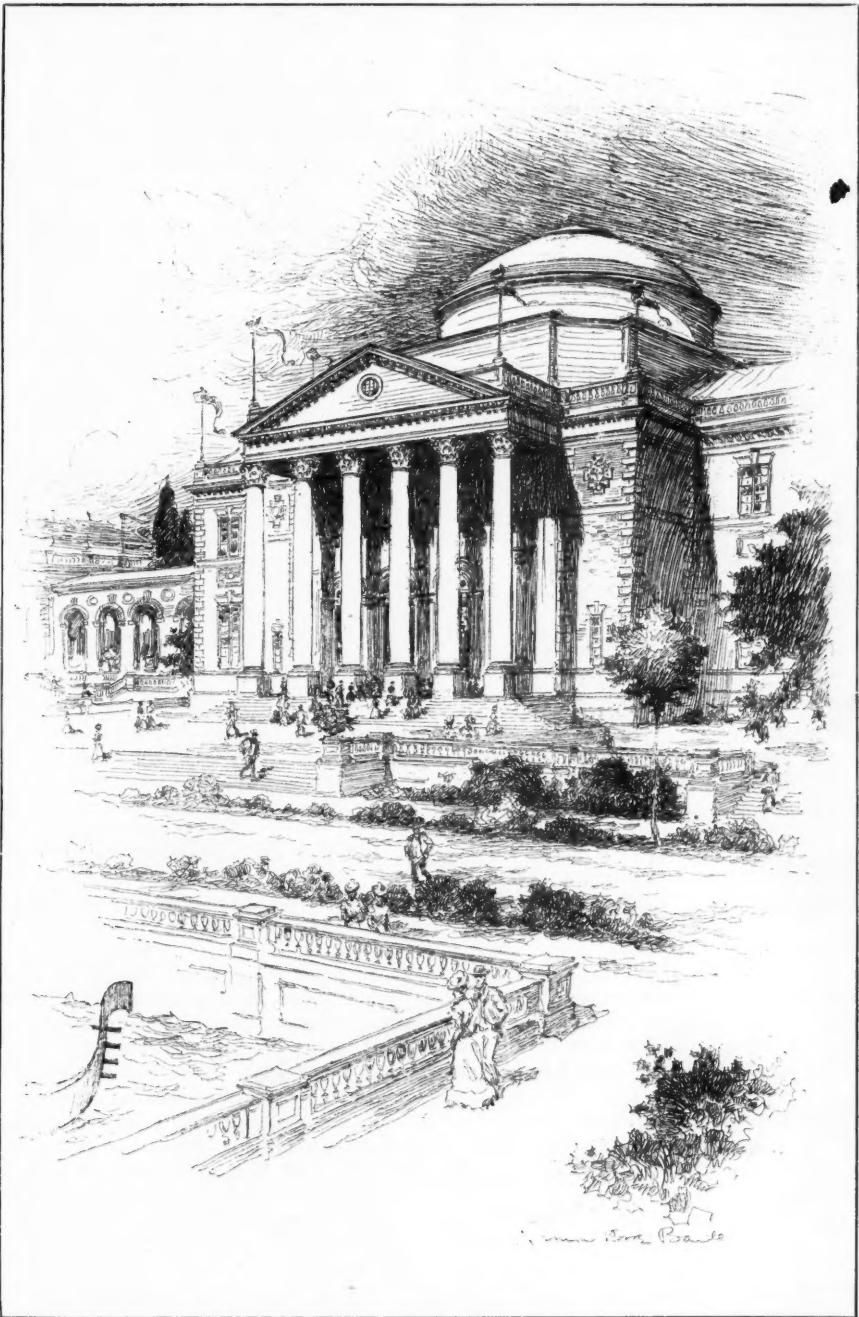
treasury of Spain was filled to overflowing; and the Castilian kingdom stood, for a moment, first and foremost among all the nations. But the wild tracts of swamp and forest, vaguely called Virginia, were viewed as so much useless desert. What led the English to plant their colonies amid these wastes? What motives gave the first faint impulse toward the creation of that western power which in time was not alone to overshadow with its greatness South America and Mexico, but which in our own era smote Spain itself and cast it down to the position of a fourth-rate power?

## THE MAKER OF THE UNITED STATES

As is usual, the forces which go into the accomplishment of supreme historical achievements were summed up and typified in the person of an individual. Looking back with a sense of true perspective over the intervening centuries, we can see to-day that the true maker of the United States was one whose name is seldom coupled with its making. This was the courtier, scholar, statesman, and soldier, Sir Walter Raleigh.

Of all the brilliant figures that made the reign of Queen Elizabeth so glorious, there was surely none more brilliant and more attractive than this extraordinary man. It was not merely that he possessed courage which he displayed upon the field of battle; that he had charm of manner which fascinated his royal mistress; that he had learning and taste which made him a friend of poets such

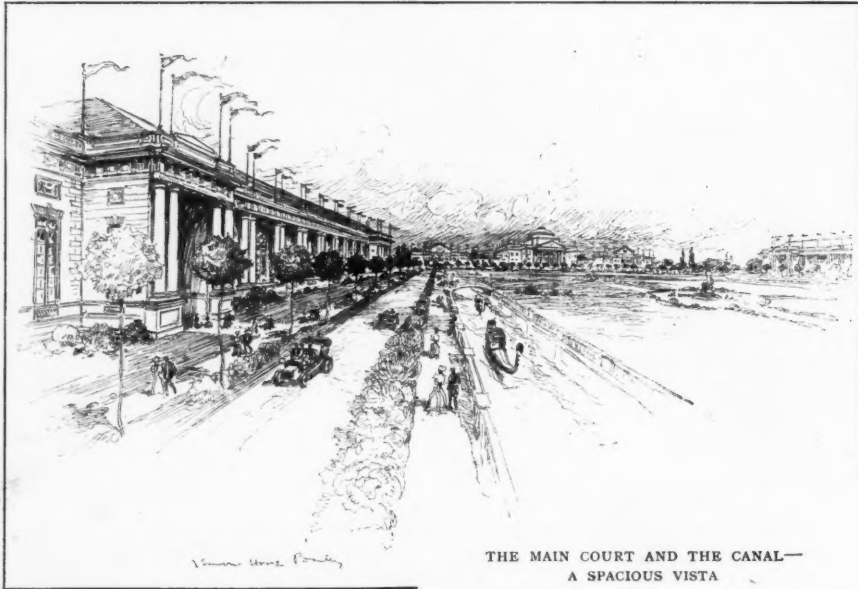




JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION—AUDITORIUM AND CONVENTION HALL, THE CENTRAL BUILDING IN THE ARCHITECTURAL SCHEME—JOINED TO THE HALL ON ONE SIDE IS THE BUILDING OF HISTORY AND HISTORIC ART; ON THE OTHER SIDE, THE BUILDING OF EDUCATION AND SOCIAL ECONOMY

as Spenser and of investigators such as Hakluyt; or that he was an ardent patriot, who loved England passionately, and who throughout his life was the consistent foe of Spain, both in the council and in the field. To all these qualities he added that kind of historical imagination without which neither sol-

their own against the forest and the savage. Yet three years later, when English vessels sought the place where the colony had been, no traces of it could be found. The colonists had disappeared, and on the site of their former homes were now the waving forest and the gloomy swamp. No word of them could



THE MAIN COURT AND THE CANAL—  
A SPACIOUS VISTA

dier nor scholar nor statesman can ever rise to the highest level of achievement.

#### A COLONY THAT MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED

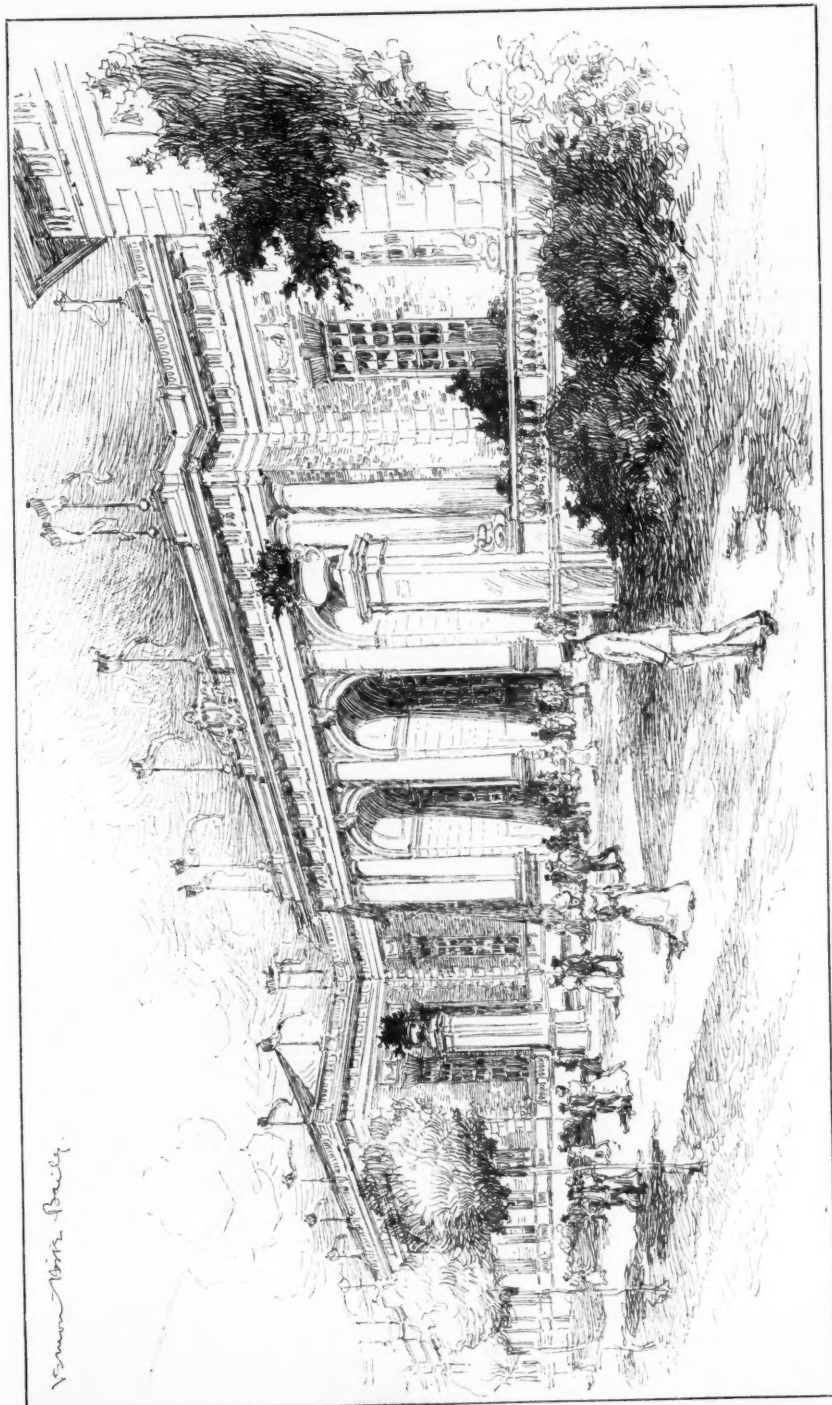
Raleigh, with the insight of genius, saw in the vast forests of Virginia a field where he might plant an English empire beyond the seas. Forbidden by the amorous queen to go himself to this new country, he got from her permission to fit out expeditions during a period of six years. The first of these, which made a settlement at Roanoke in 1585, was soon abandoned.

In 1587, another band of settlers was sent out by Raleigh, who chafed under his former failure. The story of this second colony is one of the strange romances of the New World. The expedition was fitted out with care. It had supplies for its subsistence; its members were sturdy Englishmen who could hold

be obtained from the prowling natives. They had apparently been swallowed up as utterly as though the earth had opened and sucked them down into its depths.

A generation later, among the Indians, there were discovered, now and then, strange beings whose skins were copper-colored, but whose blue eyes and light, waving hair marked them out as of English ancestry. Here is the only clue that history affords, and it seems to mean, not that these colonists were massacred—for the Indians were still friendly—but that of their own accord they had taken to a savage life and had become merged in the tribes about them, as Englishmen have done in India and in Afghanistan.

Raleigh himself never planted a lasting colony in the New World. But he had done something of infinite importance. He had directed the attention of his countrymen to a territory in which



*Vernon's Daily*

AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING—IN THE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 748 ONE CORNER OF THIS BUILDING IS SEEN AT THE RIGHT OF THE COURT

England was to renew her youth. He had managed to appeal to the popular imagination. In doing this he invoked the aid of literature in the person of Richard Hakluyt, an Oxford man, a sort of home-bred Herodotus, whom Raleigh inspired with a profound interest in geographical discoveries, and especially in Virginia.

Hakluyt published in 1582 an account of the different voyages to America; and

in 1588 he put forth a fascinating story called "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English Nation." The book at once became intensely popular. It was reprinted again and again, each time with new facts and new anecdotes. It was almost a forerunner of "Robinson Crusoe" in the appeal which it made to English readers.

From that time men talked of Virginia as of a dominion equal in riches to the



THE WATER-GATE OF JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION LEADS INTO A BASIN FORMED BY TWO LONG PIERS, BUILT BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AT A COST OF THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS—AT THE END OF EACH PIER IS A GREAT TOWER



THE TWIN PIERS OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION ARE JOINED AT THEIR OUTER ENDS BY THIS GRACEFUL SPAN

conquests already made by Spain. A trading company received a patent from the crown, and sent forth, in 1606, three ships, under Captain Christopher Newport, to establish another colony in the king's lands of Virginia. For months the little ships were tossed about upon wintry seas; but at last, at the end of April, 1607, they moved up the quiet waters of the James River, under sunny skies and between sloping banks that were green with verdure and fragrant with spring flowers. When they had reached a point some thirty miles from the river's mouth the colonists were put ashore, and there they reared a little settlement which they called Jamestown, in honor of the English king.

#### THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

It was a strange company that had been sent out to conquer a foothold on this wild peninsula in an unknown world. The eager fancy of those who had read Hakluyt's books saw in Virginia a sort of earthly paradise, or at least a treasure-house of nature. Gold was imagined to be plentiful. All the riches of the tropics were believed to be awaiting the explorer. In England, men spoke of Virginian sugar-cane and oranges and lemons, of almonds, and of

grapes from which delicious wines might be pressed that would surpass the vintages of France. One writer declared that silk grew in Virginia in the form of grass, which could be gathered with a scythe.

Hence, the first colonists, in the main, were mere adventurers, many of them idle, thriftless, the riffraff of the English seaports—men who expected to grow rich in a few months and then to return home to spend their riches in high living. The reality was very bitter. Rough forests had to be hewn down. Seed had to be sown. Provisions had to be stored against the inclement winter months. The fierce hatred which the Indians began to feel became a constant menace and a terror both by night and day. The gold which had been looked for turned out to be only worthless iron pyrites. The abundant silk was found to be the so-called yucca, a coarse and brittle sort of grass. Hence, the colony was soon face to face with the dire necessity of a struggle for bare existence. It was tried out by toil and danger and distress such as tested the quality of every soul in Jamestown.

Had it not been for one single indomitable spirit, the experiment might perhaps have failed, and might have fur-



nished another mystery to match the mystery of Roanoke. But here the racial traits came out more strongly. Here was seen the difference between the stubborn, invincible Englishman and the brilliant but far less tenacious Spaniard. A Spanish explorer, had he found no gold

to Turkish women in the harems. He had slain his Turkish master with a flail, and had made his way to England, where he joined the colony of Jamestown. His courage, his shrewdness, and his downright English common sense made him a natural leader.



THE BAZAAR BUILDING—THIS PICTURE SUGGESTS THE UNUSUALLY FREE USE OF NATIVE TREES AND SHRUBS AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION—THE FENCE ENCLOSING THE GROUNDS IS OVERGROWN BY VIRGINIA CREEPER

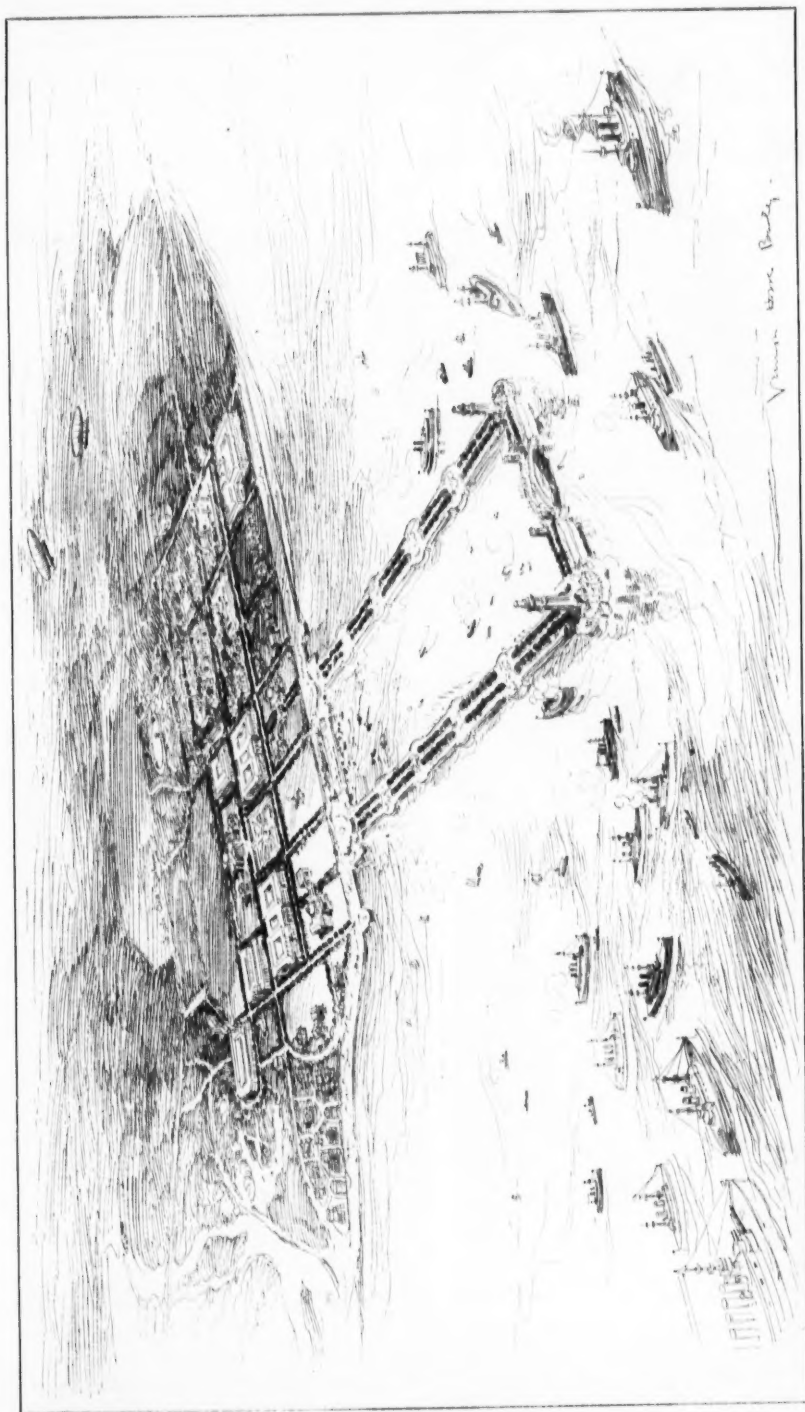
and no immediate wealth to seize upon, would have sailed away, or would have sat down in despair. Not so the stubborn Anglo-Saxon. There was no gold, no silk, no wine—nothing to tempt a love of luxury; but there was difficulty to be overcome, and there was danger; and to meet them both the spirit of the race flamed up in a dogged determination never to give in.

In those days of gloom there came to the front that heroic, picturesque, extraordinary personage with the prosaic name of John Smith. He might well be called the first American, for he possessed the peculiarly American traits of bragging with big words, but of making good his word by deeds. Even allowing for all exaggeration, his career had been remarkable. He had fought against the Turks. He had been sold as a slave in Constantinople. He had made love

He met the craft of the Indians with a craft far greater. He met their savage onslaughts with a daring which drove them back into their forest haunts. And besides all this, his management of men held the discontented colonists together, forced them to sow and reap and fight, until at last he had saved the settlement from disaster and had made it the germinal source of English power in the western world.

#### THE MEANING OF JAMESTOWN

If we sweep away details and look at the historical significance of these events, we shall find them worthy of the magnificent commemoration which they are so soon to receive from our own nation and the other powers of the world. We shall forget the motives of low greed and of national jealousy which animated the first Virginia company.



GENERAL VIEW OF JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION—THE AIRSHIPS ARE NOT WHOLLY IMAGINATIVE, FOR THERE ARE TO BE AERONAUTIC CONTESTS WHILE THE EXPOSITION IS IN PROGRESS—THE SITE OF THE ORIGINAL SETTLEMENT OF JAMESTOWN IS SEVERAL MILES DISTANT UP THE JAMES RIVER



THE MINES AND METALLURGY BUILDING—A STRIKING EXEMPLIFICATION OF THE RESOURCES OF "STAFF" AS MATERIAL

We shall forget also the meanness, the idleness, and the turbulence of the first colonists. Instead of these, we shall find something which stands out conspicuously to recall the greatness of the peoples who speak the English tongue.

There in the wild woods and the festering swamps, these white men of our own blood stood firm and held their own, laying unconsciously the foundations of a mighty state. In their first representative assembly, which met in

1619, we shall see the true cradle of American liberty, the forerunner of the Continental Congress, and of all our elective institutions ever after. When the massed fleets of many nations assemble in review, and when their cannon speak in honor of the settlement of Jamestown, they will be really thundering a salute to human freedom in the west, and to the prowess of that race of conquerors from whose loins have sprung the greatest nations of the world to-day.

# THE ROMANCE OF STEEL AND IRON IN AMERICA

THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

## XII—STEEL KINGS OF MANY CITIES

Makers of Iron and Steel Who Are Not in the United States Steel Corporation—The Ore Fields of the Northwest, and the Recent Great Northern Ore Deal—Steel-Making Has Become a Game Only for the Multimillionaire

**N**OW that Carnegie has abdicated the throne, who is the new steel king of Pittsburgh?

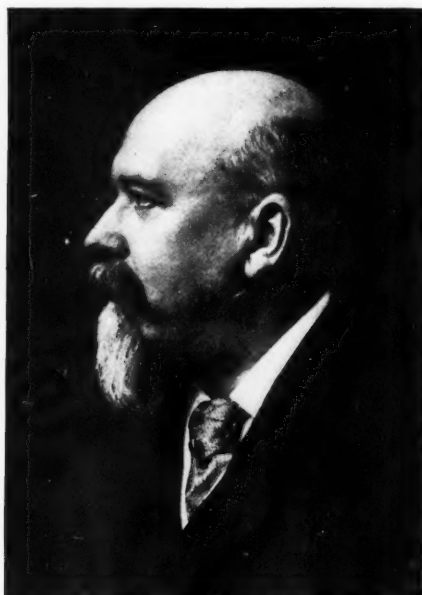
This is a question which few steel men can answer on the spur of the moment.

Such was the prestige of Carnegie—his reign was so long and its termination was so glorious—that our eyes are light-blinded. We fail to recognize the young prince upon whom the honor has de-



C. H. ZEHNDER, PRESIDENT OF THE ALLEGHENY ORE AND IRON COMPANY,  
PHILADELPHIA

*From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York*



W. K. BIXBY, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF  
DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN CAR AND  
FOUNDRY COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

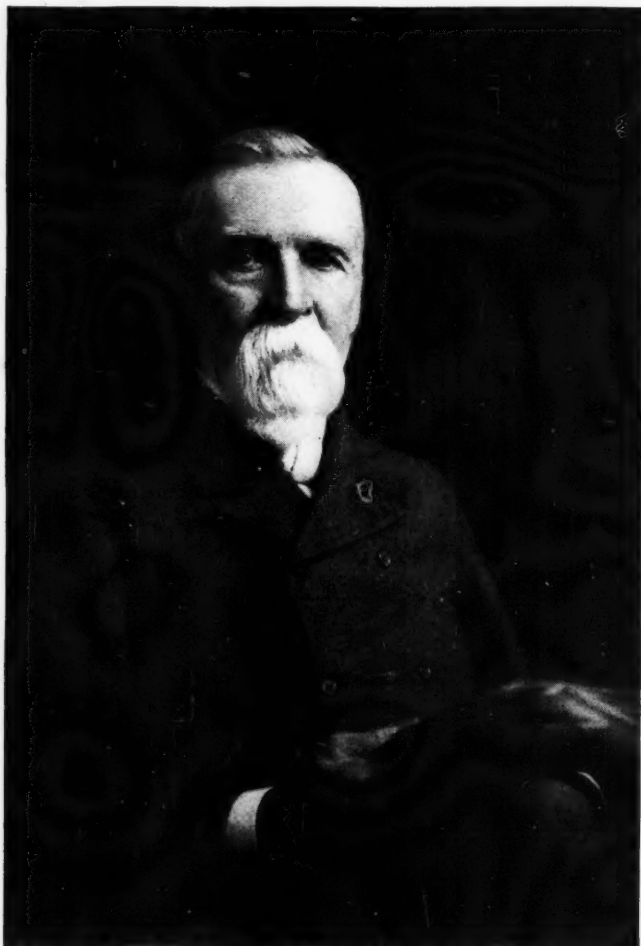
*From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis*

*This series of articles began in the April, 1906, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.*

scended. And our difficulty is still greater because the new monarch dislikes publicity as much as Carnegie loved it, and he has refused to allow any manner of public coronation.

The new uncrowned steel king of

tury, and was the official head of all American steel-makers for eighteen years. The Jones & Laughlin firm is the biggest independent concern in Pittsburgh, and it is the only one in the United States that is conducted along the old lines. It is



JOHN FRITZ, THE OLDEST IRON-MAKER IN AMERICA, FATHER OF  
THE MODERN ROLLING-MILL

*From a photograph by Eggart, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania*

Pittsburgh is B. F. Jones, president of the thirty-million-dollar firm of Jones & Laughlin, and this is probably the first public announcement of his kingship.

Benjamin Franklin Jones is a young man. He was born to the purple. His father—Benjamin Franklin Jones—made steel in Pittsburgh for over half a cen-

run on the Carnegie plan. There is no stock for sale. It is a close family corporation. No one enters it except by birth or marriage. It is undercapitalized. No wires run from Wall Street to its offices. It has no more use for tickers than for telescopes. It cooperates with other steel firms in the various pools that pre-



vent competition; but in other respects it is absolutely free from entangling alliances.

Young Jones stands out amid the mob of Pittsburgh superintendents and managers as conspicuously as an elm-tree in a berry-patch. They do what they are told. They obey orders from New York. The shadow of Morgan obscures them. But Jones is the owner as well as the captain of his ship. He is not a cog in a vast impersonal mechanism. If he had been self-made he would deserve to be called the last of the Titans. Although he is young, he is a steel-maker of the old school; and although he has been reared as the son of a multimillionaire, he possesses the hardy virtues that usually wither in the midst of affluence. He has simple tastes and works as hard as any of his clerks. "He is a chip of the old block," say Pittsburghers.

In fact, the only real competition that is taking place to-day in the steel business is between the old style of corporation, as represented by Jones & Laughlin, and the new style, as represented by



MRS. NANNIE H. KELLEY, OF IRONTON, OHIO,  
THE ONE WOMAN IN THE IRON AND  
STEEL TRADE

*From a photograph by Gessford, New York*



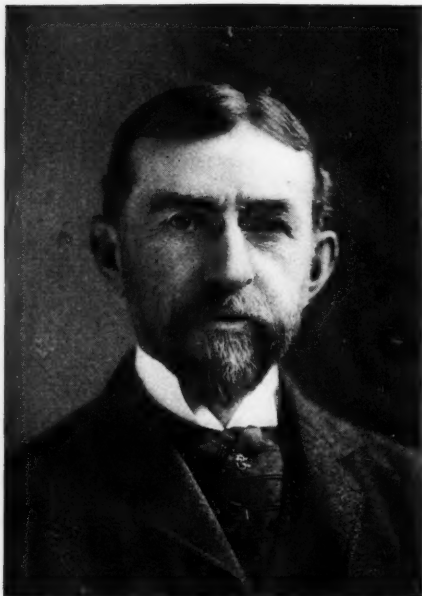
ARCHIBALD JOHNSON, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT  
OF THE STEEL WORKS AT BETHLEHEM,  
PENNSYLVANIA

*From a photograph by Eggart, Bethlehem*

the United States Steel Corporation. The latter is the popular way—the twentieth-century way. Four-fifths of the steel companies are now organized on the lines mapped out by Morgan. But the Jones & Laughlin company stands apart and will take no share in the democratization of its business.

What the Carnegie company used to be in the steel trade the Jones & Laughlin firm is to-day. With its two immense steel-mills, its six furnaces, its aggregation of shops and foundries, its ore-mines, docks, coal-lands, coke-ovens, and limestone-quarries, the plant over which young Jones presides is one of the most important factors in the whole steel situation. And there is an impressive contrast between the simple two-story office-building of the Jones & Laughlin company—sheeted with iron and painted white, with rough, slivery floors, plain furniture, cheap rugs, and old scraps of carpet—and the magnificent Frick and Carnegie buildings, the very apex of Pittsburgh.

The original B. F. Jones, who died



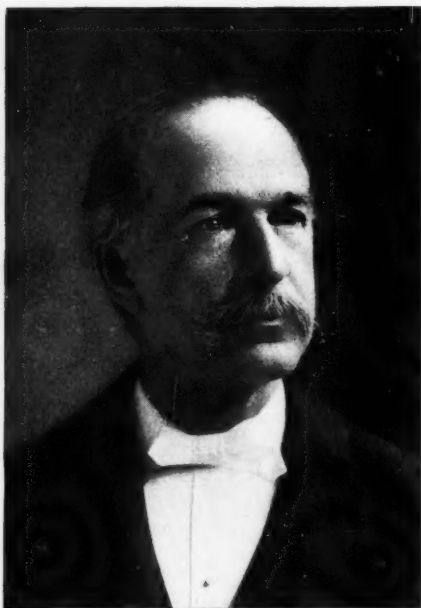
A. F. HUSTON, PRESIDENT OF THE LUKENS IRON  
AND STEEL COMPANY, COATESVILLE,  
PENNSYLVANIA

*From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia*



CHARLES L. HUSTON, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE  
LUKENS IRON AND STEEL  
COMPANY

*From a photograph by Phillips, Philadelphia*



J. H. STERNBERGH, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERI-  
CAN IRON AND STEEL MANUFACTUR-  
ING COMPANY, READING

*From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia*



F. C. SMINK, PRESIDENT OF THE READING IRON  
COMPANY, OF READING,  
PENNSYLVANIA

*From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia*

four years ago, gathered up eighteen millions in his industrious lifetime. His ancestors crossed the Atlantic with William Penn, but in a century and a half they had picked up no property worth inheriting. His father kept a little country tavern; and when the son was a boy of eighteen he tramped to Pittsburgh and got a job with a canal-boat company. For the first year the company gave him his board, but no wages. The third year, he was manager. The fourth year, he was a partner. Then he looked ahead and saw that the canal-boat profits would be cut off by the railroads. He sold out and bought an old iron-furnace. Like Carnegie, he was wise enough to join hands with a practical iron-maker, Bernard Lauth; and in ten years they had made so much money that Lauth retired. A wealthy pork-packer and banker, James Laughlin, took notice of the enterprise of young Jones, and became his partner.

CARNEGIE'S OPINION OF  
B. F. JONES

As far back as fifty years ago the Jones iron-works was the largest concern of its kind in Pittsburgh. Twenty years later the brilliant Carnegie, eleven years younger than Jones and eleven inches shorter, plunged into the scrimmage and scattered everybody right and left. But the prestige of B. F. Jones remained in many respects unapproachable. Even Carnegie regarded him with an esteem that was almost reverence.

"B. F. Jones was Carnegie's ideal steelmaster, even when the two men were competitors," said Thomas N. Miller, Carnegie's first partner. "Carnegie had a high opinion of the political sagacity of B. F. Jones," continued Miller; "and I remember that when Carnegie offered twenty million dollars to the United States government if it would give up the Philippine Islands he rushed over to Jones to get his approval and his cooperation."

Jones began fourteen years before Carnegie, but he made only one-fourteenth

as many millions. Carnegie had averaged over six and a half millions a year during his career as steel-maker. Jones had averaged three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Carnegie had made as much in the last nine months of his steel-making as Jones had accu-



HENRY DISSTON, FOUNDER OF THE SAW-WORKS OF  
HENRY DISSTON & SONS, PHILADELPHIA

mulated in fifty-five years of it. But Carnegie was the exception. He was the only one of his class.

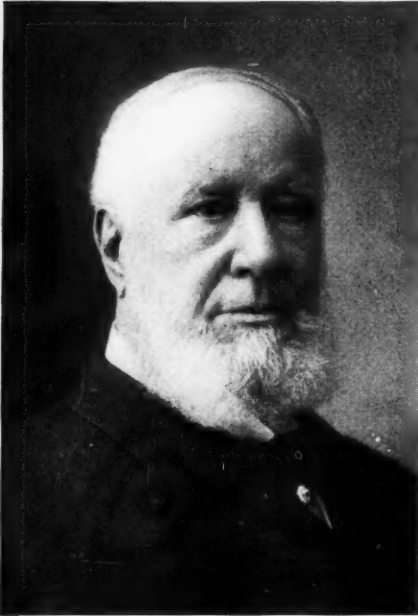
Judging by all ordinary standards, B. F. Jones, Sr., was unusually successful, and became immensely wealthy. He was a steelmaster of the old-fashioned kind — conservatively progressive, non-speculative, and always in the harness himself. The group of young Joneses and Laughlins who are now in charge have inherited the business policy as well as the millions; and the great plant, with its ten thousand workmen and its output of five thousand tons of ingot steel a day, is one of the sturdiest and steadiest pillars of all that stand

beneath the industrial supremacy of the United States.

The third "steel city" in the United States is Philadelphia. Here is the home of the American Iron and Steel Association. Philadelphia is represented in the Steel Trust by its street-car king, P. A. B. Widener. Also, it is the headquarters of seven independent iron and steel com-

cial vicissitudes of sixty years. It was Daniel J. Morrell, a Quaker merchant of Philadelphia, who made Cambria great, in the days of the Civil War and afterward. It was he who made that famous answer when he was asked the secret of Cambria's success.

"We always try to beat our last batch of rails," he said. "That is all the secret



THE LATE B. F. JONES, SR., THE FIRST HEAD  
OF THE JONES & LAUGHLIN  
STEEL COMPANY

*From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York*



B. F. JONES, JR., WHO IS THE PRESENT HEAD  
OF THE JONES & LAUGHLIN  
STEEL COMPANY

*From a photograph by Falk, New York*

panies whose stock has a face value of one hundred and twelve million dollars.

The "big two" of these companies are the Cambria and the Pennsylvania—capitalized at fifty millions each, and both controlled by the Pennsylvania Railroad. "Those two companies are in good condition, and both will have a great future," said one of the foremost directors of the United States Steel Corporation when I requested him to pick out the winners from among the independents. Each has as its president a relative of the original founder.

The famous old Cambria still gives employment to the men of Johnstown, having survived the flood and the finan-

cial vicissitudes of sixty years. It was Daniel J. Morrell, a Quaker merchant of Philadelphia, who made Cambria great, in the days of the Civil War and afterward. It was he who made that famous answer when he was asked the secret of Cambria's success.

"We always try to beat our last batch of rails," he said. "That is all the secret we've got, and we don't care who knows it." To-day, under the presidency of Powell Stackhouse, Cambria employs fourteen thousand men, and is making profits of four millions a year. The Pennsylvania company is a most elaborate concern. It can make all sorts of things, from an ocean steamship to a rivet—from a bridge to a railway signal. In fact, it has built as many as seven big ships at one time in its Maryland shipyards. It is also unique in this respect, that its ore mines are scattered over three continents—Europe, Africa, and America. In two other respects, also, it is a notable company: it owns the historic iron-mines of Cornwall, in



WILLIS L. KING, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL COMPANY

*From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit*



WILLIAM LARIMER JONES, VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL COMPANY

*From a photograph*



W. C. MORELAND, SECRETARY OF THE JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL COMPANY

*From a photograph by Falk, New York*

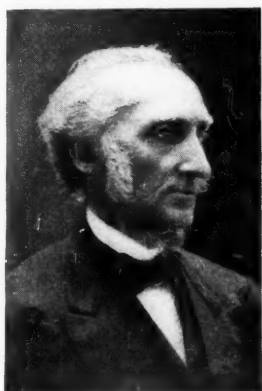
Pennsylvania, and the oldest active Bessemer plant in America, at Steelton.

#### THE MAKING OF SAWS

In Philadelphia we find the monster saw-works of Henry Disston & Sons. As this company has made its own steel for half a century, it deserves a place in this story. At Disston's the skill of the steel-maker is at its best. Here the wondering visitor can see steel rolled and scissored into long flexible ribbons, as though it were a woven fabric. Here

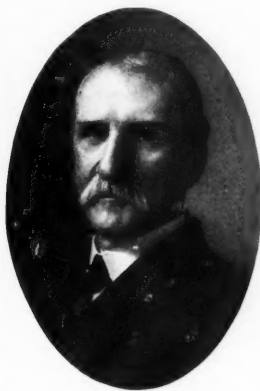
all manner of extraordinary saws are made—saws with diamond teeth, saws that are twice as long as telegraph-poles—half a million saws of all sorts being regarded as a good year's work.

As usual, we find back of the Disston success a heroic story of self-help. The first Disston began to make saws in a basement, in the days of Andrew Jackson and Van Buren. As soon as he had finished one saw, he peddled it until he found a buyer, and then set to work to make a better one. For



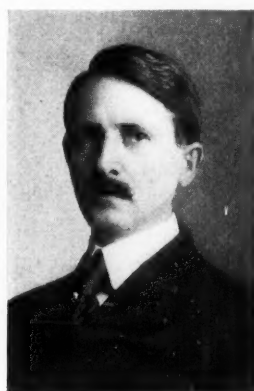
JAMES LAUGHLIN, WHO DIED IN 1882—ORIGINAL PARTNER OF THE LATE B. F. JONES

*From a photograph by Histed, New York*



GEORGE M. LAUGHLIN, WHO IS A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL COMPANY

*From a photograph by Falk, New York*



JAMES B. LAUGHLIN, TREASURER OF THE JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL COMPANY—HE REPRESENTS THE THIRD GENERATION



twenty-one years he wrestled with English competitors. Then came the Morrill tariff of 1861, and his business shot ahead until it became one of the main supports of the industrial greatness of Philadelphia.

There are still three other iron enterprises in the Quaker City—the Allegheny

States. His four New Jersey furnaces and his various railroad interests have given him a fortune of fifteen million dollars. Like Carnegie, Mr. Wharton is a man of varied accomplishments: he has been the friend and adviser of half a dozen Republican Presidents—a publicist for two generations—an educator



JAMES M. SWANK, SECRETARY AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE  
AMERICAN IRON AND STEEL ASSOCIATION

*From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia*

Ore and Iron, which is fortunate in owning the famous Oriskany mine, in Virginia; the Alan Wood Iron and Steel, established more than eighty years ago; and the Phoenix Iron, which has kept its furnaces ablaze for a century or more. Moreover, Philadelphia is the home of Joseph Wharton, the present president of the American Iron and Steel Association.

Joseph Wharton, an old-fashioned Quaker, is now a veteran of eighty. He is a maker of iron, not steel—the chief individual maker of iron in the United

—a writer—a poet. Who can say that the men of steel are not also men of romance, when they have elected as their official head the only one of their number whose lips have been touched with the divine fire?

In the smaller "iron city" of Reading there are at least two companies that compel our attention. The first is a twenty-million concern called by the ambitious name of the American Iron and Steel Manufacturing Company, which produces nuts, bolts, rivets, and the like. At its head is J. H. Sternbergh, a veteran

who has won the right to be called the founder of the bolt and nut business in this country.

Sternbergh is a notable man. At the close of the Civil War he was a railway clerk. He knew nothing whatever of the iron trade; he was not a mechanic; but he saw the need of nuts and bolts, set his brain to work, and invented the necessary machinery and began to make them. "As a result," he said, "I have seen the price of square nuts cut down from eleven to two cents a pound."

The second concern is the Reading Iron Company, which was put on its feet by the backing of George F. Baer, whom the Coal Trust made famous. This enterprise is unique in two respects. In the first place, its assets are said to be twelve times greater than the face value of its stock; and in the second place, it has adopted the novel plan of buying a heavy interest in an outside steel company instead of building any steel-mills of its own. It holds at the present time over sixty thousand shares of the Pennsylvania Steel.

Among the miscellaneous steel-making corporations which cannot be classed under any general head, the largest is the International Harvester Company, which probably does more business with all parts of the civilized world than any other corporation in Chicago. Merely for its own use, it produces over two hundred thousand tons of iron in an average year, and also operates a couple of big steel-mills. There is also the Crucible Steel—one of Pittsburgh's fifty-million companies. After a somewhat erratic career, it seems now to have become well established under the presidency of William G. Park.

The youngest, but in some respects the greatest, of all the steel-works is the immense new plant of the Lackawanna Steel Company, at Buffalo. This has grown into maturity so quickly that few realize its important place in the steel world. Six years ago the swamps around Stony Point, several miles out of Buffalo, were a favorite hunting-ground for sportsmen, who waded about in search of rail and coot, and now and then a duck. To-day on these swamps stand a steel city of thirty-five thousand people and a plant covering three times

more ground than the Pan-American Exposition.

As far back as 1817 there were iron-workers in Buffalo. In that year the famous steamboat Walk-in-the-Water was built at Buffalo, engine and all. It was the engine, mainly, that became famous, because of its constant surrenders to wind and tide. When the boat was launched the current of Niagara River was too strong for the engine, and the captain was obliged to rig up several sails and hire a dozen oxen before he could get his craft into the lake. Edward Roat built the first Buffalo foundry, and by the time of the Civil War there were twenty small iron-works in the city. The panic of 1873 pushed most of these concerns into bankruptcy, and little was done for twenty years.

#### BUFFALO AS A STEEL CENTER

No steel had been made in Buffalo until the Lackawanna works started its fires. Last year the rail pool gave it an allotment of fifteen per cent of all the rails produced. Its annual output of six hundred and fifty thousand tons of rails would be enough to lay a double track between Buffalo and New York City. A yearly product of one million two hundred and fifty thousand tons of iron and steel is the present record of this wonderful two-year-old steel-mill.

In several particulars the Lackawanna plant beats anything at Pittsburgh or in Europe. Four of its furnaces are the largest ever built, and its forty-two-thousand-horse-power gas-engines are in a class by themselves. The entire equipment is on a magnificent scale. Here are a coal-trestle a mile in length, a rail-mill one thousand seven hundred and sixty-two feet from end to end, a three-quarter-mile ore-dock, and a one-mile ship-canal. The coke is carried through a tunnel from the harbor to the furnaces.

Immense machines, for which almost the price of a sky-scraper has been paid, tower in the workshops. In the subways are steel tubes through which a team of horses might be driven. Cranes that can easily pick up a locomotive swing back and forth. A full hour is required to walk from one end of the Titanic plant to the other. The company owns thirty-five miles of railroad,

and connects with twenty-seven railway systems.

This single plant is the best illustration of the fact that the steel business is to-day one for multimillionaires only. To equip it has required forty million dollars. Some single items, such as the ore-dock, ship-canal, gas-engines, and harbor, cost a million dollars apiece. Hundreds of four-room brick cottages had to be built for its seven thousand workmen. For every dollar of capital that was needed before the Civil War a hundred dollars is necessary to-day.

#### THE MOVEMENT TO THE LAKES

A significant fact about the Lackawanna works is that it indicates a movement to the Lakes. It was originally built at Scranton, but two years ago the Scranton plant was abandoned and the whole force of men moved to Buffalo. Superiority in transportation facilities is the main reason given for the change. Buffalo iron-makers claim that iron can be made in their city for one dollar and thirty-seven cents per ton less than in Pittsburgh.

The builder of this great steel-making and millionaire-making workshop is a thick-set, bushy-whiskered German-American—Henry Wehrum. He is the Captain Jones of Buffalo. He has a natural aptitude for leadership over large bodies of workmen. "Why," said one of the men, "if the old man said to us, 'Come along, boys, I'm going to build a steel plant in Alaska,' we'd pull up stakes and follow him." Walter Scranton and S. B. Sheldon are the captain and first mate of the big concern. The latter is a powerful young man of electric force and alertness. His manner is genial, but every word comes out like the crack of a whip. Among the men who have staked forty millions on the success of the enterprise are such well-known financiers as D. O. Mills, Moses Taylor, C. Ledyard Blair, Adrian Iselin, Jr., H. McK. Twombly, Robert B. Van Cortlandt, and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

These capitalists are very rich—too rich, says Pittsburgh. "The Lackawanna plant was built at an enormous cost," said one of the Pittsburgh steel kings. "It was a case of having too much money. The men who backed

it thought that they would escape the heavy fixed charges of the United States Steel, but they forgot a number of other factors. They were new men in the iron and steel world, and they are learning a few things that Pittsburgh could have told them. Their first mistake was in pulling down their old plant at Scranton before the new one was in working order. They have money enough, of course, to buy success in the end. But they will have to pay a higher price than they imagined."

The Lackawanna officials realize that they are still "under the head of unfinished business." "We can't give out anything now," said its secretary. "Wait until we get shaken down and know where we're at." No dividends have been paid, and the whole undertaking is as yet only an experiment, but one of gigantic proportions and the most ample resources. Its president is E. A. S. Clarke, who was graduated from Harvard twenty-two years ago and learned to make steel under Robert Forsythe, in Chicago.

Perhaps the most absolutely independent of American steel cities is Bethlehem, which straggles along the hilly banks of the Lehigh River, in eastern Pennsylvania. Its magnificent steel-mills and armor-plate works are owned by one individual—Charles M. Schwab. And in the development of its big plans for the future Bethlehem appears to be driving ahead without any entangling alliances with other cities.

Bethlehem was created by the brains of John Fritz and the money of Joseph Wharton. John Fritz, who is still living, at the age of eighty-five, and who may worthily be called the dean of all steel men, achieved the most notable triumphs of his life at Bethlehem. He built up a tiny rail-mill until he had made one of the most elaborate steel plants in the world.

Since W. C. Whitney, then Secretary of the Navy, requested it to make guns and armor-plate for Uncle Sam, Bethlehem has generally been regarded as mainly a military plant. It is a place where cannons have been made strong enough to hurl death a distance of twenty miles—or fast enough to fire a dozen times a minute. All this is still

true. But the improvements that are now being pushed forward will give Bethlehem an equally wide reputation for the making of cars and structural steel. The superb equipment of the Bethlehem plant has made it one of the best money-makers. In the last four years, for instance, the profits have been twelve millions.

"TOM" JOHNSON AND MARK HANNA

Two forceful Americans who made their mark in iron and steel, as well as in several other things, are Mayor "Tom" Johnson, of Cleveland, and the late Senator Mark Hanna. Mayor Johnson—"a reformed business man," as he has been called—first came to public notice in the street-railway world when he was twenty-one. He invented a new kind of rail for street-railways, and made a fortune before any one else could follow his lead. Perhaps the most unique act of his life, during his steel-making career, was when he arose in Congress and electrified its members by moving that the duty on steel rails be removed.

"But is it not true that the member himself is a maker of steel rails and a beneficiary of the tariff?" asked Dalzell, the member from Pittsburgh.

"Yes, I am a maker of steel rails," replied Johnson. "I get a higher price for my rails because of the duty. But when I stand here as a member of Congress I do not represent myself, nor my steel-mill. I represent the men whose votes put me where I am. They voted for free trade when they voted for me, and therefore I move that rails be put on the free list."

Senator Hanna saw millions in iron soon after the Civil War, when he was working as a poorly paid clerk on a Lake Superior vessel. His marriage to Miss Rhodes, daughter of "Old Dan Rhodes," a coal and iron pioneer, gave him a start. Soon there were dozens of vessels in the Hanna fleet, and he was carrying more ore through the "Soo" Canal than any other shipowner. Then he bought mines and built furnaces. One thing suggested another. He raked in coal-lands, oil-lands and wells, a stove company, street-railways, banks, a newspaper, a theater. From the top of this

heterogeneous pyramid of possessions he climbed still higher into fame by becoming the harmonizer of labor and capital—a maker of Presidents—and possibly for a time the most influential man in American public life.

MRS. KELLEY, IRON-MAKER

There is only one woman in the American iron and steel trade—Mrs. Nannie H. Kelley, of Ironton, Ohio. She is the sole proprietor and manager of a charcoal-furnace that makes about one hundred thousand dollars' worth of iron a year. After the slump of 1893, Mrs. Kelley bought the furnace and ten thousand acres of ore-lands for a fifth of its value, and for the past eight years she has made it pay handsome dividends. Mrs. Kelley is not a widow. Her husband was a prominent business man and State Senator until recently, when he retired from active work. Mrs. Kelley is a woman of force and enterprise, who is in business life from choice, not necessity.

"Everything she touches turns to gold," says one of her neighbors. Every one in Ironton respects her judgment in financial affairs. She knows her workmen by name, and has never had a strike. And she has never allowed her work as a furnace-manager to interfere with her other duties as a wife, a mother, and an entertainer. In short, Mrs. Kelley is a highly creditable member of the gild of iron and steel.

And now there remains only one more of the thousand millionaires of steel—James J. Hill, who, with his associates, will soon be drawing from the Steel Trust a pension greater than that of Andrew Carnegie. Hill has never been anything but a railway man. He has never made a pound of iron or steel in his life. Yet he has recently completed a lease of ore-lands which is the largest single transaction in the whole history of the iron business.

"It is the greatest deal in iron that the world has ever known," said Mr. Hill complacently. "If the ore lasts for fifty years, as I expect, the total sum realized will be one and one-half billion dollars. This vast sum will not come to me or my heirs, but to the stockholders of the Great Northern. As I



hold seven per cent of the stock, I shall profit to that extent."

Roughly speaking, the bargain is that the Steel Trust shall dig not less than a specified amount of ore each year, paying one dollar and sixty-five cents a ton for royalty and freight. Each year the royalty and the amount of ore are to increase, until, in 1917, the owners of the land will be receiving the stupendous total of more than fifteen million dollars a year. By this one deal a new batch of a thousand millionaires will be created. Such is the increasing affluence of the world of steel.

#### THE ORE DEAL

Eight years ago Hill bought the Duluth, Superior, and Western Railroad. When he saw the possibilities of profit in hauling ore he began a buying campaign, gathering in any old rights of way, timber railways, or ore-lands. For a time he and Rockefeller ran a neck-and-neck race for supremacy in the ore regions. Both bought land and built railroads. But there was one important difference in their tactics—a difference which prevented the ore region from passing altogether into the hands of these two men. Rockefeller operated his own mines and discouraged all smaller operators by prohibitive rates. Hill, on the contrary, adhered to his lifelong policy of being strictly a railroad man. He leased his mines to other operators and stimulated the mining business. He even lent money to men who lacked the capital to become operators.

"The Northern Pacific acquired its ore-lands to secure the freightage, and for no other reason," said its second vice-president, whom I interviewed in his office at St. Paul. The Northern Pacific joined the Great Northern in the bargain with the Steel Trust. "We have never made a dollar by speculating in ore-lands," the official continued. "Neither was there any likelihood at any time of our operating the mines or entering the iron and steel business. All that we wanted was the haul."

As the United States Steel Corporation owns a railroad that runs parallel with Hill's in the ore country, and as his present ore traffic comes mainly from the independent operators, it seemed

most likely that he would favor leasing his ore-land to the independents. This opinion was still further strengthened by the fact that Hill on one occasion rebuffed the United States Steel president when the latter proposed to buy the Hill properties. The story was told to me by one of the chief steel kings of Cleveland. It appears that when Schwab was in the first flush of his presidential enthusiasm he declared in a public speech: "The United States Steel Corporation owns six hundred million tons of iron ore. This is worth at least a dollar a ton in the ground. The ore alone, therefore, is an asset worth three-fifths of a billion." Shortly afterward, Schwab ran across Broadway to Hill's office and asked: "What price would you charge us for your ore in case we should decide to take it over?"

"You can have it at your own valuation," replied Hill, with an amiable smile—"a dollar a ton in the ground."

"Absurd!" exclaimed Schwab, dropping the proposition like a hot potato.

The ore of Minnesota is now entirely in the possession of the iron and steel companies, with the exception of several tracts that were given years ago to the schools. If the people of that State had not given away their iron ore they might now be drawing dividends of twenty-five million dollars a year—sixty dollars or more per family. Nature gave Minnesota three thousand million dollars' worth of red ore, yet in a single generation a handful of outsiders have rushed in and practically taken possession of it all.

Big and little, all the iron and steel corporations seem to live as happily together as a basket of kittens. They have adopted the Morgan principle of "community of interest." Two-thirds of them have organized openly and called themselves the United States Steel Corporation, and practically all of them are linked together in pools as well as in the growing communism of capital. The steel millionaires are not now a class by themselves. Men of all trades and professions are in steel, and steel men are distributing their money in other enterprises.

There are about sixty thousand people who have more or less money invested



in iron and steel. Ten years ago, a handful of picturesque Titans were in control. To-day, the steel trade is national. It is semisocial. It could be completely consolidated and made a department of the Federal government without as much work as Morgan performed in 1901.

Roughly speaking, the capitalization of the United States Steel Corporation is one and a half billions, and that of all the independent iron and steel companies, half a billion. Take it at its face value, and our American iron and steel business is worth two billion dollars. Allow seven per cent profit on this valuation, and in seven years the steel trade can give nearly a million dollars apiece to a thousand men.

All told, there are eighteen important independent companies capitalized at from five to sixty millions. Five companies, with one hundred and eighty million dollars capital, are managed from New York City. Three, with one hundred millions, are Philadelphians. Two, with one hundred and thirty-five millions, are Pittsburghers. The real steel capital of to-day is therefore not Pittsburgh, but New York, which controls eighty-five per cent of the entire business. Of the remaining fifteen per cent, nearly all is controlled in the three cities of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Chicago. The small independent iron-and-steel-making communities have been almost absolutely wiped out; in proportion to the total volume of trade, they are practically extinct. This is the day of big things.

#### A GAME FOR MILLIONAIRES

The American steel trade has become a game for millionaires only. Even they—even the money kings—must associate before they dare to make steel. Six centuries ago, steel was a royal metal. It was made and used only by kings. To-day, steel is used by every man, woman, and child in the United States; but it is made only by those who are royal in the new commercial sense. In the spiral of industrial evolution it has become again a metal of kings.

"No steel concern can compete with the United States Steel Corporation unless it owns its raw materials and can make from two thousand to two thou-

sand five hundred tons a day—a plant that would cost from twenty to thirty millions," said Willis L. King, vice-president of the Jones & Laughlin Company. Taking twenty millions as the minimum, we find no more than a dozen companies that may confidently hope for a continued existence. The others, says this veteran steel-maker, must fall out of the race.

The famous Lynn iron-works of a century and a half ago was built for five thousand dollars. Queen Anne's blast-furnace in Virginia cost her sixty thousand dollars. Baron Stiegel's renowned glass and iron plant, castle and all, was built for the one-hundredth part of twenty millions. And when Carnegie first got his standing as an iron capitalist he brought only six thousand five hundred dollars in his hand. To-day, the small men are walled out. Even at the mines they are excluded. The entire Lake Superior region is in the hands of a few operators. A crane for moving ore costs as much as a whole iron-works could be built for fifty years ago.

"A single blast-furnace, making one hundred and fifty thousand tons a year, cannot be built now for less than a million dollars," said James Gayley, the "pig iron king" of the United States Steel Corporation, when I asked his opinion as the ablest expert on the question of cost.

At that greatest of battles, Mukden, the Japanese army advanced in the form of a vast crescent, ninety miles long. Behind its center stood Oyama, flashing his orders by telephone to every part of his "far-flung battle-line." Such are the new tactics of the modern generals—guns that shoot farther than the eye can see, messages that can be sent without even the makeshift of a wire, explosives that shatter stone walls into dust! What would a resurrected Caesar think of these miracles? What would be the amazement of a Charlemagne or even a Napoleon? Yet, wonderful as this military progress has been, it has not been as revolutionary as the changes that have taken place in the making of steel. "Even Captain Bill Jones would rub his eyes," said several steel-makers, "if he could see some of the machinery that we use now."

# LIGHT VERSE

CARLOTTA, IN LENT

"FOLLY, farewell! The way I go  
Must be the pious path, and so  
I bid good-by to you to-day,  
And hasten forth to kneel and pray—  
A picture of the utmost wo.

"For forty days I shall not know  
Your foolish face, your silly show;  
Adieu, dear friend! 'Tis hard to say,  
'Folly, farewell!'"

Sadly I heard this edict flow  
From her dear lips. The days would grow  
So dismal, and the sky so gray.  
Alas! she gave me *my* congé,  
What time she said, with laughter low,  
"Folly, farewell!"

*Charles Hanson Towne*

DOTS

"THE plainer the woman, the larger the  
dot!"

He was speaking of veilings, this store-  
keeper wise,  
And he talked of the women—their ways  
and their wiles—

With a comical squint in his little gray  
eyes.

"Our dowry department is quite overrun,"  
Said the banker whose bank filled a whole  
city lot.

"And I've noticed," he added, with eyebrows  
alift,

"That—the plainer the woman, the larger  
the dot!"

*Richard Wightman*

TO HER, IN FURS

IN furs, no nymph could fairer be.  
Her joyous laughter, rippling free  
'Mid silver sleigh-bells everywhere,  
And roses in her cheeks declare  
Our life is one sweet harmony.

Of summer girls and shimmering sea  
Let poets sing in rivalry;

But to my taste none can compare  
With her, in furs.

A rare and precious treasure, she,  
All husbands surely will agree,  
As in the park we take the air  
And at her sables people stare.  
Ah, no one knows how dear to me  
She is, in furs.

*George T. Marsh.*

THE WINGED LADDIE

WITH tender songs of April buds,  
Love came to sing to me one day;  
But ere the morning hour had passed  
He, wearied, threw his lute away.

With me along the summer road,  
Love swore his passion to the skies.  
Yet when the sun had reached the hill  
He gazed as deep in other eyes.

Then shall I read from out his book:  
A kiss to-day, to-morrow none;  
For why should I more faithful be,  
Since Love is such a faithless one?

*Anita Fitch*

THE CITY

'TIS noisy in the city. The cars go  
"clang, clang, clang!"  
House-cleaning apparatus is throbbing on  
each street,  
The workmen on sky-scrappers are at their  
endless bang,  
And autos toot incessantly, to make the  
din complete.

'Tis noisy in the city. The drays go lum-  
bering by,  
Fire-engines thunder onward, and ambu-  
lances ring;  
Hand-organs send their melody from pave-  
ment up to sky—  
All kinds of queer vibrations flow forth  
from everything.

'Tis noisy in the city. I wonder what we'd  
do

If suddenly it all should stop—in silence  
 we should sink?  
 'Twould make us melancholy. 'Twould  
 make us very blue.  
 Without a noise of some sort, why, we  
 couldn't even think!

*Tom Masson*

BILL AND COO

WHEN Bill wed Coo, the only Bill  
 He was that sauntered down the pike;  
 As time went on Coo had her fill  
 Of traits she liked and didn't like.

Alas! there came another bill—  
 A compromising note to fit!  
 Bill read it, much against his will.  
 Coo'd played tag with this other bill—  
 A dry-goods bill—and Bill was It!  
*George Wetherill Earl, Jr.*

A MONOMANIAC

I AM a monomaniac—  
 I've tried to hide it vainly,  
 But in my saner moments  
 I see it very plainly.

On every other subject  
 My talk is clear and formal:  
 On calculus and anilins  
 I'm far above the normal.

But if the conversation  
 To take a turn should chance,  
 And mention should be made of *you*,  
 My brain begins to dance.

I hear far waters falling—  
 They're speaking of your voice—  
 And meadow-larks are calling,  
 To bid the world rejoice.

"Her smile is soft and winning,"  
 Some one will add, and, lo!  
 I see the sunset breaking  
 Through pillow'd clouds aglow.

The lea is strewn with flowers,  
 Although 'tis winter still—  
 For thus, you see, appear to me  
 Your footsteps on the hill.

I am a monomaniac;  
 Conviction's growing stronger—  
 I've kept the truth concealed as yet,  
 But cannot any longer.

And so I have decided,  
 Before it strikes in deeper,  
 To beg you on my bended knee  
 To come and be my keeper.

We'll take a little cottage,  
 And christen it "Perfection,"  
 And with the velvet chains of love  
 You'll hold me in subjection.

And I will be your patient  
 Who'll nevermore recover,  
 But rave about you day and night,  
 And always be your lover.

*William Wallace Whitelock*

A SONG OF AGE

WHEN I was young I hoped to be  
 A man of value to the State.  
 I prayed the fates to grant to me  
 The laurels of the good and great—  
 When I was young.

When I was young I dreamed of hours  
 In that then seeming distant time  
 When I should wield God-given powers,  
 Rejoicing in my manhood's prime—  
 When I was young.

When I was young ambition stirred  
 My pulses, filled my boyish heart;  
 In all my actions ever spurred  
 Me on to my allotted part—  
 When I was young.

But now when age creeps on apace  
 And won are all those cherished bays,  
 A victor in life's frenzied race,  
 I'd give them all for those dear days  
 When I was young!

*Blakeney Gray*

A SONG FOR SILVIUS

THE Pleiads are six and the planets are  
 eight,  
 But one little star is the Pole of my fate.

Five continents broaden and seven seas  
 foam,  
 But only one spot in creation is home.

The Graces are three, while the Muses are  
 nine;  
 There's only one Phœbe, and Phœbe is mine!

*Arthur Guiterman*

# RICHARD MANSFIELD

BY JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

THE FOREMOST LIVING AMERICAN ACTOR AND HIS VARIOUS RÔLES—HIS MANNER OF LIVING AND THINKING—THE TRIUMPH OF HIS INDIVIDUAL AUDACITY, ENERGY, AND VERSATILITY OVER THE TENDENCIES OF THE AGE

FOR a decade and a half Richard Mansfield has been the dominant figure of the American stage. Within a period of twenty years he has acted twenty-eight rôles, most of them characters of high poetic and dramatic significance. Twenty of these portrayals have taken a permanent place in the annals of acting on the strength of the splendor and largeness of his conception of them, or the originality and power of his execution.

Mr. Mansfield gave English-speaking playgoers a view of Ibsen two decades before Ibsen was known even to the cultivated minority in America. Indeed, that introduction was made so long ago that the date of his representation of "A Doll's House" in Philadelphia, with Mrs. Mansfield as *Nora*, has dropped out of the record of his activities. He gave us two proofs of the quality of Bernard Shaw ten years before Bernard Shaw became the fad of the hour. He has impersonated four Shakespearian characters of the first magnitude, and in one of them—*Richard III*—he revolutionized traditions that had obtained for more than a hundred years.

There stands forth to-day as the decisive study of the last of the Plantagenets a smiling, courtly prince, a soldier possessing a swift, executive faculty, a politician of inordinate ambition, a man twisted, and finally shattered, by a false and wicked conception of what life owed him. This embodiment alone was sufficient to perpetuate Mr. Mansfield's name.

The Mansfield *Richard*, sane as it was,

illuminated with poetic irony as it was, was a defiance. London never forgave it, and the evening of March 16, 1889, at the old Globe Theater, where it was originally revealed, brought the iconoclast the first great sorrow of his career. Not until within the last ten years has America wholly grasped the significance of his *Richard*.

## MANSFIELD'S CHALLENGES TO TRADITION

Four years ago he flung another challenge to tradition. He presented an embodiment of *Brutus* in which the idealist and the fanatic were subtly blended. It was the *Brutus* of psychological poetry, not a booming rhetorician or a smug elocutionist.

It was in this rôle that Mr. Mansfield's joy in the interpretation of poetry, which is the basis and essence of his histrionic method, found its loveliest expression. Out of the past he brought the sad, heroic figure of "the brave son derived from honorable loins," and he led him, "musing and sighing"—even as *Portia* lamented—through the whispers of conspiracy, the clamor of mobs, the shock of arms, the anguish of doubt, the silence of kind death—always keeping him a poet, and insisting always that here was not a constructive statesman, but a man of lofty mind who would be the first to die for an ideal and the last to carry it to practical fulfilment; in a word, not a reformer because too much a poet.

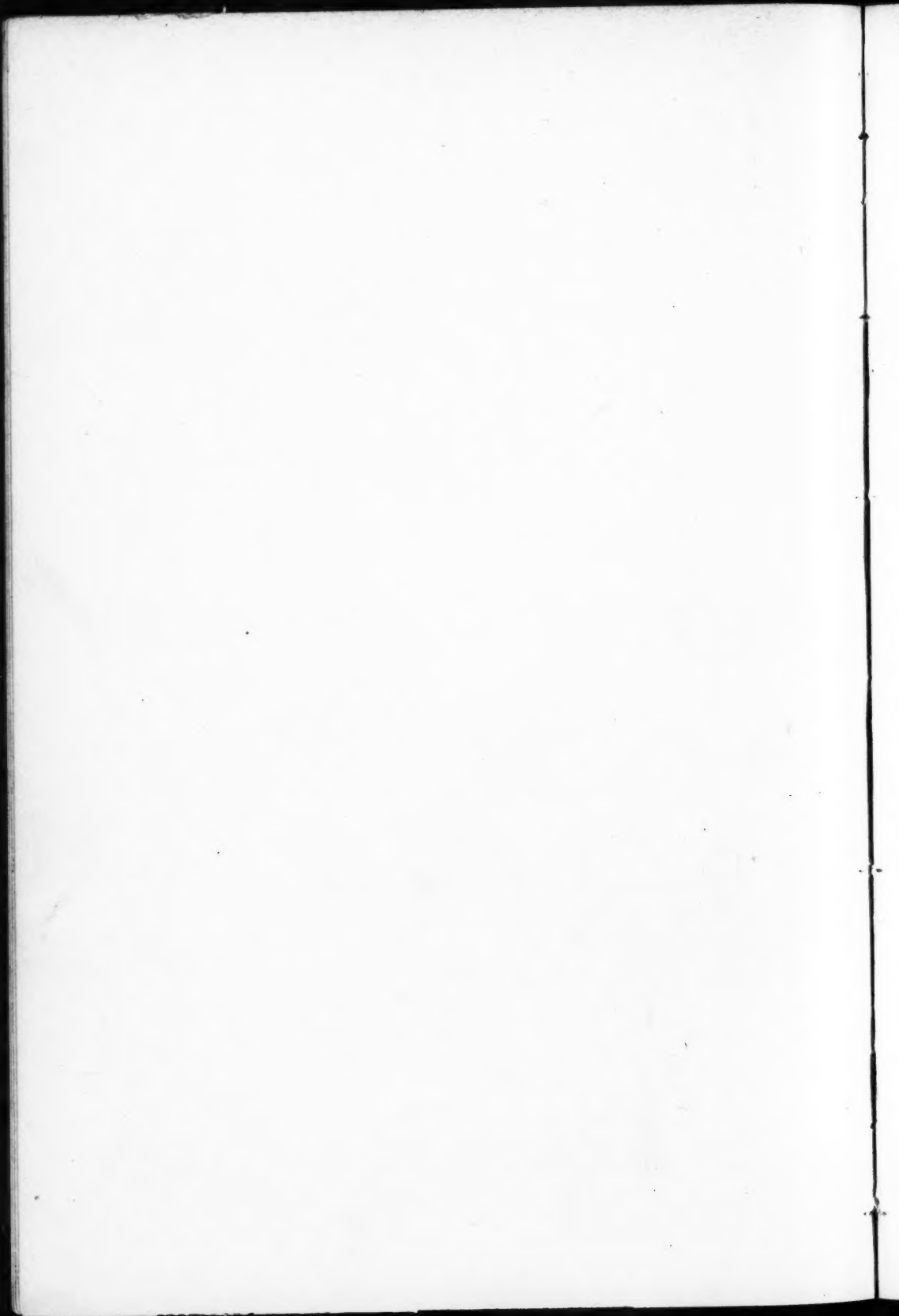
Still again he proved himself our actor militant when, knowing that in the present state of public taste there was



RICHARD MANSFIELD

*From his latest photograph by Marceau, New York*





not a dollar of profit in the venture, but for sheer love of the long-dead actor-dramatist and his work, he gave the English-speaking stage the first authoritative view of Molière's "The Misanthrope" it ever had seen.

#### MANSFIELD'S CHARACTERISTICS

If we look intimately at Mansfield we shall find a nature passionate, whimsical, impatient yet dogged; a mind capacious, highly cultivated, and independent; affections warm and steadfast, and easily wounded. To the casual observer the whimsical audacity of the man will first disclose itself, and if that observer does not tarry long the impression thus made will be the dominant one. It is this same personal attribute, sobered and made operative, that in the artist expresses itself as courageous originality. The impatience and impetuosity of his temperament have had a profound effect upon his professional career; indeed, they have directed it. He could never bear to do a thing precisely as other men have done it. Hence, he is not, in the common acceptance of the phrase, a classic actor, and except for the inevitable reverence the artist-nature must feel for a work of art, he would almost prefer to play a classic rôle wrongly than to be right and merely traditional.

This self-reliance has been useful to Mansfield, and invaluable to playgoers who delight in new readings of a part. It humanized his *Shylock*; it raised his *King Henry V* from flamboyant braggadocio to poetic buoyancy; it refined his *King Richard III*; it set his *Brutus* apart from a long line of orotund toga-throwers that a public fond of melodious noise had acclaimed; and in place of an *Alceste* who was merely waspish, querulous, and arrogant it gave us what Molière intended—a tragedy of disillusion.

#### AT SUPPER AFTER THE PLAY

It is worth while to go home from the playhouse with this iconoclast. Whether he is acting in New York or a thousand miles from his house on Riverside Drive, he insists upon always being at home, and makes large expenditures to that end.

In one American city where he ap-

pears for six or eight weeks in the course of a season he leases a set of somber residential apartments the year around. Within an hour from the time he leaves his car he is at home there. Each night, after the play, he comes storming into an atmosphere of settled and subdued coziness. He aggressively proclaims himself in a bad temper, very cold, and very tired. The wood fire is extremely picturesque, but it smokes vilely. He acridly inquires why this should be, and there is a great scurrying of servants, who understand him perfectly, and much opening of windows.

He greets his guests, and those who know him are entirely at their ease amid the tornado; the others anxiously await developments. One man, coughing violently and diffusing influenza with every glance of his watery eye, explains that he has a cold.

"Too bad, my boy," says the host. "I know about influenza—so don't stand over me."

Thereupon he has made an enemy for life. If you told him so he would be deeply grieved, and would quote very earnestly, in extenuation, a germ theory of influenza from the London *Lancet* of three years back.

#### TABLE-TALK

At midnight supper is announced. In reality it is a long dinner, and the atmosphere of his home in New York is preserved by the introduction of the favorite dishes of that household. The host thaws visibly. He is interested in everybody and everything. He launches questions like a Chinese mandarin making a tour of the world, and they are the kind of questions that imply a passionate interest in the affairs of those around him. Hence, each one is a sly compliment. He may or may not know that, but he is of too rebellious a cast of mind to affect an interest he does not feel. People sometimes quail before his irony, but they love his honesty.

The talk runs on books, politics—American and European—pictures, a current exhibition of etchings, the attributes of the man of the hour, and the incidents of the actor's summer cruise along the New England coast. There is little small talk of society, and none

of the stage, until toward two in the morning, when the guests have exhausted their topics and are eager to listen.

During a lull in the conversation an uncertain servant drops a plate, and the master announces in ringing tones that shortly there will be a dead sailor at the feast. For the rest of the night calm prevails in the butler's pantry.

The incident, trivial enough, is characteristic of the man and the artist. When things go amiss he lifts up his voice with the frankness and particularity of a child—and has it over with. Upon occasions when most people would fret out their souls in silent anguish he speaks, and speaks decisively. Then the matter is forgotten, and he beams again. It is doubtful whether he ever did an expedient thing for the sake of its expediency in his life. His patience would expire long before the issue was reached, and he would be hating himself.

#### THE GREATNESS OF GARRICK

Some one turns the tide of discourse stageward by asking him in a tentative way whether, from his reading and his knowledge of the traditions, he can define in a word the supreme attribute of Garrick's greatness. The answer comes in a flash:

"His versatility—the attribute that makes any actor great. From *Hamlet*, *Richard*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Abel Drugger* to *Romeo*, *Benedick*, *Lord Foppington*, and *Fondlewife*—he played them all superlatively well. More than ninety momentous rôles in twenty-two years! It is a wonderful record. He was equally good in comedy, farce, tragedy, and pantomime; and he could write, too."

Thus launched, the interchange of theatrical reminiscence and comment is incessant for an hour. Mansfield laments especially the slight heed paid on the contemporaneous stage to the training of the voice, because, he says, "the actor's voice is, after all is said and done and all the faces made, the great implement of his calling—*vox, et prater ea nihil*," he adds, "almost literally. It is difficult, for example, to love a woman or to continue to endure an actress who shrieks at you."

Then he reverts to Garrick, and leaning forward on the table, shakes his

finger at an imagined figure of sloth and says:

"After all, that great man's supreme quality was his capacity for incessant toil. He was versatile, we know, but he was always developing his versatility and bending it to fresh material. He worked!"

Then, speaking of the value of severe criticism, he says: "For my part, I have never left the stage satisfied with myself. The severest critic has never scolded me as I scold myself."

With the drama of social problem and of realism Mr. Mansfield has never had any sympathy, and in that respect he has remained curiously aloof from the trend of the times. "Both the police court and the hospital," he said succinctly, "are necessary to mankind, but the stage is neither." He is equally contemptuous of the so-called naturalistic school of acting, and insists that it is just as impossible for the actor to simulate nature completely upon the stage as for the painter to portray on canvas the waves of the ocean, the raging storm-clouds, or the horrors of conflagration. He once acknowledged that the simulation of suppressed power was very fine, but in the same breath he added an essential clause in his artistic confession of faith—and it is perhaps the most essential factor in the prodigious effects he often produces. "When the fire-bell rings," he said, "the horses have to come out and rattle and race down the street and rouse the town."

#### MANSFIELD AS DON CARLOS

It was as Schiller's *Don Carlos*, more than in any other part he has embodied during recent seasons, that this theory of the swift denotement of prowess in passages of acute stress was exemplified. In the scene of the prince's denunciation of the king, after the murder of *Posa*, he began on a low key, and seemed to speak in a mood of horrified abstraction. Then, while he stood over the body of the dead marquis, he unleashed the torrent. The king spoke of nature, and the son, staring into vacancy, his fingers twitching on his sword-hilt, his breast heaving, his breath coming in short, hissing gusts from tense lips, the knotted cords of his neck undulating as he rocked

slightly backward and forward, swept into the passage, beginning:

Nature! I know her not. Murder is now  
the word!  
The bonds of all humanity are sever'd.  
. . . Is there no God,  
That kings, in His creation, work such  
havoc?  
Is there no God? I ask.

For nearly a hundred lines of text he swept onward, his voice now rolling forth in deep diapason, now rising to a strident scream, until at last, lifting himself high upon the ball of his foot, his shoulders thrown far back, his figure rigid, and his face illumined by the memory of *Posa's* sacrifice, he spoke those famous lines of the play which Mansfield the man afterward laid upon the tomb of his brother artist, Sir Henry Irving:

An atom of his soul had been enough  
To make a God of thee.

In his whole treatment of this crucial scene—a test passage for any actor because it presents a conflict both subtle and drastic between love and grief, wrath and despair, exultant joy in the spectacle of the greater love coupled with abysmal woe in the thought of the loss of that love—the Mansfield method was indicated in its largest aspects. Here the breadth and swing of his imagination, his gift for the projection of lyric rapture, his frank delight in the music of clashing words and ringing lines—all were disclosed. The thing was a *tour de force*, and he felt an artist's zest in carrying it through.

#### MANSFIELD AS ALCESTE

In amazing contrast to this was the brittle audacity of his treatment of the opening scene in "The Misanthrope." *Alceste* is on the stage when the play begins—"seated," say the old stage directions—and Mr. Mansfield was there; but with his back to the audience! In that posture he remained for many seconds, his long, curled wig and occasionally a quarter view of his face being visible over the high-backed chair in which he sat. Over his shoulder he flung blistering scorn and denunciation at *Philinte*—"Out of my sight!" "I

your friend? Strike my name from off your list!" "I have no wish for a place in corrupt hearts!" Nothing was lost; no thrust escaped the audience, no inflection of grief and bitterness was blurred, and yet only a voice and a bobbing wig were there.

In "Cyrano de Bergerac" he sat on a bit of greensward placidly reading the "Iliad" *sotto voce* in French throughout the storming of the *Comte de Guiche*—and it was a real "Iliad" he held and real French he sometimes muttered, sometimes intoned.

#### A GENTLE, POETICAL BRUTUS

In "Julius Cæsar," the picture of *Brutus* he presented as the curtain lifted on the opening scene was as subdued as it was persuasive and original. There was no impressive "entrance," no fanfare of trumpets so dear to the heart of a star. The dark, sinewy figure of a man leaned against the basin of a fountain and smiled gently as he watched the freemen of Rome throw high their caps for joy at *Cæsar's* progress. His smile was sadder than tears.

Slowly the calm eyes of the silent man leaning against the fountain swept the scene again and again. Once he shifted his pose slightly to catch a glimpse of the oncoming ranks of licitors, soldiers, and slaves. That was the only movement he made for quite three minutes.

He seemed a man of, say, eight and thirty, certainly not more than forty. There was in him a curious mingling of poetic ardor and physical strength. The poetry was in the pensive eyes, the thin, quivering nostrils, the tender mouth. The strength was in the majestic poise of the motionless body, in the whip-cords of the arms, in the sturdy shoulders, which were raised from time to time, half in scorn, half in resignation.

The crowd dissolved at a gesture from *Antony*. The dark figure advanced from the shadowy corner, where the fountain played, and was stopped by *Cassius's* question:

"Will you go see the order of the course?"

"I am not so gamesome," *Brutus* answered, in sharp staccato.

The audience realized that Mansfield

was on the stage—a fact it had not grasped while he stood silently by the fountain.

This was one of his defiances—an epitome of his genius for doing a thing as it has never been done before, and still doing it rightly.

It is because of his originality that Mansfield cannot be compared to any of his predecessors—least of all to Edwin Booth, from whom the premiership of the American stage descended to Mansfield. Mr. Booth did the accepted thing, the safe thing, exquisitely. Mansfield is always thinking of doing, can do, and dares to do, the unexpected thing.

He absorbs the spirit of a part in formulating his conception of a rôle. *Brummel* shall stand for a lovely and an utterly useless perfection; *Dimmesdale*, for a silent sorrow, a grief unimparted, that "breathes no sigh and sheds no tear," and yet consumes the heart; *Shylock* for the outraged emblem of the tenderest, deepest sensibilities of the human heart; *Chevrial* for a genial fiend, a most wicked, most honest wretch—honest with himself—and going giggling down to hell, twisted and faltering, but debonair to the end; *Carlos*, a *Hamlet* without a cause; *Ivan*, shrieking that he is "a wolf, a mad dog, a tyrant, the murderer of my son," cowering behind a fold of his penitential garb and frantically making the sign of the cross—but gently fingering the chessmen they bring him as he lies dying, and saying softly, "It is a long time since I played that game"; *Karl Heinrich*, a shy, pensive young prince, "laughing as much as once in two years, at least he used to, until they broke him of it."

#### THE VERSATILITY OF MANSFIELD

Such are some of the many-sided aspects of the portraits that hang in the long gallery of Mansfield's fame. "First," he says, "get the feeling of a rôle, and the doing will come inevitably. Work from the center outward. Grip the idea, the theme, and the adornments of byplay and the shading will come inevitably." It is this potent, embracing swing of his imagination that carries him so far and plunges him so deep into the essence of things.

He has written a book of verse, and the

music and most of the words for a volume of songs. He is the author of two plays and part author of a dozen. He has lectured, not chatted, before three universities, and he has contributed to the most conservative periodicals of the age. He paints, he sings, and he performs with skill upon the piano. He can sail a yacht and do a bout with the foils. He is perhaps the best table-talker of his time and country, and appearing often in the public prints as a monument of irascibility, he still is the author of an essay deploring "The Passing of Good Humor."

He has seen two fortunes wiped out, and for every working week of ten years of his life he paid, at the rate of five hundred dollars a week, obligations aggregating one hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars. He has known what it is to be hungry, and the spectacle of want goes not unrelieved when he passes by. He loves children and animals, flowers and the sea. If he is a nature more fascinating than amiable, it is perhaps because he is very honest and hates cant.

Mansfield's achievements have passed into the record. He is a known quantity, a settled question. He has lived to see himself accepted as a histrionic classic. He no longer represents a tendency, but an arrival. Though, happily, he is still with us, his record is made up, and because his method is intensely individual, his influence upon the development of the art of acting will not be far-reaching. His genius is unique, and so he can have only imitators, not followers. He has confronted and has beaten to his purposes the tendencies of the age, not recognized them. He is the triumph of individual audacity, energy, and versatility over a chaotic situation.

If histrionic greatness means versatility, massiveness of conception, and opulence and delicacy of execution, if it means seizing the significance of a work of art in a firm grasp and then hurling it forth with enormous physical and temperamental prowess, if it means the heroic interpretation of poetry, then Richard Mansfield is our last great actor. The shadow of his successor is not upon the horizon of the English-speaking stage.



# VENGEANCE IS MINE

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

WITH A DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"AND God said, Let the dry land appear, and it was so." But as yet the waters alone seemed gathered together into one place. There they lay, vast, unmoving, lusterless, of the same gray color as the sky. And the land, which had risen without violence, pressed from beneath the surface of the waters, lying a little above them, but clearly as yet the bottom of a sea, extended on all sides, the mere essential earth without the form of hill or valley.

So thought Evan McColl as he gazed at the surface of James Bay from the shore, a little above its level, and remembered the first chapter of Genesis. This was the famous bay he had dreamed about as a boy, until it had become a land of fairy, which, if he could only reach it, would render up adventure as the very spirit of its shores and waters.

This was the reality! Behind him were the buildings of the Hudson Bay Company's trading-post at Winisk—low, rude structures crouching on the shore; before him was the waste of waters, lightened here and there by patches of dirty yellow, where lay the shifting sandbanks, and clouded by vast marshy beds, the haunt of the wild fowl.

If he had not long ago wrung his heart dry so that there were in it no more tears he would have wept aloud. But where his heart was there was a feeling of ache and terror; and where his soul should have animated him there was deadness. He had been only two years in that land, but it was enough. To one sensitive and subject to the longing for things homelike, and with comfort at the core of them, two years of that land were equal to ten of strange cities. He had signed for five years,

and three of them lay before him. Suddenly a voice smote him:

"What are ye gaupin' at there, ye loon? Have ye naught to do but look at the water as if it was going to bite ye?"

Evan's shoulders drew together as if a scourge had fallen on them. Without looking behind him he turned and walked toward the storehouse, and the trader, Ian Forbes, scowled after him.

"God be feared," he muttered to himself, "that they should have put an idiot upon me when I have enough to bear!"

A gull that seemed to have no power of flight flopped awkwardly near him. He called out to it:

"Gabriel, ye loon, ye have more sense in your bit of a feathered body than he has in his whole carcass."

Evan unlocked the door with a ponderous key and plunged into the gloom of the interior and the heavy smell of dried fish and strong tobacco, leather, and rancid tallow. It was a dreariness and an odor like unto that of Whale River, where he had spent eighteen months of his two years on the bay, and where his soul and body had been broken.

Here at Winisk he had hoped all things would be changed; at Whale River, Winisk seemed to be in the old magic zone of his dreams. Surely no other place in the world would be so sunk in loneliness and squalor as Whale River! The voyage across the bay had some trembling of romance about it—the breezes seemed fortunate; there beyond the tawny line of the horizon lay—fabulous, secret, and full of luster—a new province, and surely a new life. It was a recrudescence of hope.

When he first sighted the post it was transfigured by a mirage and gleamed in the morning light. Held high above a long silver strip of water, the white buildings looked like things fashioned of crystal, around them the sheen that is upon the breasts of doves. A large content took hold upon him; no intoxication of pleasure could equal this lull of all earthly passion into peace, absolute and virginal. Two miles nearer the coast the vision was snatched away and the low, gray shoreline, with dull, small buildings, dwelt in its place—the reality.

When he landed, the trader, Ian Forbes—"Black Ian," as he was called—looked him over from crown to foot, looked him through from breast-bone to shoulder-blade, and with never a word turned on a grinding heel and spat upon the ground contemptuously. Yet at the first glance Ian was rather engaged with the tall, red-haired Highland lad; but his experience of clerks and helpers had been a long one, varied with bitterness, and he would begin by crushing and humiliation; if any human relations were to follow, they would be allowed to creep up by a process of reconstruction. He expected nothing of God or man. The country and the trade, loneliness and disappointment, had seared his heart, and having met with kindness nowhere for years and years, he paid his debt by hardness, studied and determined. But he was ready for comradeship in the midst of all his cruel perversity, was in very truth longing for it, and his first glance at Evan revealed possibilities to him. The reception, so wilfully brutal, was not lost upon the newcomer. With one look of terror at the averted shoulder, the strong, round head with its Kil-marnock bonnet, and the short, powerful figure, Evan busied himself extracting his few belongings from the miscellany of the cargo.

His hope fell dead, but in a day or two, taking an inventory of his new situation, he found himself with some items of privilege. It was, to be sure, a fine thing to be free of the filthy Eskimos of Whale River. Here his quarters were roomy, if nothing great to boast about, and, moreover, clean. There was some pretense at Christian cooking of such coarse food as was to be had.

The Indians, all but a few, had left for their hunting-grounds, and the permanent staff of the post was, in addition to himself, Luke Contrecœur, his Cree wife, and his daughter Julie. There was another member of the group with an individuality of his own—the sea-gull, a resident by compulsion since Ian had captured him and clipped his wings. They called him Gabriel, and he seemed to love the warmth of the house and the easy fare, of which he was monstrous greedy. You might say he was tamed, for Ian in his idleness, and by a certain measure of cruelty, had taught him a few odd tricks. But his chief use was as a foil for his master, to curse when he was in a raging temper, and to apostrophize with remarks which were intended to apply to other people. Many a hard saying had been delivered over the gull's wing.

Evan had to admit that there was society. His mind very quickly governed his body, and his lassitude and the physical weakness which had been upon him receded and his heart gladdened a little. Ian noticed the change and, although he made no sign, was pleased enough. There would be plenty of time for the amenities when he had shown the lad the extent of his power. So he was a heavy taskmaster, and Evan bore it without a word, for something was at work upon his heart.

## II

"It's a fine thing to be here with you, Luke," he would say as he filled his pipe by the light of Contrecœur's fire. "A better place than that heathen Whale River. I should have died there this winter."

"Yes, surr," Luke would reply; "and you don't look right strong yet, surr." He was a huge, kindly fellow, with a low, soft, rumbling voice.

"Oh, I'm all right. Say, Luke, doesn't Julie ever speak to anybody?"

"Yes, surr. Speak to him, Julie."

"Yes, surr," Julie whispered, her eyes fixed on the floor.

She was about seventeen, with a shapely figure and a grave, oval face, and her eyes, when she showed them, were brown. It was an innocent game of Evan's in these days to catch a full sight of her

eyes. But her glance was like a young bird learning to fly; its perch was somewhere in Evan's face, but it fluttered off and fell back to the ground constantly. He wooed her shyness and tried to gain her confidence by most boyish wiles, and was happy without reasoning about happiness. Ian was unobservant of what was going on between Julie and the lad, as he called him in his mind, but he was glad enough to hear his high voice flourishing amid the roundelays of some good old song.

"Call me Evan, Julie."

"Yes, surr," she would drawl in her most musical voice—with a laugh beginning in her mind.

"Well, then, say it—Evan."

"Evan, surr." She pronounced it Evan, with a long stress on the first "E."

The glance almost fluttered up to its perch; then followed two or three liquid sounds, the end notes of her laughing melody, the first of which had only run through her mind.

Ian spoke almost kindly to him one day. "Lad," he said, "I'm thinking we'll have to make some new skidways afore we haul up the boats for the winter, and you and Luke had better edge up the axes in a way."

"Of course, Mr. Forbes," he said lightly, and Ian did not like the manner of his reply. He thought his first mildness should have received more consideration. He was sensitive, this broad-breasted Highlander, as quickly proud and sensitive as a fine lady, and the advances he had already made in his liking for Evan were now so many causes for self-reproach. "Tut! He's but like the rest o' them, and I was fair to make a fool o' myself."

But Evan was indifferent now to the trader's tone, whether rough or smooth. The next day Ian stumbled upon the reason. Julie had come up to the store for some flour, and Evan had caught her hands. Then, timidly as a lover may, and not breathing for very ecstasy, he drew her toward him. Her shawl fell back from her dark, lustrous hair—her bright eyes dwelt upon his face, her breast rose in one short sigh. He clasped her close, and long and shudderingly he kissed her lips. Then, just as his face left hers, she pursued it timidly

and her lips met his cheek somewhere, fugitively, with the lightest of caresses; then, frightened at this disclosure of her heart, she swiftly covered her head.

Forbes, who just then came down from the fur-loft, saw this play. The little new-born humanity of the man was blighted. He had never before considered Julie—she had been as a child; but if any one thought her a woman, no one but himself would own her. His temper of jealousy grew two days, then he sent Evan down the shore on a wild-geese chase, and called Luke.

"Take the women away to Albany!"

"Yes, surr."

Luke was fairly stupefied and stared like an ox. Forbes struck him full in the face.

"Will ye go?" he said in a frenzy.

"Be around the point before McColl comes back, or 'twill be the worse for ye."

"Yes, surr," said Luke patiently.

### III

WHEN Evan went down to Luke's house that evening it was dark; there was no fire on the hearth. He came back with a great misgiving. Ian sat in a huge timber chair filled with cushions, a grim look on his face. He watched the boy, who was excited by apprehension. Gabriel was wedged in among the cushions in a warm corner.

"We'll find out who is the master here, Gabriel," said the trader. "We'll all find out sooner or later, songsters, and high and mighty lovers, and all."

Six days later Luke came back. Evan burst in upon him.

"Luke, for God's sake, tell me what has happened! Where is Julie?"

"Gone to Albany, surr."

"A hundred miles! Luke, I shall die here; there is no help for it."

"Better not do that, surr."

"Who sent them away? Tell me, quick."

"Him."

"What right has he over *your* wife and daughter?"—passionately.

"He has the saying," said Luke simply. Surely they were all in the trader's hand; his power was close over them.

By and by they began to build the skidways. They were flattening long

cottonwood logs and pinning them together. The labor was too heavy and exasperating for Evan, who was wasted with longing and many sleepless nights. His old lassitude had come upon him; he felt weary as death; he would look long upon the heavy waters and hate his life. He longed to kill Ian with his broadax; to lay him low in the midst of some cruel jibe. Once, when the trader was bending over the chalk-line adjusting it, Evan swung back the ax with a sudden passionate impulse—but Ian looked up. When he saw the gleaming blade hanging over him he showed his teeth in a smile; but he never turned his back on the boy again. After that they were pitted against each other, and Ian was the more savage because he had had those inner drawings which were now, he thought, all proved to be false.

The winter was now close upon them, though as yet it held off wondrously. A chief item of their provender was the wild fowl which they salted. The birds came in flocks among the reed-fringes of innumerable small islands, and they shot them from stands set for the purpose. Gray daylight would find the men hidden and ready with their huge fowling-pieces. One morning Evan came away without his greatcoat—for he could hardly now collect his thoughts upon any subject—and it was bitterly chill. A breeze which stung to the very bone with cold moved the reeds.

"Ye young donkey, ye're here without your coat. Ye'd leave yer head if it was any particular use to ye."

"Luke will go back for it when he comes out."

"Listen to that, now!—the young lord! Luke has better to do than fetch and carry for such as you." He was feeling in his pocket for his flint and steel to make a light for his pipe.

"You've forgotten something yourself," said Evan impudently, at a hazard.

"You're over-quick to guess. You've thieved it yourself, you young devil. I see it in your face." He whipped himself into an awful rage. "It's my fire-box I want, d'ye hear? and I'm going to find it, and you'll wish ye had even such a wee spark of fire before anybody remembers to come out for ye."

He seized the boat and put off through the reeds. Luke was kept busy by Ian all that day while he nursed his raging heart, but toward sundown, in a passion, he ordered him to go for the lad, as if the delay had been one of his faults. Evan was lying unconscious on the soggy marsh-grass in the half-frozen water. Luke rowed him to the shore and carried him to the post. He had been all day without food. He had shot some geese, and in trying to reach them had fallen into the water.

All that night Luke labored to get some of the warmth and breath of life into the lad's body, and all the next day he lay in a raging fever, with Luke alone ministering to him, as tenderly and with such rude comforts as might be. Ian, if he thought of him, betrayed no sign of it. He was warring against the demon within him. Ashamed to be solicitous for the life he had nearly taken, he argued it out with Gabriel.

"When he is well, I'll make it up with him. I'll forgive him. I'll not be ungenerous with the laddie. But he stole my fire-box, do you know that, Gabriel—reived it away, the black-hearted young devil, to think on't!"

With a heavy, desperate face he went about his business, but he did not once sit down in the house that day, not even to eat his meals. He took his food standing over against the window and gazed upon the parchment covering as if he could see through it, out upon the immensity of the waters beyond. When night came he slept in his clothes, if he slept at all, sitting in the large chair, his hands extended upon the arms and his head fallen down upon his breast.

Luke was faithful all night to the fire and to Evan, and only murmured to him when he replaced his blanket or moistened his lips with a little oatmeal-water. As the room was warmer than usual, Gabriel sat close under his master's chair and did not seek his usual haunts; occasionally he would stretch his wings, snap his bill, and move his feet restlessly. Once he was aware of something which dropped from the cushions of the chair, struck him softly on the back, ran lightly over his plumage, and fell upon the floor beside him. He opened one eye wisely and blinked at the firelight.





IT WAS AN INNOCENT GAME OF EVAN'S IN THESE DAYS TO CATCH A FULL  
SIGHT OF HER EYES



77

Toward morning Luke must have slept, for when he awoke the room was filled with equivocal daylight and Ian was gone. Evan's fever had left him, but he could barely move his limbs, so weak was he. The ordinary coarse nourishment of the post he refused when Luke prepared it for him.

"Oich! I'm done for," he said heavily. "I can't swallow the stuff, and I'm a long way from home. I wish you'd bring over my cassette, Luke."

He carried the box and set it by his side, and Evan made him rummage for a certain book of which he was fain. When he found it, at intervals all day he pored upon it, searching for something. Suddenly he said:

"Luke, bring me here a coal from the hearth."

Luke brought it in his naked fingers, which could stand fire like steel. In his excitement the boy took it from him and burned the page opposite a certain text. The live coal ate his flesh, the page, and the blanket. He sank back exhausted. In a quarter of an hour he was up again, leaning against the strength of Luke.

"I want to tell you, Luke, that I loved Julie. But there was nothing wrong; I loved her in the way men love women in God's country. I want you to give her this to be minded of Evan, who loved her in the true way."

He unwound a heavy gold chain that went three times about his neck, and gave it in Luke's hand. He was quiet for a space.

"Luke, I want you to show Ian Forbes this book, where I have burned it with the coal. At the right time—you will know—show him that, as from me. He was mightier than I, but another shall deal with him. Show it to him."

#### IV

"He's gone, surr," said Luke to Ian, humbly, as if he were in some way responsible.

"Who's gone?"

"Master Evan, surr."

"Where?"

"He's dead, surr." The man was convicted.

"My God! He did it to spite me. Luke, the fellow crossed me from the

first. It was like him to slip away—never to say where he hid the fire-box."

But Ian was filled with an awful dread; after they buried the body, for a week he never took off his clothes. He was buried himself, deep, deep in his own mind. He never spoke. He had all the superstitious feeling of his race. Every moment he was aware of the long white body in the shallow grave, covered so lightly that he expected any moment to see it stand in the doorway.

One day as he stood before the table in a dream he saw Gabriel flounder along, pushing something from under the chair. He stooped mechanically and picked up—the fire-box!

A peculiar smile came upon his face. He launched a kick at Gabriel, and turned away, trembling. What was he to do? He leaned upon the table, which shook with his trembling. Murdered, and accused falsely! He could not escape from the impeachment. He was consumed of it, as by a slow fire.

One afternoon he must have dozed in his chair. At dusk he half awoke. Mysteriously he saw the door open without a sound. An appearance stood there, gaunt, gray, fearsome, and passed like a mist into the room. It had the weird look of the boy in the grave.

With a scream Ian threw himself against the door. There was something on the floor moving strangely about. Gabriel! Then he knew. Sometimes when the bird was outside he would open the door himself by fluttering as high as the big oak latch, which extended six inches beyond the door. He would perch upon it, over-balancing it by his weight, and the heavy door would swing inward. Then some one would get up and shut it. Ian began to laugh a wild, half-mad laugh, and laughed until he was faint and covered with cold sweat.

Some days after this his mind was quieter, and Luke, who was ever watching his opportunity, heard him half-whimpering to Gabriel:

"Ye know I really loved the lad. There was that about him that I liked—ye ken? But he would not let me, he was that quick with me, and ye mind he tried to hit me with the broadax. But I wanted to love him, Gabriel."

Then Luke brought forth the Book.

"What's this?"

"The lad told me to show it to you, there—where he burned it with a coal of fire."

Ian sat down with his head in his hands and studied the page. He read before and after. Suddenly his face turned gray. He was in the hand of God. A judge rising from the grave had placed him there. He knew his crime now: he had killed the lad he loved, as, in his heart, he had restrained and killed his love for him. What would his sentence be?

Day after day he paced the shore and knew he would go mad. But he wondered how God would visit him. Gazing sometimes at the water, he thought it would rise and sweep him away; sometimes that the wind would drive him into the wilderness like a dry leaf; sometimes that the earth would open and that he would fall, fall, fall forever.

"Luke, go to Albany and tell the factor that I'm going mad. Bring him back, bring the women, bring everybody, and be as sudden as ye can."

There had been no deep cold as yet, and the ice had barely formed, but Luke obeyed. The danger, and it was great, meant nothing to him.

## V

THREE days after that Ian, exhausted with frantic watching and overcome with

dread, slept in his chair. The fire went low on the hearth. A change of which he was all unconscious was abroad in the world. It was the beginning of one of those periods of intense and awful cold which strangle life and make callous the very earth itself. There was no stir in the air, but it seemed to tighten as from some enormous pressure.

Ian slept. Then, mysteriously, the door opened without a sound. Gabriel fluttered in. But there was no one to shut the door.

Ian slept on. The bird flew upon the chair and nestled close behind him, eager for the warmth of his body. Time passed silently; the cold grew deeper and deeper.

Ian slept on. His breath fell in little regular showers of snow on his beard and breast.

Swiftly a shade of white flew across the back of his bare hands, extended on the arms of his chair. His face grew blanched, white as a leper's. The last of the snow fell lightly down upon his beard. His face, clouded no longer by his breath, shone out upon the dusk with a grim, terrible distinctness. There was he fixed, ice to the core, rigid and unchangeable. Over the Book was his right hand, frozen down upon the words in Romans which had been marked with the coal of fire—"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

## AFTER WINTER

LIFE follows death. Where long the snow has lain  
Like some white blossom on the winter hills,  
Now there is thaw that smites the eyes like pain,  
And stir of waking rills.

Where there was iron silence, now is hush  
That broods like hunger in the air around,  
All eager for the music of the thrush,  
And joy of every sound.

Now hope, like some great sorrow, awes the world,  
For doubt and grief attend the season's change;  
And like a shadow on the earth is hurled  
The sunlight dim and strange.

Yet 'tis but darkness ere spring's hour of dawn;  
O thou, my heart, his glad arrival wait,  
For life must surely come when death has gone—  
Go meet him at the gate!

*Edward Wilbur Mason*

# HOW TO WRITE CORRECTLY

## A Set of Rules for the Details of English Style, Giving Systematic Directions for the Use of Capitals, Italics, Abbreviations, etc.

### STYLE

EVERYBODY who writes letters is interested in the details of a correct printer's style. When to use capitals, when to italicize, when to abbreviate, when to use figures, and when to spell numbers out—these and like problems are puzzling to one who can look back only to the general principles of a school grammar.

Knowing how difficult it is for the average person to get hold of these little points, we are giving to readers the style-sheet, or list of rules, followed in the editorial offices and composing and proof-reading rooms of The Frank A. Munsey Company. There is not, of course, a rule to cover every case, but the statements are definite enough to meet all ordinary questions. Some of the rules are arbitrary—as, for instance, the direction to consult the Standard Dictionary, which is by no means the only good dictionary, though it is the one used in this office; but such directions are necessary for the sake of consistency and uniformity. The rules as a whole stand for long practical experience. We trust that others will be glad to have them, and will find them practical.

### I—SPELLING

(1) GENERAL RULE—Follow the Standard Dictionary. When several forms of the same word are given, use the first.

(2) FOR PROPER NAMES—Follow the Century Dictionary of Names. For minor geographical names, not to be

found in the Century Dictionary of Names, consult the Century Atlas.

### II—USE OF CAPITALS

(1) CAPITALIZE the following terms referring to offices, officials, and political parties and institutions of the United States:

President, Presidency, Vice-President, Vice-Presidency.

Secretary of State, Postmaster-General, and other Cabinet officers.

Department of State, or State Department, and names of other executive departments; also Bureau of Labor, Bureau of Navigation, etc.

Congress, Congressman, Congressional, Senate, Senator, Senatorial, Senatorship, Representative, House of Representatives, House (meaning House of Representatives).

Ways and Means Committee and similar committees.

Supreme Court.

State, Territory, Legislature (of a State), Assembly, Assemblyman.

Union (noun and adjective), Federal, Governor, Governorship.

Republican, Democrat, Democratic (of political parties).

Constitution (of the United States); but do not capitalize State constitutions.

Colonial, when it refers to the Colonial period, or to arts and crafts, etc., named therefrom.

(2) CAPITALIZE Washington Street, the Gulf of Mexico, the Ohio River, the Appalachian Mountains, the United States Steel Corporation; New Year's Day, etc.; the Middle Ages; the Civil War, the Thirty Years' War, etc.; but do not capitalize the river Thames, the

battle of Waterloo, the treaty of Paris, etc.

(3) CAPITALIZE names of rulers and peers; as, the King of England, the Emperor of Austria, the Duke of Marlborough; but when alluded to as the king, the emperor, the duke, do not capitalize.

(4) CAPITALIZE the Pope, the Czar, the Kaiser, the Sultan, the Shah, the Khedive, the Dauphin, the Mahdi, the Mikado, which are to be regarded as proper names. Capitalize the Papacy, but not papal. Capitalize the Dominion (meaning the Dominion of Canada). Capitalize the House of Commons, the House of Lords, Parliament, the Reichstag, etc.; but do not capitalize the house, the chamber, referring to foreign legislative bodies.

(5) CAPITALIZE His Holiness Pius X, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, His Serene Highness the Duke of Teck; but when alluded to as his holiness, her royal highness, your grace, my lord, etc., without the name, do not capitalize.

(6) CAPITALIZE Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Jewish, Christian; the Bible, the Scriptures, the Gospel, the Word, the Book (meaning the Bible); Heaven, as a synonym for God, but not as a place; Providence, the Almighty, the Savior, the Master, and other titles of the Deity; also Thou, Thee, Thy, He, Him, and His, referring to God. Do not capitalize biblical and scriptural.

(7) CAPITALIZE Old World, New World—if used in strict geographical sense.

(8) CAPITALIZE the East, the Far East, the Orient, referring to the eastern Mediterranean region and to Asia.

(9) CAPITALIZE East, Eastern, West, Western, referring to sections of the United States. But do not capitalize east wind, fronting to the south, etc.; nor western Pennsylvania, and similar phrases in which the adjective does not form part of a regular geographical term.

(10) CAPITALIZE such words as Fate, Nature, Destiny, Joy, Sorrow, when un-

mistakably personified; but this is a poetical usage, to be avoided in prose.

(11) USE SMALL CAPITALS for A.D., B.C.; A.M., P.M.

(12) DO NOT CAPITALIZE the titles of minor public officials, officers of corporations, etc.; as, mayor of Boston, district attorney of New York, French ambassador to Russia, American minister at Athens, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, secretary of the Reform Club.

(13) DO NOT CAPITALIZE the government of the United States, a justice of the Supreme Court.

(14) DO NOT CAPITALIZE socialist, anarchist, revolutionist; spring, summer, etc.; dago, gringo, and other words not correctly classed as proper names.

(15) DO NOT CAPITALIZE, when standing alone, such words and phrases as sir, miss, madam, your honor; the queen, the alderman, the captain, etc. See Section 3, above.

### III—ABBREVIATIONS

(1) ABBREVIATE, in connection with proper names, Mr., Mrs., Messrs., Dr., Rev., Hon., Jr., Sr., Mme., Mlle. (in French names); M.D., LL.D., etc.; St. Louis, St. Paul, etc.; but spell out French names like Saint-Saëns, Sainte-Beuve.

(2) USE "&" and "& Co." in firm names only; as Smith & Jones, the Smith & Jones Company, R. H. Macy & Co.; but the G. W. Smith Company, the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, etc.

(3) SPELL OUT numbers, except—

(a) When very complex, or when used repeatedly in a statistical article or passage. Spell out percentages, as twenty per cent; but when decimals are to be represented, use figures, as 3.65 per cent.

(b) Days of the month, as January 16, the 16th of January.

(c) 10 A.M., 5 P.M., etc.; but spell out ten o'clock, five o'clock, etc.

(4) SPELL OUT Avenue, Street, Road, etc.; Professor, Governor, General, Colonel, etc.; January, February, etc.



(5) SPELL OUT Springfield, Massachusetts; Patchogue, Long Island; Mount Tom, Mont Blanc, and all geographical names (except St. Louis, St. Paul, etc.).

#### IV—OTHER RULES

(1) FOR THE POSSESSIVE CASE of singular nouns ending in s add the apostrophe and s; as, Jones's, princess's. But to the word Jesus, and in the phrase for goodness' sake, add only the apostrophe.

(2) ITALICIZE foreign words and phrases; as, *élan*, *en route*; *monsieur*, *signor*, *señor*, etc., except before proper

names. But *débris*, *début*, *rôle*, and many other words originally foreign are to be regarded as English words, and should not be italicized. In doubtful cases, incline against italicizing.

Names of periodicals, and of characters in books and plays; as, the *New York Herald*, the *London Times*, *Becky Sharp*, *Iago*, etc.

(3) QUOTE names of books, plays, pictures, and statuary, as "The Newcomes," "All's Well That Ends Well," "The Horse-Fair."

(4) USE 1875-1878, not 1875-78 or 1875-'78; but in college classes, say class of '86.

#### THE RIDER OF THE SNOWS

ACROSS Alhambra's moonlit garden floats  
A serenade that stills the bulbuls' throats;  
Zorayah, stealing from the Sultan's breast,  
Dreams at the lattice of a voice loved best.

"Out o'er the mountains, O Sultana, haste!  
Fond arms shall clasp thee 'neath my cloak of snows,  
Kisses of fire thy lips and mine shall taste,  
Beyond the mountains ere the dawn shall close."

Down through Granada, hark, there comes the beat  
Of hurrying hoofs along the sacred street,  
Where, 'neath the lamps, like stars at Allah's throne,  
The monk Abdallah guards the mosque alone.

"Out o'er the mountains, holy sheikh, be gone,  
So thou mayst find thy fountain of desire;  
The snows shall breathe their peace thy soul upon;  
The stars console thee with anointed fire."

Now turns that midnight rider swiftly in  
Among the alleys of the Zacatin,  
But none of all the merchants heard him call  
Save old Sulayman, huddled in his stall.

"Out o'er the mountains, hoarder, ere the day  
Shall set the sapphire minaret agleam;  
Seal up thy little booth, cast scrip away;  
At dawn I lead thee to the golden stream."

And ere muezzin-call, three shadows gray  
Haste out the gate upon the mountain-way,  
Till by a fount their shrouded guide takes breath,  
Brushing the snows from off the stone marked "Death."

Thomas Walsh

# A FORGOTTEN ATTRIBUTE

BY VINGIE E. ROE

AUTHOR OF "THE CABIN ON THE SHOULDER," "THE STORY  
ON THE FACTOR'S BOOK," ETC.

TWO men sat in a handsomely appointed office. One was middle-aged, rotund, bald, well clothed—smiling, urbane, satisfied. From his slightly florid face and shrewd, remarkable eyes to his tapering white hands everything about him said Essential Graft. And everything around him said that he had made good. The office was his, and a very legitimate business was his.

The other man was younger, a great deal younger—a wholesome, well-groomed fellow with the appearance of having started squarely some few years back among the affairs of men and of forging sturdily ahead on a safe basis. His face was open and refined, sensitive as to lips, daring as to eyes. He sat beside the table, and one of his hands—they were rather artistic in form—tapped uncertainly on the polished surface.

The Grafter leaned comfortably back in his comfortable chair.

"It is perfectly safe," he said.

"I know it is," replied the younger man. "A thing to command your advocacy must be safe. And for me, now, at this critical time, it would have to be—perfectly safe," he finished rather lamely.

"Not only safe, but a remarkable opportunity. Think of the opportunity." The speaker puffed a slow ring of blue smoke into the air.

The younger man looked suddenly across to a wide leather couch between the plate-glass windows. Stretched upon it lay a third party, a strange incongruous element in the atmosphere of elegance. He wore a faded rag of what had once been a dress coat, a pair of trousers that had scarce a right to the title, and from the apologetic shoes upon his feet protruded several toes. He was

sunk in profound slumber, an old brown felt hat drawn down over his eyes. So much of his face as was visible showed a stubby growth of beard.

The elder man noticed the other's glance.

"That's all right," he said. "Our friend is good for three hours more." He looked at the sleeper quizzically. "I never could see," he continued, "how a man could come to that. That," he paused and thought a moment, "is Complete Loss. He has not succeeded. There is nothing in all the experience of life to overbalance failure. They always appeal to me, these problems. I found him in the park and brought him up here. I want to talk to him after a while—mean to ask him how it feels to lose grip."

The younger man smiled. "Not sympathetic?" he queried. "No lurking ideas of moral philanthropy?"

"Not in the slightest degree. I have no sympathy for the Failure. Neither have the majority." The remarkable eyes of the man of success took on a queer, impartial, speculative look. A shade of annoyance passed momentarily over the face of the other.

"Sometimes there are extenuating circumstances," he said.

"Never. The man who *takes* success, succeeds. The one who stops, swerves, even for a moment, fails. There must be nothing before business."

He fell silent just there. He was artist enough not to say quite enough. The listener, in finishing out the train, would, nine times out of ten, go farther than the originator of the thought. The Grafter smoked contentedly.

The young man stirred uneasily.

"This is too near crooked," he blurted.

"Scruples?" smiled the other. "I never had them. *He* did." He nodded toward the prone figure on the couch.

The young man arose, walked to a window on the farther side of the room, and looked down upon the hurrying crowds below. There was something too grimly suggestive in the comparison. The office was typical of his plane of life. Failure meant that thing on the couch.

Presently he turned and came back.

"Camwell," he said, tapping his knuckles on the table-top, "I have never done a shady thing before. My business record has been clean."

"Good policy—while it works. Will it work during the coming week?"

"*I don't know.*"

Camwell threw the butt of his cigar into an ash-tray and turned to the table with his arms upon it. His voice was strong and convincing.

## II

THE air of the office was soft and delicious. It penetrated with a sense of physical well-being even into the depths of a consciousness that had for hours lost all account of existence.

The tramp on the leather couch opened his eyes dully. He was too inert to move a muscle. The sense of warmth, of comfort, of lying upon springs was enough in itself. He floated in a dreamy border-land of delightful sensation. Beneath the rim of the old felt hat appeared one corner of a handsome room—low book-shelves, dull walls, and dark woodwork.

The Failure looked at these things through half-shut eyes, scarce comprehending what they were. For a long time he lay thus, hardly asleep and not awake. Some sound was beating into his brain with a pleasant rhythm. Presently he became conscious that the sound was a human voice, a deep, comfortable, human voice. It was pounding evenly along, reiterating some desirable thing.

At first he had no sense of words, just an undercurrent of sound. It was another voice breaking in that shook their meaning into his dreamy confusion—a younger voice—hesitating, undecided, half yielding, yet vibrant with protestation. The Failure lay and listened without comprehension, not wanting it. The

accompaniment of sound was necessary to make it seem real. In silence he would not have been sure of the soft air, the soft couch, the soft outline of somber furnishing.

After a while he began to drift on a vague tide of dreams. The shapeless mass of simple sensations seemed to take on form. The things he could see were *memories*. Out of oblivion those book-shelves had come. He knew dreamily that the volume fifth from the end was his old copy of Plato, the one next was the "*Rubaiyat*." Instantly, with recognition, there sifted into his contented, inert mind the words:

Then spoke a jar of more ungainly make,  
"What! did the hand, then, of the Potter  
shake?"

There was no feeling of strangeness. These things were all from of old. He knew even the feel of the couch beneath him. He need but turn his head to see the fire leaping in a big, old-fashioned grate. He was looking down the length of his form with eyes half closed in delightful languor, consequently the faded dress coat and ragged shoes were below the line of the lower lids. The Failure was for the time the Man Who Had Been. With one of those rare moments of compensation which are vouchsafed us now and then, his recent life was blotted out. He wished Estella would begin to play in the music-room down the hall. He loved the wild calling of her violin. He was listening for it.

Suddenly, like a burst of sound where all had been silence, he heard and comprehended sharply the words, in that younger, protesting voice: "Honor! It is hard to sacrifice that, Camwell. Why even that sleeping tramp has honor of some sort—some standard of it."

In one instant the past had scattered its dreams. He looked with awakened eyes at the book-shelves. The toe of one torn shoe was visible. He knew who he was, though where he was was a mystery. He must have been pretty far gone when he came here.

Then the deep voice which had been a soothing portion of that half hour of the past spoke.

"Honor? Have I honor? Have you? Has any man to-day who reaches the

top? Pah! That is an empty word. There is none. Could honor carry you through the financial rapids of this coming week?"

There was no word in answer; only a half articulate groan. The tramp listened, fully awake. The first voice was so plainly that of a young man defending the higher ground of his manhood, yet plainly slipping. Sharply conscious, he went back to that past which had been about him a few moments ago. This same scene had been enacted before, only *he* had said those same words, those same tremulous words, about the sacrifice of honor. He longed to move, to look at the face of the young man by the table, though he knew just how the young man looked—clean and well groomed and straight of glance.

The deep voice went on.

"It is the survival of the fittest. Every man on earth has his price."

"But, Camwell, Van Glyck will be ruined."

"Go to the devil!" The Grafter got up angrily.

"You talk like a fool. What does any man of to-day who pushes to the top over the heads of lesser fools give for honor! As soon expect to find it in this thing here on the couch as in a successful broker."

He stopped by the table. The younger man had risen, too.

"Here, wake this thing—this limp heap of failure—and ask him what he would do in your case. He'll tell you mighty quick to take what the fates offer. I fancy he knows what it is to fail in business. He's got a story, I'll warrant, that will knock out honor and all else. If he tells you to stick to your honor, by Heaven, I'll tide you over myself and let you go your own way!"

The elder man stood looking into the face of the younger.

"Wake him," he added tersely, "and I'll stand by my word."

The younger man stared for a moment incredulously; then a queer, excited expression came into his eyes. One of his hands strayed oddly back and forth across the top of the table with a swinging motion.

"A strange test," he said; "a strange test."

He stood for a while considering. The tramp on the couch breathed softly. In the interval before the challenged should speak again he deliberately closed his eyes and drew from those forgotten shadows two things—a woman's face, and the memory of himself as he had been when this scene was enacted before. Suddenly the young man spoke.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I'll wake him—and I'll make the test worth while."

He crossed the room and touched the tramp on the shoulder.

### III

THE Failure opened his eyes—as if from sleep. It was just as he knew it would be, the face of the young man, open and fine and clean-cut. Only now there were faint lines fixing themselves around the mouth, unaccustomed lines, set after the same hard fashion as those around the lips of the other.

The young man spoke gravely:

"I beg your pardon—but would you mind helping my friend and me to decide a question? It is important."

The man on the couch sat up. He removed his brown felt hat. The advocate of graft had returned to his comfortable chair. The younger man walked to the table, stood a moment drawing something from an inside pocket—something large and bulky, which fitted tightly. Presently it yielded and he laid it down. It was a package of bank-notes. Then he sat down.

"Mr. ———?" he interrogated.

"Jones," supplied the Failure.

"Mr. Jones, my friend here is going to ask you for a bit of advice, based on your personal experience of life. In this package are five thousand dollars—the last between me and a decision, one way or another. If you advise the course this gentleman does, they are yours—I sha'n't need them." He pushed the package over to the edge of the table.

"Camwell, proceed," he said.

The broker's sparkling eyes glowed with surprised appreciation.

"By George! You're gamer than I thought!" he ejaculated. He turned to the tramp on the edge of the couch.

"This young man and I have had a long discussion while you were enjoying

my couch. As you can see, we are both men whose business lies in the money market. We have both been successful. I have followed my own methods. He has followed his. I am middle-aged and financially safe. He is young and on the verge of ruin. His policy, if followed longer, will land him, not later than the middle of the coming week, in bankruptcy. It is honor—absolute—in all things, business included. Mine is possession, by any means and all. Thereon is founded my success.

"In the palm of my hand I hold a deal that will not only tide him safely over, but will make him permanently. Its only drawback—it is not along the lines of straight-laced, square dealing. If he adopts my policy he must change his methods entirely. I tell him honor does not exist, the honor that will not sacrifice another for personal gain. You have evidently seen life. We decided to ask your advice and act upon it.

"If he adopts my policy, he must sacrifice his honor, his self-respect. By laying down that bundle of bank-notes he makes it almost impossible for you to do otherwise than advise as I do. If you do, I must admit myself beaten. I must acknowledge the existence of a higher attribute than I possess."

The Gifter stopped, smiling. He looked from the man on the couch to the one in the chair. But the Failure had heard scarce a word.

Five thousand dollars! He looked dully at the package, then at the face of the younger man. It was quivering. The tramp closed his eyes. He put his hands to his ears. In sudden, silent darkness he tried to conjure from the past that other scene and a woman's face.

"Estella!" he said.

"Hey?" exclaimed the broker, leaning forward.

Five thousand dollars! But against it the honor of a fellow being. The Failure saw himself again in darkly paneled rooms. And he saw, stretching out before that sturdy, fine young fellow by the table, the years of despair and self-contempt that he himself had traveled.

"As soon find honor in that sleeping tramp——" Honor, in a failure like him—against five thousand dollars!

He had once had honor, but he had sacrificed it—just as that young man was waiting to do now. What would he not have given in those terrible years to have had it back—the undefinable inner consciousness that could make a man look all others in the face.

Five thousand dollars?

Five—thousand—dollars!

Very quietly the tramp arose. He lifted his unkempt head and walked to the table.

He looked, not at the elder man, but straight into the eyes of the younger.

"A man," he said, "can fall pretty low. I have fallen pretty low myself, but not so low that I would sell another's honor for five thousand dollars—nor for five million."

He turned sharply to the elder man. "That," he said, drawing himself up to his long unaccustomed height, "is what I have learned of life."

He bowed stiffly and, turning, went, still erect, out through the heavy doors.

The younger man arose. His eyes were radiant, a new courage was settling in his fine face. He gathered up the roll of bills.

"Thank you, Camwell, for your wish to help me," he said, "but I guess I'll fight it out along my lines."

#### DISCOURAGEMENT

With leaden arms she grasps the seeker's knees,  
In silence pointing back at deeds undone—  
At gifts unseized and bursts of song unsung,  
Till numbing grayness colors all he sees.

Yet, at his feet, are other chances cast,  
Right ready to his hand to have and hold.  
This very day's warm sun might see him mold  
A living present from an empty past.

*Warwick James Price*



# STORIETTES

## The Pace-Maker

*Letter from Miss Kent Davison, a Landscape-Painter, to Ludwig Tichenor, Her Teacher*

MY GOOD MASTER:—June sunsets are surprisingly ambitious here in Hillington. The afterglow to-night was attempting painfully to reproduce your "Promesse," which hung opposite the door of your studio in 1897. The imitation moved me to write you a letter, although I know that you hate letters. So do I. At thirty-five, however, one is impulsive. Weren't you?

Oh, I am very well, thank you. I have knocked out the partitions, and my cottage is habitable. The air here is like wine. Do you still dine at Zapri's? Dear me! And to think that yesterday morning I made cherry-bounce with my own hands! In the afternoon pretty little Edna Royce rode over. I administered cherry-bounce, and she trembled with ecstasy. "How attractive!" she sighed. If I should suggest that we climb Hillington Peak on our bare knees, she would say, "How attractive!" Edna worships me. I like Edna; she is a discerning girl.

The Royces are fashionable, pompous, and insignificant—except Edna, of course. I have lunched there. Ugh! After luncheon the feminine Royces exclaimed radiantly: "How well you get on with father!" This they hold to be the supreme compliment.

Edna is a jewel. Better than that, she is an amusing jewel. She is what I call conventionally unconventional. In commonplace ways she tries to avoid the commonplace. Most people have the sense to go humbly to church—not she. Most people have the sense to read Shakespeare and Scott and Thackeray—not Edna. Most people have the sense to be sociable. "People are so tiresome!" declares Edna, and escapes happily to my solitary hovel. I love her. She is dark and has Madonna eyes. It

is such a strain for her to be uncommon.

The worst of it is that Edna ought to be married. His name is Benjamin Foster and he owns a mill where he makes quantities of shoes, or envelopes, or something. Whatever they are, I am told that he makes them very nicely. Sunday afternoons he takes Edna out riding in what he denominates his double rig. She has refused him four times. "Promise me, poor old Ben, that it will make no difference in our friendship." Perhaps you recall the formula.

No, I haven't come to the worst of it yet. The absolutely final worst is that, if I were out of the way, I feel that Edna might be happy with Benjamin and the shoes (or envelopes). She regards my unattached circumstances enviously. Indeed, she nurses a hope that some day she and I may live together. "How happy to be alone with one's life-work!" says Edna. "How attractive!"

I have come to be detested by Benjamin, who is a creature of penetration. I believe that he wishes me hence. I believe him to be sufficiently malicious to plot to marry me off to somebody, and throw a lead to Edna.

The last colors you sent were vile, but by overlaying the magenta, etc., etc.

*Letter from Benjamin Foster, a Manufacturer, to Basil Carlyle, a Marine Artist*

FRIEND CARL:—I noted your name in the papers, and I am sure you are glad to be in the United States again. Your pictures will command high prices over here. We are going to have a boom market, if Congress will let the tariff alone. You remember that I am heavily interested in the dress-goods line.

I will be pleased to have you pay us a visit at Hillington, as I have not seen you since college days. Mother will be pleased to entertain you at our place. This district is widely known as the Switzerland of America. There are ele-

gant drives around here, and I have a first-class double rig.

We enjoy a good deal of society in Hillington. The Royces entertain considerable at their mansion, and you would get on well with Mr. Royce, who is a splendid conversationalist. I want especially to make you acquainted with Miss Kent Davison, who located among us six months ago. She is an artist by profession, but a perfect lady, and would be congenial company for you. Mr. Royce says she is the handsomest lady who was ever introduced to him, except the Princess of Wales.

I suppose you are as far away as I am, Carl, from being married and settled down. I cannot hardly make up my mind to get married. Did you know that Mose Anderson is married to, etc., etc.

*From the Journal of Miss Edna Royce*

*June 16.*—A beautiful day. Watched the sunrise and read "Ynys and Leolette" before breakfast of watercress and macaroons. Practised the harp on my balcony. Dear papa annoyed, but I have a presentiment that the harp will be my life-work. Rode over to see dear Kent. Passed the Rockwell girl also on horseback. Shall walk to-morrow. Oh, to live with Kent for always! Dear mama informed me of her anxiety about my devotion to the harp. I tried to be kind to mama, but finally broke the news as gently as possible concerning my life-work. Read "The Grievous Quest of Sieur Ambrose."

*June 17, Sunday.*—Wandered in the dark copse while the family was at church. Drove with poor old Ben. He asked me again. Oh, the tragedy of his unrequited love! The Rockwell girl has bought a harp.

*June 18.*—A sleepless night. Spoke to Kent about taking up painting for my life-work. She suggested that I become a charity nurse. How attractive! In the gloaming I lay in the copse and listened to the birds. Very helpful.

*June 19.*—Have a cold. Read "Black Worlds" by Ernst von Ernst. Poor old Ben called with Mr. Basil Carlyle, a friend who is visiting him. I never met any one with the name of Basil, although it is familiar to me from the poems of Catriona MacHebides.

*June 20.*—Mr. Carlyle was at Kent's cottage this afternoon. He is tall and has the crusader's jaw, of which I have read. But he thinks Shakespeare the greatest poet. He never heard of Catriona MacHebides! I am afraid he is very ordinary. He walked home with me, and I lent him "Ynys and Leolette."

*June 24.*—Kent and Mr. Carlyle went to church together and lunched here. A man must be very prosaic to go to church and eat three thick slices of roast beef. He thanked me for "Ynys and Leolette" and said that it was prettily printed. I dislike him intensely and hope Kent does. Poor old Ben is going away for a month on a business trip. Mr. Carlyle has taken a room at Mr. Clancy's hotel, like a common drummer.

*June 25.*—A fearful discovery. Poor old Ben said he trusted "Carlyle and Miss Davison would make a match of it." At Kent's cottage this afternoon Mr. Carlyle was reading Goldsmith to her. He walked home with me and thought the copse looked buggy. Decided to be a charity nurse.

*June 26.*—Began my life-work. I spend an hour every morning with Mr. Meyer, the tailor, who has something awful the matter with his leg.

*June 27.*—Read "Black Worlds" to Mr. Meyer.

*June 28.*—Read "The Enchanted Hermitage" to Mr. Meyer.

*June 29.*—Read "The Chaunt of Ysobel" to Mr. Meyer.

*June 30.*—Sore throat.

*July 1.*—Papa thinks that Mr. Carlyle is the best listener he ever talked to, except Bismarck.

*July 2.*—This morning Mr. Meyer was sitting up and working. Some one has given him a harness for his leg. He did not wish to be read to. I was discouraged. Mr. Carlyle and Kent were cooking doughnuts at her cottage this afternoon. He ate eleven, and walked home with me, although I hardly said a word. I detest prosaic persons.

*July 3.*—Kent says Mr. Carlyle has had several famous pictures in the Salon. I do not see how a man can be a famous artist and at the same time like to box with Mr. Clancy, the hotel-keeper.

*July 4.*—Mr. Clancy has a terrible

black eye. I saw him driving Mr. Carlyle to the firemen's clambake to-day. A Basil at a clambake! Kent seems so fond of him. I fear the worst.

*July 5.*—Found Mr. Carlyle at Kent's to-day. He is the one who gave the leg-harness to Mr. Meyer.

*July 7.*—Found Mr. Carlyle at Kent's to-day. I am lonely and miserable.

*July 8.*—Wrote to poor old Ben.

*July 9.*—Mr. Carlyle swam twice around Long Pond on a bet with Mr. Clancy.

*July 10.*—Asked Kent to spend a fortnight at our house. But papa invited Mr. Carlyle to stay with us, too. They are both here. Everything seems against me. Sat on my balcony to-night with Mr. Carlyle.

*July 11.*—Mr. Carlyle smokes a pipe in the evening, and cannot smoke indoors because he uses queer tobacco which the sailors gave him when he lived in a fore-castle. The Caribbean Sea is a most interesting sea.

*July 14.*—Began to read "The Vicar of Wakefield."

*July 15.*—Went to church.

*July 16.*—Had a swimming lesson.

*July 17.*—Learned to make a Welsh rabbit.

*July 18.*—A beautiful day, etc., etc.

*Letter from Miss Kent Davison to Ludwig Tichenor*

BELOVED BEAR:—Basil Carlyle, the marine man, has been here. He is a confirmed splasher in green-and-yellow; but you'd like him. To use a housewifely phrase, his mind cleans up with amazing speed. It was funny to see him make Edna drop her various life-works and her little books with the wide margins.

The splasher was brought to Hillington by Benjamin Foster, in order to engage my affections while the artful Ben philandered with Edna Royce. This intricate maneuver led to a result which astonishes nobody more than it does me.

Dear Edna is really going to be married. She is proud to admit that she is human and ordinary. Basil Carlyle will be the best of husbands for her. She is to be married to Basil at Christmas. Benjamin takes the consequences of his machinations rather splendidly, and a certain Rockwell girl here already

expresses lively interest in the manufacture of dress-goods.

By the way, if there's a decent studio-apartment near yours, I wish you'd lease it for me. I'm leaving Hillington. The new brushes sold at, etc., etc.

*Edward Boltwood*

## Under Bare Poles

CAPTAIN BARKER, the master of the Newfoundland barkantine Fox, met the master of the Halifax schooner Ada B. in front of the Standard Ice House. Captain Barker feigned surprise.

"By George," he cried, "I warn't expectin' to see you again so soon."

The skipper of the Ada B. grinned uncertainly. "You wasn't, wasn't you?" he replied. "Well, for all that, I've been layin' in the bay yonder goin' on five days. What was the matter with your eyesight when you sailed in this mornin'?"

Barker laughed.

"I congratulate you, captain," he said. "You cleared from Pernambuco just nine days ahead o' the Fox, an' you made Barbados five days ahead o' her—well, that's rattlin' good sailin' for a Halifax schooner."

Tally slapped a big fist into the palm of a big hand. "By the jumpin'—jumps—up!" he cried. "I'll sail you a race on any wind—fair, head, or beam—an' I'll lick you dead."

"We'll have a drink first," said Captain Barker. So they linked arms and entered the Standard Ice House. Seating themselves in rocking-chairs, they called for a beverage characteristic of those seas—a mixture of coconut water, nutmeg, lime, and something else. They lighted slim cigars from Jamaica. Suddenly old Captain Barker turned sideways in his chair.

"That's considerable of a breeze," he exclaimed, squinting at the window.

"Aye, an' it's swung 'round to the north," replied Tally.

They emptied their glasses hastily and left the place. Uneasiness was in the hearts of both. The sudden rising and shifting of the wind, the season of the year, and the appearance of the sky, all suggested the probability of a

stiff blow. Upon reaching the water-front they were confirmed in their fears. A schooner was making sail with all speed. H. M. S. Drake was steaming seaward, with "Jack's" wash still flapping domestically above her forward deck. A steam-winch aboard a rusty-red "tramp" was snarling at a cable.

The skippers sprang into the nearest boat at the foot of the water-stairs, and bawled to the dusky crew to bestir themselves. Barker pointed out their vessels.

The fellows bent to the oars with a will. The long boat shot away from its rocking companions, out of the careenage and into the choppy waters of the bay. Tally looked at the elder mariner with a twinkle in his dark eyes.

"I guess here's our chance to have a race," he said.

"Where to?" asked Barker.

"Oh, anywhere—to wherever we're bound on this here gale that's brewin'."

Barker chuckled in his gray beard.

"A race it is," he said. "An' may the best craft win!"

As the boat ran alongside the Ada B, Captain Tally sprang to the ladder and swarmed up the black and swaying side, bawling commands to his mate. Barker waved his hand and shifted over to the middle of the seat.

"Yank her along, boys. Show me what the yams an' flyin'-fish has been doin' for you," he said.

The boatmen grinned, and put their backs into the oars. But they rolled their eyes skyward at every stroke. Captain Barker's beard flared to leeward, spread and tugged by the wind. The forgotten cigar protruded from under his mustache. His gray eyes were alert.

"Way enough!" he cried. Standing up in the staggering boat, with the yoke-lines still in his hands, he dropped two half-crown pieces on the cushions of the seat. The boat soared and hung under the high and menacing wall of the barkantine's starboard side. The skipper sprang surely to the third rung of the ladder, rattled up and over like a youth of twenty, and leaped to the deck.

"Both watches!" he cried. "Mr. Finlay, crack on the heads'ls and snatch up the anchor. Look alive, lads."

Jibs fluttered up. The big windlass just aft of the fo'castle-head was manned

in a twinkling. To the clank, clank of the cable through the hawse-hole the boatswain raised the gusty notes of a chanty.

The wind fell dead. The black clouds settled down on the island. The jibs of the barkantine shivered. Bells rang frantically in the darkling city. The sailors hushed their singing and swung at the great irons of the windlass with redoubled vigor. The sweat sprang out on their desperate faces and glistened on hairy arm and chest. Even Mr. Finlay lent a hand to the work. Captain Barker raced aft, slammed down the sashes of the skylight, and joined the sailor at the wheel. The nor'east was like a dark-gray blanket. It showed a ragged edge high up the dome of the sky.

The clanking of the windlass ceased. The jibs fluttered uselessly. Mr. Finlay walked aft and reported the anchor catted. His young, weak face was drawn to unusual lines by the anxiety of the moment.

"I'm afeared we're too late to make any southin', sir," he remarked huskily.

The skipper faced at him sharply, and then looked across to where Tally's schooner was hanging foolish heads'ls. "Nor'east is about our course—when we get the wind," he said.

And then, in a second—quick as the drawing of a breath—the hurricane descended upon the bay. The fury of it was indescribable. For a minute it seemed as if the barkantine meant to sound under that frightful pressure of wind. She quivered down on an even keel. Then the jibs split and she leaped forward like a horse spurred to madness. Spray flew in sheets. The tumult was deafening. It was as if the whole sky had slipped from its eternal lashings, and the ocean been wrenched from its bed, and the island torn from its coral moorings.

Captain Barker clung beside the sailor to the straining wheel. Together they held the tortured vessel on a course across the white and screaming water—on a course which they prayed would keep her clear of the land. For a second, through a rift in the flying scud, they saw the Ada B. driving ahead. Mr. Finlay lay over the scuttle of the after-companion,

holding hard with knees and hands and wondering dully if his ribs were really broken.

Presently the houses against the barkantine's foremast—galley, sail-room, and deck-fo'castle—went over the bows like a flight of prehistoric birds. The crew blew forward and took refuge under the narrow deck of the fo'castle-head. The galley stove trundled after them and settled an old score with the cook by barking his shin and burning his hands. One of the harness-casks broke away from its lashings, rolled across the ordinary seaman, and wedged itself under the windlass.

Still the good ship tore on through the blinding smother, racing the wind and the following seas. Aft, the skipper and the helmsman hung to the wheel. Mr. Finlay, a fair-weather navigator at best, kept to the shelter of the companion and thought of his father's cottage ashore.

The foremast, with its weight of yards, had snapped off close to the deck within ten minutes of the striking of the storm. The boatswain had cleared the wreckage at the risk of his life.

The mad flight of the barkantine lasted five hours, through a gloom that was of mingled sea and cloud and wind. Then, suddenly the roaring of the torn waters changed its note.

"Surf!" yelled Captain Barker to his fellow hero at the wheel; and even while the face of the man blanched at the word the old barkantine lifted her shaking bows and plunged across the first white hurdle.

"A sandy beach—and a cove to berth her in!" cried the skipper. "Hold her steady, lad, and we'll all live to lie about it."

The Fox had nothing in her holds save a light ballast of sand. She was like a thing alive, leaping, striking, and leaping again. Main and mizzen masts went by the board. Then there was a rending and grinding of timbers on the swirling sands.

Just two hours later by his watch Captain Barker crawled up a rocky hill on his left. Behind him Mr. Finlay and the crew of the broken Fox smoked their pipes and salvaged what they could of the stores. Though the hurricane had

passed, the world continued to tremble and ring with the tumult of battered waters and vibrating rocks.

The skipper reached the summit of the ridge and looked over. There, in a sandy cove like the one behind him—a pocket in the frontage of formidable cliff—lay a battered and dismantled hulk. A glance of his seaman's eye told him that the wreck was what had so lately been the Halifax schooner *Ada B.* Men were standing at the lip of the tide. Captain Tally himself was clutching at a canister in the wash. Barker shouted and waved his arms.

"How long have you been berthed?" he hailed.

Tally stared at him open-mouthed. Presently he bawled back, "A matter o' half an hour, I reckon."

"Then we've beat you by an hour and a half," yelled old Barker. "By George!" he added to himself, "the Fox was a sweet model for racing."

He looked over his shoulder down at the wreckage of the barkantine. "Five hours from Barbados to St. Vincent—well, that's good sailing!" he muttered.

*Theodore Roberts*

## Encarnacion

PETRA, the cook, found her one morning on the door-sill—one has no steps in Carácas—and brought her in to where my aunt and I were taking our early coffee in the corridor. She was a half-grown girl, of that strange hybrid race which in Venezuela they call *mestizo*, but of what degree of light or shade, age or complexion, it was impossible to determine. One could perceive a short, lithe figure, a matted mass of dull-black hair, and two roving, suspicious eyes peering from under heavy, drooping lids. The rest of her was caked mud, and filth, and tatters.

She backed into a corner, and eyed us with a lurking suspicion and defiance; but hunger and misery and the long, lonely night on the door-sill had done their work, and she shrank and cowered. My aunt spoke gently:

"Thy name, little one?"

"Encarnación, *señora*."

"Thy age?"



"I have finished fourteen, *señora*."

"How camest thou here?"

The girl answered in a dull, uninterested, impersonal manner. "We are ten, *señora*, and I am the eldest, and the government gives no more work. So my father took me to the *plaza*. At night it was lonely, and I came here."

It was fate. When one is poor and there are ten, sooner or later one goes to the *plaza*, thence to drift into such home as chance may provide. So it is written, and one takes it for granted, along with the dirt and the rags and the squalor. My aunt arched her eyebrows, and then turned to Petra.

"Take her," she said, motioning toward the girl, "and feed her, and then, in the name of all the saints, wash her. After that you may return her to me."

"Bring up crows and they will pick your eyes out," said Petra gruffly; but nevertheless she took the girl under convoy and clattered out with her toward the corral, her *alpargatos* flipflapping upon the flagstones in noisy self-assurance. Encarnación slunk along behind with sinuous, panther-like tread, her roving eyes narrowed to beady points.

"She can be taught to wait upon thee," said my aunt; "that is, if thou wilt have her; for María finds it much to serve both of us."

So Encarnación became my handmaiden, and during many months she served me faithfully. Like Cinderella, she emerged from her rags a creature of wondrous beauty, with skin of a clear, pale walnut, full, red, pouting lips, and magnificent black hair, which fell to below her knees. The searching almond eyes soon lost their hunted look and rested soft and languid beneath arching brows. She was more than half Guajira, and the slight admixture of alien blood had left undisturbed the rich, warm Indian coloring, merely rounding out Indian angles and softening Indian gutturals.

She could sing like a cardinal, and used to trill dreamy, syncopated melodies as she shook my gowns and dusted my room, or brought me water from the fountain in a dull red jar which glimmered among the purplish shadows in her hair and wrought subtle harmonies

with the tones of her lips and cheeks. Treading majestically down the walk, shoulders squared, head high, she looked like an Inca princess.

My aunt never could understand why I repudiated her decent livery of blue-and-white gingham, choosing rather a dull olive, with just a touch of maroon at the throat and wrists.

"It's a heathenish costume," said she, insisting that I cover it with an apron. "María's is much more respectable."

"But not nearly so becoming," I rashly ventured; whereupon the dear little lady drew herself up to the full of her inches and answered in her most stately manner that "Our servants are with us to be trained in ways of usefulness, and not to be bedecked like birds of paradise."

I accepted the reproof without comment, yet none the less assuredly was Encarnación being trained in "ways of usefulness," for she ate not the bread of idleness. There was sewing to be mastered by her stiff, untutored fingers; there was the long, unmeaning formula of the catechism to be gone over, times uncountable, till my aunt's orthodoxy be satisfied; and there were quiet morning hours beside me in the corridor, with book and slate and a wonderful spinning-ball that told one of men and of cities. Slowly the barriers went down, and Encarnación came into her heritage of understanding. The book in which she read might have been labeled "Revelations." A world was being opened before her.

There was, then, a universe beyond the narrow mountain valley, shut in by the looming ridge of Silla. There was a country, a great, wonderful country of the north, where summer was not enduring, and where, when the roses faded, a soft, white cloud settled down and covered the earth and the trees and the houses. And this was a land of peace and order, this far, strange country of the north; no faction, no revolution, no conscription, no foreign war-ships thundering, one knew not why, in the harbors. And the government gave work to all, and, what was still more wonderful, paid for it; and poor men had bread and rice and plantains aplenty, and need not part with their children to strangers.

There were cities that towered higher than the cathedral-spire; magic railroads whose trains ran, engineless, through earth and air; schoolhouses like a dictator's palace, where rich and poor alike might come and sit at polished desks, and learn all things, and compete for medals of gold and silver.

How strange it all was, and how alluring! Into Encarnación's soul there was born a great desire—a wish to go out from the old world and to enter the realm of the new, the longing to see for herself, to learn, and to be satisfied. So she sat and dreamed over the globe; and one day she fell at my feet, and seizing my hand in both of hers, cried chokingly:

"Oh, *señorita*, take me with you when you go!"

And I promised.

Thereafter, life to Encarnación became a thing of hopes and visions. The three-quarters of her that was Indian fell under the dominion of the one-quarter that was Andalusian, and she thrilled with the impulses and the emotions of that most restless and romantic of the Iberian peoples, who have given to Spain her playwrights and her discoverers, her colonizers and her statesmen. Dreams and desires were her heritage—vague yearnings, and a throbbing, insistent restlessness.

And so days passed, and more days, and the time for my departure drew near. Encarnación folded away my gowns with loving little pats, and hung rapturously above a little chest with her name painted on it in big black letters.

"*Señorita*. I am so happy," she said; and I, beholding, was also happy.

There came a loud knock at the street-door, and Petra shuffled out to open it; then her voice rose in shrilling altercation, and a man stood in the doorway. He was a short, swart *mestizo*, wearing the *cobija* of a muleteer, filthy and bedraggled; and his manner was brutal and aggressive as he pushed by Petra into the corridor.

"What does he want?" I called; then my gaze fell upon Encarnación. She had backed into a corner and was staring—staring at the man, her eyes narrowed to beady points. The muleteer caught her gaze and held it with his own.

"Come here," he said roughly.

She crept down the path with sinuous tread and cowered before him while he spoke low and rapidly. Once she caught a sobbing breath and put out her hands protestingly, but he struck them down; and again she was all Indian, stoical, cringing, servile. But when he stopped speaking she looked up at him dumbly, with appealing, doglike eyes. He gave her a terse command, and she turned and came slowly toward me, with face impassive but hands that picked at her apron.

"My father has come for me, *señorita*," she said chokingly. "He says that I shall not go to the north country. He says that there they make slaves of our children." She paused; then, very slowly: "I must go with my father, *señorita*."

"But thou shalt not," I cried, catching her hands to detain her. "He abandoned thee in the market-place, and he cannot claim thee now. I will appeal to the law; I will take it before the tribunal!"

She only smiled wanly.

"He is my father, *señorita*."

Then she took off her little apron, the badge of her servitude, and laid it upon the table, and kneeling down before me, kissed the tip of my slipper.

"*Adiós, mi señorita*," she whispered. "God bless you. *Adiós*."

Two great tears welled up into her eyes, and her lips quivered pitifully. For a moment she was again Andalusian.

"Come," said the man in the corridor.

Her eyes narrowed; she rose and sidled toward him. As he turned in the doorway she stopped quickly, and picking up something that fluttered at her feet, thrust it into her bosom. It was the fly-leaf of her tattered geography.

I watched them go down the hilly street, he always a little in advance, and turn to the left at the corner. Something caught at my throat, something stung in my eyes; I groped my way to the table and buried my face in the little apron. A rough hand stroked my hair tenderly.

"The goat always tends toward the mountain," said Petra, the cook.

Catalina V. Pérez



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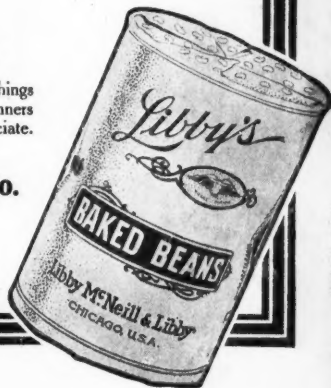
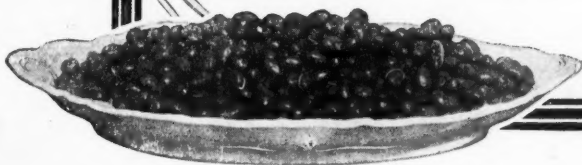
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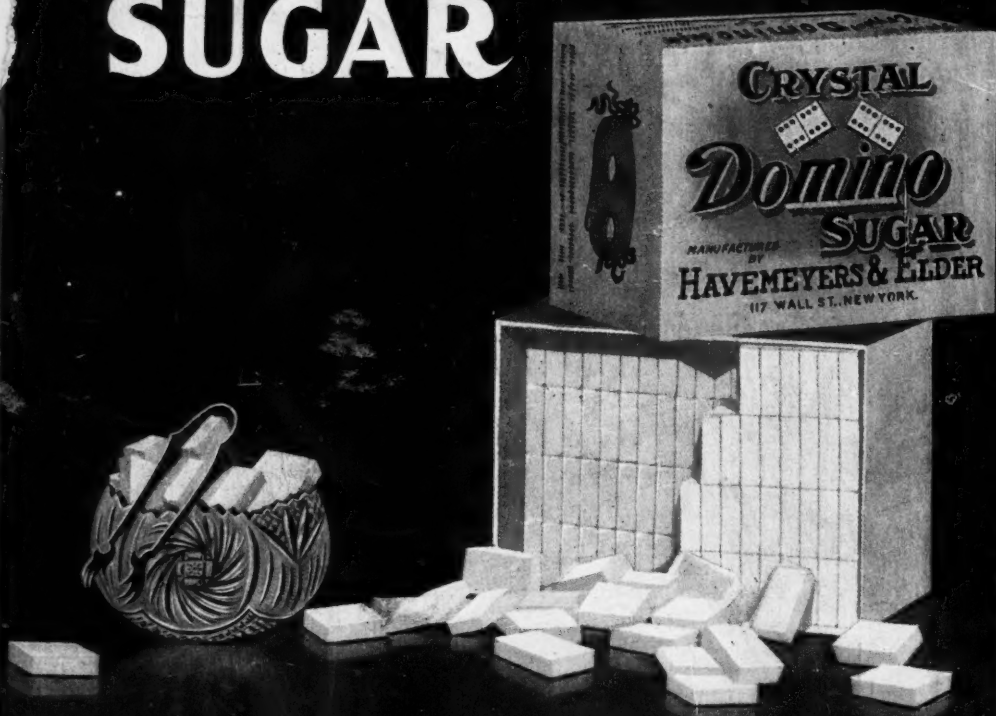
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